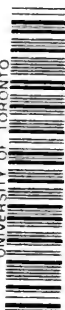


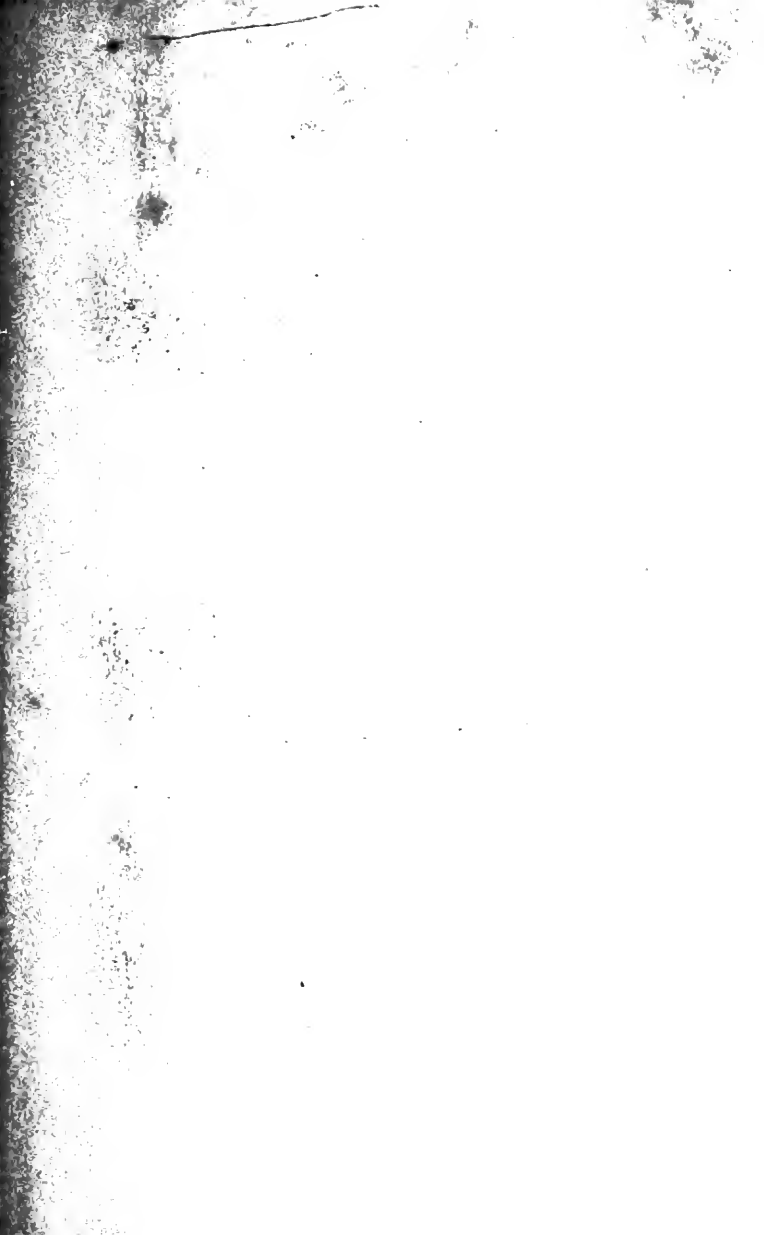
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AND
A N C I E N T H A L L S
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.

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ABBEYS, CASTLES,

AND

ANCIENT HALLS

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES;

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE, AND POPULAR HISTORY.

By JOHN TIMBS,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON."



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ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

ESSEX.

Waltham Abbey.—Burial-place of Harold.



WALTHAM ABBEY, or Waltham Holy Cross, is a large irregular town, situated near the River Lea (which is here separated into divers streams), and skirted by low-lying meadows. The Convent of Waltham appears to have been originally founded by Tovi, Standard-bearer to Canute the Dane, King of England. This officer built a hunting seat in the Forest, near which he formed a village, placing in it "threescore and six dwellers," and it was, probably, after he had completed this settlement, that he founded the Church. The place was called *Waltham* from the Saxon *Weald-ham*, a dwelling on the forest or wild; and from a Cross with the figure of the Saviour upon it, said to have been found at Montacute, and brought hither, was derived the adjunct name of *Holy Cross*. In the hands of the priests of Waltham, this crucifix manifested miraculous power; and among the wonders told, one is, that Harold, son of Earl Godwin, in consequence of a visit to it was cured of the palsy, whereupon he rebuilt the church, increased the number of canons to twelve, settled on them ample estates, and provided for the establishment of a school of learning at Waltham.

Farmer, in his *History of Waltham*, gives an account of the foundation of the Convent somewhat different from the preceding, which is from Dugdale's *Monasticon*. Farmer states that "Tovi, the original founder of Waltham Abbey, had a son named Athelstan, who proved a prodigal, and quickly spent all the good and great estates which his

father had got together ; so that by some transaction this place returned to the Crown.”—“Edward the Confessor then bestowed Waltham, with the lands thereabouts, on Harold, his brother-in-law, who was then only an Earl, and son to Earl Godwin, who immediately built and endowed there a monastery.” It is further stated by Farmer, that each of the canons had one manor appropriated for his support, and that the Dean had six ; making in all seventeen. “All these manors the King granted them with sac, sol, tol, and team, &c., free from all gelds and payments, in the most full and ample manner, as appears by the charter among the records of the ‘Tower.’” Harold is commonly stated by historians to have been killed at the battle of Hastings, and interred in Waltham Abbey ; but there are so many versions of this event, that we shall for the present, reserve an account of the transaction.

From a treatise among the Harleian MSS., entitled the Life and Miracles of Harold, we learn that William the Norman, as might be expected, showed no favour to the religious foundation of his vanquished rival. He forcibly took away from the Church of Holy Cross a quantity of valuable plate, gems, and rich vestments ; but, fortunately for the canons, he left them in possession of all their estates and revenues, or nearly so. Henry II. entirely dissolved the foundation of dean and eleven canons at Waltham (as is stated in his charter), on account of the lewdness and debauchery of their lives. Guido or Wido Rufus, who was the last Dean of Waltham, having previously been suspended from his office, resigned in 1177, to the King’s Commissioners. This preliminary proceeding having taken place, the King visited Waltham on the eve of Pentecost, when regular canons were substituted for secular, the number enlarged to sixteen, the endowments of the establishment augmented, and Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Oseney, was constituted the first Abbot of the new foundation. The Church, thus settled, was dedicated first to the Holy Cross, and afterwards to St. Lawrence. The Church was then declared exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and at the same time the use of the *pontificals*—namely the mitre, crosier, ring, &c.—were granted to the Abbot. Waltham is still exempt from the Archdeacon’s visitation.

Henry II., by his charter, not only confirmed to the newly-established Augustinian canons their right to the lands given by Harold and others, but he also added to their possessions the manors of Siwardston and Epping ; using the remarkable expression, that it was fit that “*Christ’s spouse, should have a new dowry.*” Richard I. confirmed former grants, and bestowed on the canons his whole manor of Waltham, with the

great wood and park, called Harold's Park; 300 acres of assart land, the market of Waltham; the village of Nasing, a member of Waltham; and 160 acres of assart land there—the canons paying yearly to his exchequer 60*l.* in lieu of all services. Further additions by charter and valuable grants were made to their property in the same reign. Henry III. frequently took up his residence at Waltham Abbey, and in requital of the hospitality of his entertainers, he granted them the right to hold a fair annually for seven days. At a subsequent period, two fairs were kept here, each continuing one day, the first on the 3rd of May, o.s., the Invention of the Cross; and the other on the 14th of September, o.s., the Exaltation of the Cross.

Henry III. not only greatly augmented the privileges of Waltham Church, but also bestowed on it many rich gifts; and from this time it became so distinguished by royal and noble benefactors, as to rank with the most opulent establishments in the kingdom. It was to avoid the expenses of a Court that this monarch so frequently made the Abbey his place of residence. Matthew Paris informs us that, in 1242, the Church of Waltham was again solemnly dedicated, the King and many nobles being present, most probably when Our Lady's Chapel (now a school-room) was added.

When Simon de Seham was Abbot, in 1245, a dispute arose between the Abbot and the townsmen of Waltham about the common land, for the details of which we have not space. The townsmen, fearing they should be prosecuted by the Abbot for injuries and outrage, they desired a "law-day," and offered to pay damages; but instead of doing so, they went to London, and accused the Abbot to the King of having wrongfully taken away their common land, and bringing up new customs, adding that he would "eat them up to the bone." The Abbot then excommunicated the men of Waltham; and they impleaded him at common law, for appropriating the common land to himself. They were unsuccessful, and after a long suit in the King's Bench, were glad to confess that they had done wrong, and they were amerced twenty marks, which were, however, remitted.

The same Abbot had a lawsuit with Peter, Duke of Savoy, the King's uncle, lord of the manor of Cheshunt, about boundaries, which was eventually settled; but a dispute about land was not decided when the last Abbot resigned the convent to Henry VIII. During these unpleasant altercations, the monks were charged by their enemies with resorting for consolation to the holy sisters in the nunnery at Cheshunt. Fuller relates that Sir Henry Colt, of Nether Hall, who was a great favourite with Henry VIII. for his merry conceits, went late one night

to Waltham Abbey, where, being duly informed by his spies that some of the monks were indulging in female converse at Cheshunt Nunnery, he determined to intercept their return. With this intent, he had a buck-stall pitched in the narrowest part of the meadow, or marsh, which they had to cross in their way home; and the monks getting into it in the dark, were inclosed (or trapped) by his servants. The next morning Sir Henry presented them to the King, who, heartily laughing, declared that he had often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison.

Stow, in his account of Wat Tyler's Rebellion, says that King Richard II., while it lasted, was "now at London, now at Waltham." In 1444, the campanile of the Abbey was struck with lightning. The last event of any importance recorded of Waltham, prior to the Reformation, was the accidental meeting of Thomas Cranmer (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) with Fox and Gardiner, which ended so remarkably in the advancement of the former, and produced such important consequences in the affairs both of Church and State. Cranmer, when Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, retired to Waltham (on account of the plague at his university), to the house of a Mr. Cressy, whose wife was his relation. Whilst there, Edward Fox, the King's almoner, and Stephen Gardiner, his secretary, went fortuitously to the same house, and in conversation with them on the much-disputed point of the King's *divorce*, Cranmer said that "it would be much better to have this question, 'Whether a man may marry his brother's wife or no?' discussed and decided by the divines, and the authority of the Word of God, than thus from year to year prolong the time, by having recourse to the Pope." This opinion being reported by Dr. Fox to the King, the latter, in his occasional coarse language, vociferated that Cranmer "had the sow by the right ear," and ordering him to Court, he commanded him to write on the subject of the divorce, and afterwards rapidly promoted him.

The following pleasant anecdote is related of this Monarch; but the Abbot, who enjoyed the benefit of his prescribed regimen is not named. Henry, having disguised himself in the dress of one of his Guards, contrived to visit, about dinner-time, the Abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the Abbot's table; a sirloin of beef being set before him, he played so good a part, that the Abbot exclaimed, "Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds could I feed so heartily on beef as thou dost; but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken." The King pledged him in return, and having dined heartily, and thanked him for his good cheer, he departed. A few

days after, the Abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, where he was kept a close prisoner, and for some time fed upon bread and water. At length a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal the King burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the Abbot gave with no small pleasure; and on being released, returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before.

On the surrender of Waltham Abbey to the King's Commissioners in 1539, the clear income, according to Dugdale, was 900*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* Its superiors were mitred parliamentary Barons, and its Abbots held the twentieth place among them in parliament; the number of Abbots was thirty-two. The last Abbot was Robert Fuller, who was afterwards elected Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. He may be reckoned among the *literati* of Waltham; and from his "History," written in 460 pages folio, the fair manuscript of which was in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, Fuller, his namesake (made curate of Waltham by that nobleman in 1648), professes faithfully to have compiled almost all the materials for his account of Waltham Abbey, subjoined to his *Church History*, published in a thick folio in 1656.*

The site was granted for thirty-one years to Sir Anthony Denny, who, dying about the second year of Edward VI., his widow bought the reversion in fee from that monarch, for somewhat more than 3000*l.* Sir Edward Denny, grandchild to Sir Anthony, created Earl of Norwich by Charles I., was the next possessor; from him it passed by the marriage of his daughter to the celebrated James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and next to the family of Sir William Wake, Bart., D.C.L.

Though the buildings of Waltham Abbey were once so extensive as to include a space of many acres, scarcely any part of it remains but the *nave* of the Abbey Church, now the parochial church; the Lady Chapel on the south side; some ruinous walls; a small bridge and a gateway, near the Abbey mills; and a dark, vaulted structure connected with the Convent Garden, and which adjoined the Abbey House (inhabited by the Dennys); of this no remains exist. In the convent garden is an aged tulip-tree, reported to be the largest in England.

Originally, the Abbey Church was a very magnificent edifice, and its remains must be regarded as the earliest undoubted specimen of the Norman style of architecture now existing in England. Though erected

* Among the natives of this parish of some degree of literary merit, are recorded *Roger de Waltham*, canon of St. Paul's, a writer in the thirteenth century; and *John de Waltham*, keeper of the privy seal to King Richard II.

by Earl Harold in the Anglo-Saxon period, it cannot be justly referred to any other style than that which the Normans permanently introduced after the Conquest.

The original form of the Church was that of a cross; and a square tower, which contained "a ring of five great tuncable bells," arose from the intersection of the nave and transept; the two great western supporters of which are partly wrought into the east end. Some part of the tower fell from mere decay; the remainder was purposely destroyed in 1556. The Lady Chapel is probably of Henry III.'s time, and is supported by graduated buttresses, ornamented with elegantly formed arches. Beneath it is a crypt, "the fairest," says Fuller, "that ever I saw." The superstructure, or schoolroom, has been much modernized. In the contiguous burial-ground is a very fine widely-spreading elm, the trunk of which, at several feet above the earth, is $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference.

The crypt, the roof of which is sustained by groined arches, was formerly used as a place of worship, and it had its regular priest and other attendants: the reading-desk was covered with plates of silver. In the Churchwardens' accounts we read of six annual *Obits*, to defray the expenses of which various lands were bequeathed, and a stock of eighteen *cows* was let out to farm for 18s. The sum allotted for each obit was thus expended: to the parish priest, 4d.; to our Lady's priest, 5d.; to the charnel priest, 3d.; to the two clerks, 4d.; to the children (choristers), 3d.; to the sexton, 2d.; to the bellman, 2d.: for two tapers, 2d.; for oblations, 2d., &c.

The present stone tower, at the west end of the Church, rises about eighty-six feet, and was erected about 1558, but the bells from the old steeple were sold to raise money for its completion; so that Waltham, "which formerly had *steeple-less* bells, now had a *bell-less* steeple." The defect was remedied when a tuneable set of bells was hung in the present tower. The Church is now in course of repair.

Many persons of eminent rank were buried in the church in the monastic times. Among the memorials is a brass plate to the memory of an aged couple, with these lines:

" This tyme we have desired, Lord,
When wee might come to thee,
That from this state of sinfull life
Dissolved wee might be.
But thou, O Lord, didst time prolonge
Our lives for to amende,
That so in tyme wee mighte repente
Of All did thee offende.

And now, here Lord in clay we lye,
Thy mercy to expect,
Hoping that thou hast chosen vs
To rest with thine elect."

Near the Abbey Mill, which is still occupied in grinding corn, is a wide space of ground, surrounded by small dwellings, called the *Bramblings*, but formerly *Rome-land*, it is conjectured, from its rents being, in former times, appropriated to the use of the Holy See. On this spot King Henry VIII. is reported to have had a small house, to which he frequently retired for his private pleasures; as may be inferred from Fuller, who says, "Waltham bells told no tales when the King came there." The statute fair is held on this piece of land.

The various streams of the river Lea, in this neighbourhood, are traditionally said to flow in the same channels that were made by the great King Alfred, when he diverted the current of the river, and left the Danish fleet on shore. They are now partly occupied by Government, for the use of the Gunpowder Mills and other works which have been erected here; and which, in detached branches, extend for a distance of nearly four miles towards Epping.

The Burial of Harold.

The exact spot where Harold was buried is one of the most doubtful points in English history. The unfortunate King offered up his vows and prayers for victory in Waltham Church, previous to his engagement near Hastings with the Norman invader, where he was slain, on Saturday, the 14th of October, 1066, having reigned nine months and a few days. His body, by the mediation of his mother Githa, and two religious men of Waltham Abbey, called Osgood and Ailric, having been obtained of the Conqueror (who, for some time, denied it burial, affirming that it was not fit for him who had caused so many funerals), was, with the bodies of his two brothers, slain at the same time, brought hither, attended by a small dejected remainder of the English nobility, and with great lamentation solemnly interred.

Harold's tomb was situated at the end of the Church, at the distance of about forty feet from the termination of what forms the present structure: it was plain, but of rich grey marble, and had on it a sort of cross fleury, and was supported by "pillarets," one pedestal of which Fuller seems to have had in his possession at the time of writing his History. The inscription is said to have been only these two expressive words, *Harold infelix*; but Weever gives half-a-dozen lines of barbarous Latin, which are probably genuine, as they are preserved in a very ancient

manuscript once belonging to the Abbey. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a gardener belonging to Sir Edward Denny, discovered, in digging, a large stone coffin, which, from the spot where it lay, was supposed to contain the royal corpse: the remains, on being touched, fell into dust. A second coffin was found near the same place, containing an entire skeleton enclosed in lead, which conjecture identified as one of Harold's brothers.

Florence is thought to tell us the true tale in words speaking straight from the heart of England's grief—"Heu, ipsemet occidit crepusculi tempore." The son of Godwin died, as such king and hero should die, helm on head and battle-axe in hand, striking the last blow for his crown and people, with the Holy Rood of Waltham the last cry rising from his lips and ringing in his ears. Disabled by the Norman arrow, cut down by the Norman sword, he died beneath the standard of England, side by side with his brothers in blood and valour. What then was the fate of the lifeless relics which alone came into the power of the Conqueror?

There is, however, strong contemporary, or nearly contemporary, evidence in favour of the burial on the sea-shore, and at Waltham; and Mr. Freeman, in his account of Waltham Abbey (*Trans. Essex Archaeological Society*), makes an ingenious attempt to reconcile them. "The contemporary Norman evidence seems certainly in favour of the belief that Harold was buried on the sea-shore," to "guard the land and sea," as the Conqueror is reported to have said in mockery. But there is also strong evidence in favour of his burial at Waltham. Even the *Vita Haroldi*, which adopts the story of his survival, acknowledges that he was supposed to be buried at Waltham immediately after the battle; and, in order to reconcile these two conflicting statements, conceives that a wrong body was buried there in his stead.

William of Malmesbury is the first writer who speaks of Harold's burial at Waltham. A modern poet would thus call up the scene in the Abbey to the imagination:—

"A stately corpse lay stretched upon a bier,—
The arms were crossed above the breast; the face,
Uncovered, by the taper's trembling light,
Showed dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom death, and not the Norman Duke,
Had conquered."

Some annalists narrate details of his burial there, with regal honours, in the presence of many Norman nobles and gentlemen. The supposition that a disinterment took place after Harold had been buried in Sussex is one which there appears no reason for discrediting, although some are of opinion that the story is merely traditionary, and that it originated in the desire of the monks of Waltham to attract

visitors to their shrine. That Harold was first interred in Sussex immediately after the battle is attested by contemporary authority.

Sir Francis Palgrave asks the question, "Was not the tomb at Waltham an empty one?" On the Bayeux tapestry we see Harold falling to the ground, and read the words, "*Hic Harold interfectus est.*" In history his burial succeeds, and then there is usually an account of his living long afterwards. Aelred of Rievaulx hints at Harold's surviving Senlac or Hastings; and Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Itinerary*, mentions that the Saxons long cherished a belief that their king was alive. According to him, a hermit, deeply scarred and blinded in his left eye, long dwelt in a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester. He was visited by Henry I., who had a protracted private discourse with him. On his deathbed the King declared that the recluse was Harold. The tradition that he was dragged from among the slain, and carried off alive, is repeated by Bromton and Knyghton. Sir F. Palgrave observes:—"If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. The escape of Harold would solve the difficulty; the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and the circumstances may easily be reconciled with probability. But of this story it may be asked, in the words of Fuller, where is the grain of probability to season it? It is well known how fondly a vanquished people will embrace any supposition of escape for a popular and native king:

"View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be,
Nor cherish hope in vain."

After Flodden the idea was long entertained that James IV. survived. So was it with respect to Don Sebastian of Portugal; Frederick, Emperor of Germany, and the Greek Emperor, Baldwin of Flanders; and with such delusions may be classed the supposed escape of Harold."

It has, however, remained for Mr. Freeman, in the *Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society*, to reconcile two different statements, totally rejecting the account of the escape from Hastings. He supposes that Harold's body was buried under a heap of stones on the Sussex coast, nearly in the same manner as Charles of Anjou buried the body of Manfred in 1266; and that a few months afterwards it was conveyed to Waltham, and there solemnly interred, most probably in the apse of the church. It was, in all likelihood, moved to the centre of the new choir of Henry I., and, perhaps, again placed in a new tomb when the choir was rebuilt in 1242.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Waltham Cross.

Waltham Cross, or West Waltham, a village in Hertfordshire, is situated one mile and a half west from Waltham Abbey, which we have just described. It derives its name from a cross which stands upon the spot where the procession which had conveyed Queen Eleanor's remains from Lincoln, diverged from the high road to deposit the body for the night in the Abbey Church.

The design of Waltham Cross, which is very elegant, is in the chastest style of Pointed architecture; and it is deserving of remark that one of the statues of the Queen in the second division very nearly resembles the effigy which lies upon her tomb in Westminster Abbey, the figure being arrayed in long flowing drapery, and regally crowned; whilst the right hand has borne a sceptre, and the left is represented as holding a crucifix suspended from her necklace. There were originally several shields, with the arms of England, Castile, Leon, Ponthieu, &c. In 1795, preparations were made for taking down this Cross, in order to remove it into the grounds of Sir William George Prescott, Bart., lord of the manor, for its better preservation; but after removing the upper tier of stone, finding it too hazardous an undertaking, on account of the decayed state of the ornamental parts, the scaffold was removed, and proper measures were taken for its restoration. However, the Cross was in such a dilapidated state, that a subscription was entered into for renovating the whole in exact conformity to the original work. Although many parts had suffered, as well from the effect of time as from wanton defacements, yet the sculptural details (particularly where sheltered by the Falcon Inn) were sufficiently obvious to be fully understood, and of course to be correctly restored, except as to the crowning finial, of which nothing but the central shaft remained; from this it would appear that the upper portion, which had been removed in 1795, was not replaced as intended. During the year 1833, the restoration was proceeded with, under the direction of Mr. W. B. Clarke, assisted by a committee of the subscribers. The lower story has been only new-faced, where necessary, but that above it, which is

of open Pointed work, was entirely rebuilt; the three statues of the Queen were, however, left unrepai red.

The structure is hexagonal in form, and, independently of the plinth and basement steps, consists of three storeys, each finished by an embattled frieze or cornice, and at each angle is a graduated buttress, enriched with foliated crockets and finials. Within the panelled tracery of the lower story, are shields boldly sculptured with arms suspended from knots of foliage. There are two shields on each face of the octagon, the spaces over which are enriched with ornaments; the spandrels being charged with rosettes, in diamond-shaped panelling, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental facings of the eastern interior walls of Westminster Abbey Church. The second storey is even yet more elegant, both from its pyramidical assemblage of open pointed arches and sculptured finish, as well as from the graceful statues of Queen Eleanor which enrich its open divisions.

The Abbey of St. Alban.—Shrine and Relics.

The town of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, is situated close to the site of the ancient *Verulamium*, probably at first a British town, and then a town with some of the privileges of Roman citizens. The Roman road, called by the Saxons the Watling-street, was also called Werlaem-street, because it went direct to Verulam, passing close under its walls. Verulam was the scene of dreadful slaughter in the great rebellion under Boadicea, who destroyed here and at Londinium (London), and at other places, about 70,000 Roman citizens and their allies. Suetonius Paulinus, the then governor of Britain, in return for her barbarity, attacked her forces, gained a complete victory, and put 80,000 to the sword. Verulam was then rebuilt, and its inhabitants enjoyed their privileges until the Dioclesian persecution, A.D. 304; when the city was again rendered famous by the martyrdom of its citizen, St. Alban:

“ In Britain’s isle was Holy Alban born.”

He being yet a pagan, entertained in his house a certain clergyman flying from the persecutors. He was engaged in prayer and watching day and night, when Alban was gradually instructed by his wholesome admonitions, cast off the darkness of idolatry, and became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. After the clergyman had been some days entertained by Alban, it came to the ears of the wicked Prince

that this holy confessor of Christ was concealed at Alban's house. Soldiers were sent to make a strict search after him. Alban immediately presented himself to the soldiers instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long coat which he wore, and was led bound before the judge, who was then standing at the altar, and offering sacrifices to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged that he should thus of his own accord put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and incur danger in behalf of his guest, he commanded him to be dragged up to the images of the devils, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious person, rather than deliver him up to the soldiers, that his contempt of the gods might meet with the penalty due to such blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you abandon the worship of our religion." Alban, who had voluntarily declared to the persecutors of the faith that he was a Christian, was not at all daunted at the Prince's threat, but putting on the armour of spiritual warfare, publicly declared that he would not obey the commands. The judge being much incensed, ordered the holy confessor to be scourged; he was cruelly tortured, but he bore all patiently, or rather joyfully, for our Lord's sake. When the judge perceived that he was not to be overcome by torture, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to a river, which ran rapidly between the wall of the town and the place of execution. A great multitude of persons had assembled and impeded Alban's progress, and when he reached the stream the water became dried up, and made way for him to pass. Among the rest, the executioner, who was to put him to death, saw this, and on meeting Alban at the place of execution cast down the sword which he had carried ready drawn, fell at his feet, praying that he might rather suffer with the martyr whom he was ordered to execute, or, if possible, instead of him. Alban then ascended a hill not far off; it was clothed with flowers, and sloped down to a beautiful plain. On the top of this hill Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out at his feet; this was the river which, having performed its holy service, returned to its natural course. Here the head of our most courageous martyr was struck off; but he who gave the wicked stroke had his eyes dropped upon the ground, together with the blessed martyr's head.

The spot whereon Alban suffered martyrdom was called Holmhurst in the Saxon, signifying a woody place, near the city of Verulam, where his remains were interred.

Upon the arrival in Britain of Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, accom-

panied by Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, whose mission was to preach here against the Pelagian heresy, the remains of Alban were exhumed; and having been placed by Germanus with great solemnity in a wooden coffin, together with a goodly supply of holy relics, to preserve them, they were restored to the earth amidst prayers and lamentations. By the care of Germanus a small church was erected to the martyr's memory, and was constructed (according to Bede) with admirable taste, though only of timber and plank; and as the recognised sepulchre of Alban, it continued in good repute, not only for the piety of the martyr but for the miracles there shown, and was worshipped by the religious of these times, and honoured by all. On the invasion of the Saxons, however, this church, with many others, was levelled to the ground, whereby all trace of the martyr's resting-place became lost: it continued so until its well-known discovery by Offa, who, we are informed, was accosted in the silence of the night by an angel, who admonished him to raise out of the earth the body of the first British martyr, Alban, and place his remains in a shrine with suitable ornament. This vision having been reported to Humbert, Bishop of Lichfield, and Turner, a Bishop of Leicester, and Ceolwolf, Bishop of Lindsey, his suffragans, they joined immediately with a great crowd of followers of both sexes and of all ages to meet the King at Verulam on the day appointed by him, and in array there they commenced their search for the grave of Alban with prayer, fasting, and alms. Fortunately their pious exertions were soon rewarded by success, as a light from heaven assisted their discovery, and a ray of fire stood over the place "like the star that conducted the magi to Bethlehem." The ground was opened, and in the presence of Offa, the body of Alban was found, excellently preserved by the relics already named, in a coffin of wood, just as Germanus had placed them 344 years before. The body being then raised from the earth, they conveyed it in solemn procession to a little chapel without the walls of Verulam, where Offa is said to have then placed a circle of gold round the bare skull of Alban, with an inscription thereon, to signify his name or title: he also caused the repository to be enriched with plates of gold and silver, and the chapel to be decorated with pictures, tapestry, and other ornaments, until a more noble edifice could be erected. This transaction happened 507 years after the suffering of Alban, 344 after the invasion of the Saxon, and on the 1st August, in the thirty-sixth of Offa's reign—that is, A.D. 791. The Abbey was then erected, and on its completion the bones of Alban, who by that time had been promoted to the dignity of a Saint, were placed therein; and Offa procured for it and granted

extraordinary privileges. As the Saint of this church was the first martyr in England, Pope Honorius granted the Abbot a superiority over all others. It was opened for the reception of 100 monks of the Benedictine order, who were carefully selected from houses of the most regular discipline; gradually it increased and flourished for more than seven centuries, and was governed successively by forty-one abbots—

“Till Henry’s mandate struck the fated shrine,
And sadly closed St. Alban’s mitred line.”

Of Offa’s munificence a murder was the true source. He invited Ethelbert, Prince of the East Angles, to his Court, on pretence of marrying him to his daughter, but beheaded him, and severed his dominions. The pious Offa had recourse to the usual expiation of murder in those melancholy ages—the founding of a monastery. In the edifice was an ancient painting of King Offa, seated on a throne, with a Latin inscription, thus translated:—

“The founder of the church, about the year 793,
Whom you behold ill painted on his throne
Sublime, was once for MERCIAN OFFA known.”

In the lapse of time, the memory of the first church perished, and it was said that Offa was miraculously guided to the place where the remains of St. Alban were entombed. From that time there had been a church on this site. After this we come down three hundred years at a leap, to the time of the Norman Conquest, when Abbot Paul began to build the church which remains to this day. It was consecrated in 1115; thus the church is not only itself of great age, but it was constructed of the fragments of other buildings that had fallen into ruins. Abbot Paul ransacked Verulam, and brought a great quantity of materials therefrom for the erection of this church. The interior walls were full of Roman bricks, and the outside wall was of Roman brick and very little else. Even where the brickwork did not appear, the flint and rubble were Roman materials brought to this spot. Two Abbots before Paul had collected materials for the rebuilding of the Abbey, but a time of famine coming on, they sold the materials to relieve the wants of the poor. Not a vestige, however, of the splendid foundation is now left, except the Abbey Church, and a large square gateway. All the monastic buildings were pulled down in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but the church, to the lasting honour of the Corporation and inhabitants, was rescued from impending destruction, and purchased by them of the latter sovereign for 400*l.*, and then made parochial. The church is in the form of a cross; its extreme length

is 556 feet, being three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral, and thus longer than any of our cathedrals. There are two transepts, 170 feet long, and a central tower, 150 feet high, of the Norman period, from which time to that of Edward IV. the style of every age may be traced in succession. The most central parts are the most ancient. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern is 102 feet from the pavement. The interior was plundered by Cromwell's soldiers, who left only one brass monument of great value—a plate 12 feet long, of Abbot de la Mare, who lived in the reign of Edward III. The Abbot in his robes, curiously engraven, is a capital specimen of sculpture in that reign.

In an Abbey like St. Albans, relics were indispensable. On the authority of that well-known herald and antiquary, Elias Ashmole, we learn that Mr. Robert Shrimpton, who had been four times Mayor of St. Albans, and who lived when the Abbey was yet in the enjoyment of its privileges and authority, perfectly remembered a hollow image of the Virgin which stood near the shrine of the saint, and was large enough to admit a performer who governed the wires as instructed, caused the eyes of the figure to move, and the head to nod, according to the approval or otherwise of the offering made.

Notwithstanding, however, the care taken to preserve the bones of the saint intact, they were not destined to long remain either in peace or in safety, as in the year 950, the Danes were committing great excesses throughout England; and a party of them hearing the fame of St. Alban, came to the Abbey, broke open the tomb, and seized the saint's bones; they unceremoniously carried some of them off into their own country, and there deposited them in a costly shrine built for the purpose in a house of the Black Monks, hoping they would be worshipped and adored with the like veneration in Denmark as they had been in England. Such was not the case; some of the bones had been lost, and those which remained were collected and returned to their former resting-place.

In less than a hundred years after this, the bones were again disturbed. During the time of Ælfric, the 11th Abbot, who ruled the monastery during the reigns of Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute, and part of that of Edward the Confessor, the Danes (in 1041) renewed their invasion. With a dread of their ravages, Ælfric however resolved that no further portion of St. Alban's bones, nor of his shrine, should fall to the lot of the invaders. First, the *real bones* were secured by those in the secret removing the shrine containing them, and concealing it in a hole in the wall which had been specially pre-

pared for the purpose, close under the altar of St. Nicholas. That done, other bones were substituted for the genuine ones, and placed in a very rich chest. The Abbot having then openly expressed to his monks the fears he entertained of the Danish invasion, proposed that for the effectual preservation of the relics of St. Alban, he should request the monks of Ely (which place was well secured by water and marshes from the attack of robbers) to take charge of the remains, together with some ornaments of the Abbey; and the Abbot completed the consignment with a very rough shagged old coat, which was commonly represented to be the very coat worn by Amphibalus, when he converted Alban. The Ely monks readily consented to receive and preserve the relics, and solemnly pledged their word to send them back whenever requested so to do. Fortunately, however, for Ælfric's peace of mind, the Danish king, while going on board his ship, fell into the sea and was drowned. No sooner, therefore, was peace assured, than the monks of St. Albans requested their brethren of Ely to return them their sacred bones and relics. This they refused to do. It was useless that Ælfric reminded his brother of Ely of the sanctity of his promise. Ely had got the bones, and resolved to keep them. Ælfric on the other hand threatened he would not only tell the King but appeal to the Pope, and complain of such a breach of good faith and religious duty. The Ely monks then promised to restore the property. 'Tis true they sent back the old coat and the rich chest containing bones, but not THE bones. These they determined to keep to themselves, and they carried their plan into execution by forcing open the bottom of the chest and extracting the *old bones* they found there, and replacing them with another sham set. They then allowed the St. Albans monks to depart with the fullest assurance that they were taking with them the real remains of their much loved saint. Abbot Ælfric however knew better, On the arrival of the convoy he quietly turned the substituted bones of Ely into the earth, and aided by his assistants drew the genuine bones from their hiding-place in the wall, and restored them to the shrine in the church.

Thus matters remained for a century or more, but at length the monks of Ely admitted the authenticity of the bones at St. Albans. Still, a considerable portion of the flock abstained from discharging their religious duties at the Abbey, when, to induce them to return, a life-sized figure of St. Alban, clothed in a magnificent robe, was dressed up, and occasionally carried by the monks into the town in solemn procession, and deposited at the market cross, where, after the appointed address had been delivered to the assembled multitude, the signal was given

for the saint's removal, whereupon commenced the miracle. The saint remained immovable until the Abbot had been sent for. On his arrival (duly armed with mitre and crozier) he laid the latter upon the rebellious saint, saying, "Arise, arise, St. Alban, and get thee home to the sanctuary," whereupon immediate submission was the result, and the saint returned as he came.

Amongst the benefactors of the monastery was Geoffrey de Gorham, the 16th Abbot (1119-1146), who gave a very handsome vessel for the reception of certain relics then belonging to the Abbey. He also, with a pious regard for the relics of St. Alban, commenced a very sumptuous shrine for the reception of the saint's body, and had expended upon it 60*l.* (in our time about 800*l.*), when, owing to a great scarcity of food, he was compelled to convert the gold and silver ornaments of the shrine into money, and expended it for the relief of the poor. The famine having passed away, the Abbot collected money for the shrine, and by the aid of a monk named Awketill, a goldsmith, who had passed seven years in the service of the King of Denmark, he brought the shrine to great perfection, both in ornament and magnificence, the materials of the shrine being of silver-gilt. For want of funds the upper part of the canopy, called "the crest," remained unfinished, the intention being to adorn and ornament it with gold and precious stones, whenever they could be obtained in sufficient quantity. The shrine being erected in the space behind the great altar, a day was appointed for the translation or removal of the saint's remains, with great ceremony.

Rumours, however, had got abroad that some of the saint's bones were missing; when they were taken out, exhibited singly, and numbered. The head was then held up for the inspection of all present by the venerable Ralph, Archdeacon of the Abbey. On the fore part was a scroll of parchment, pendant from a thread of silk with this inscription, "Sanctus Albanus." A circle of gold enclosed the skull, fixed by the order of Offa, and engraved with these words, "Hoc est corpus Sancti Albani, protomartyris Angliæ." But one, namely, the left scapula or shoulder-bone was missing, and especial note having been taken of the fact, the translation was completed, with all the ceremonies and splendour of the Romish church. A few years after, two foreign monks arrived at the Abbey with letters credential from the Church and Monastery of Naunburg, in Germany, declaring that they were possessed of the missing "scapula," which had been brought to them direct from St. Albans by King Canute. The bone having been produced and identified, was added to the others in the shrine amidst great festivity

and rejoicing. The Abbot ordered three hundred poor persons to be relieved at the gate of the monastery; the priests sang four masses, and the rest of the brethren, by way of rejoicing, sang, instead of a mass, fifty psalms. The day of this solemnity was the 4th of the month of August, in the 29th year of Henry I., 1129, and for many years afterwards the anniversary was solemnized with great devotion and festivity, and remission to penitents. Robert, the 18th Abbot, on his return from Rome, caused the coffin and shrine of the saint to be repaired, and the gold and silver ornaments and precious stones which had been taken from the shrine, in order to purchase their estate at Brentfield, to be reinstated in their former splendour. Robert's successor, Symond, spent the greater part of his time in procuring gold and silver, rich cups, and utensils, and with many precious stones decorating the shrine, so that Matthew Paris (who lived nearly a century afterwards) "had never seen a shrine more splendid and noble." It was then in the form of an altar tomb, rising with a lofty canopy over it, supported on four pillars, and upon it was represented the saint lying in great state. This shrine enclosed the coffin wherein the bones of the saint had been deposited by Abbot Geoffrey, sixteenth Abbot. This coffin was in its turn enclosed in an outer case, which on two sides was ornamented with figures, and embossed in gold and silver, portraying the chief events of the saint's life. At the head was placed a large crucifix, with a figure of Mary on the one side and St. John on the other, ornamented with a row of very splendid jewels. At the west, and in front of the choir, was placed an image of the Virgin holding her son in her bosom, seated on a throne; the work being of richly embossed gold, and enriched with precious stones and very costly bracelets. The four pillars which supported the canopy stood one at each corner, and were shaped in resemblance like towers, with apertures to represent windows, all being of plate gold. The inside of the canopy was also covered with crystal stones. Such was the magnificent shrine of the Saint at that period.

To the Abbey Treasury, in the time of William de Trumpington, the 22nd Abbot, an inestimable relic was added, one of the "Ribs of Wulstan," who was Bishop of Worcester in the time of William the Conqueror. A monk named Lawrence, who had just arrived from the monastery of Jehosaphat, near Jerusalem, brought a Holy Cross, certified to be made from a portion of the real Cross upon which the Saviour had suffered. Next was a human arm, positively declared to be that of St. Jerome, which the Abbot enclosed in a case of gold, set with jewels and stones of great value, and caused it from that time to be borne in the Abbey processions on all great festivals.

Hitherto we have spoken of the remains of St. Alban with a confidence not to be mistaken ; we are gravely assured that in 1256, during the abbacy of John of Hertford, during some repairs then done at the east end of the Abbey, the workmen in opening the ground discovered a stone coffin which, according to the inscription upon it, contained the true bones of St. Alban. This discovery is said to have been made between the altar of Oswin and that of Wulstan, where the matins were usually said : here stood an ancient painted shrine, and under it a marble tomb or coffin, supported on marble pillars, and which place and tomb had been therefore considered and called the tomb of St. Alban. Here then it was decided the holy martyr had been interred on the day of his execution about 970 years before. Fortunately, this most important but unexpected discovery was made in the presence of the Abbot John, as well as of the Bishop of Bangor, and of Philip de Chester. There were present also all the inmates of the monastery, including Matthew Paris the narrator. As a conclusive proof of the authenticity of the remains of the Saint, miracles were performed at his coffin, and Matthew Paris relates that first one boy was thereby raised from death, and then another, and that many were cured of blindness, and of the palsy. John of Wheathampstead, the justly famous Abbot, also caused a picture of the Saint, curiously enriched with gold and silver, to be painted at his own expense and suspended over the shrine ; but this has long since perished.

To restore the pristine influence of the shrine as far as possible, the Abbot William of Wallingford caused the stately screen (the mutilated remains of which are still to be seen and admired) to be erected before the altar. By it the shrine was enclosed thenceforth, and only shown on rare occasions, and with great solemnity. Still, despite the screen, the attractions of the shrine gradually faded away before the rising star of the Reformation, and were utterly extinguished on December 5th, 1539, when Sir Thomas Pope received the final surrender of the Abbey, its privileges and powers from the hireling Abbot, Richard Boreman. Immediately afterwards the hands of the spoiler became paramount, and so strongly was the work of destruction carried on that all trace of the former honours rendered to the saint soon disappeared, leaving the inscription "S. Albanus Verolamensis Anglorum Protomartyr, 17 Junii, 293," as the only existing link between the 16th century of the shrine of St. Alban and the Abbey relics. The Abbey—as such, became extinguished, its glories departed, its shrine was despoiled, and its relics scattered and lost. The church, however, never lost its position as a place of worship, but remained in

possession of the crown until the charter was conferred upon St. Albans in 1553 by Edward VI., at which period it was sold for the nominal sum of 400*l.* to a worthy and wealthy inhabitant of the town, rejoicing in the euphemistic and appropriate name of "Stump."*

The Abbey was visited by the majority of our Sovereigns, until the reign of Henry VIII. To the visit of Henry I. and his "Queen Matilda of Scotland," we owe the production of the miniature likeness of this royal benefactress, then taken by one of the limners of the Abbey: it was afterwards, in the early part of the 14th century, copied into the "Golden Register of St. Albans," which still exists, and is now to be found in the British Museum (Cottonian MSS. Nero D), and is a sort of conventual album, wherein were entered the portraits of all the benefactors of the Abbey, together with an abstract of their donations. In that miniature the Queen appears in the costume she doubtless wore at the consecration of the Abbey. She displays with her left hand the charter she gave the Abbey, from which hangs a very large red seal, whereon without doubt was impressed her effigy in grand relief.

Henry III., on no less than six different occasions became the Abbot's guest, and evinced his favour to the Monastery in a very marked and substantial manner. Thus, in 1244, whilst John of Hertford was the 23rd Abbot, the King visited St. Albans twice, and remained at the Abbey three days on each occasion. His Majesty's second visit took place on the feast of St. Thomas, just before Christmas (21 December). On this occasion, whilst attending the Abbey mass, he, in the course of his devotion at the altar, made an offering of a very rich pall or cloak, and in addition gave three bracelets of gold to be affixed to the shrine to the honour of St. Alban, and in remembrance of himself. In 1249 Henry once more sought the hospitality of the Abbey on his way to Huntingdon, and at this time his Majesty was so distressed for money as to be obliged to entreat the Abbot John to lend him the trifling sum of sixty marks, and to prove the urgency of the want, he told John, on his handing the money, that "it was as great a charity as to give an alms at the Abbey gate." The King, however, was accustomed to these "loans," which he well knew could not be refused to him, as he honoured the Abbey so frequently with his presence, and presented to it habits and ornaments of great value. In 1251 the King came twice to the Abbey, and made an offering of

* Condensed and selected from an elaborate paper by H. A. Holt, Esq., read to the British Archaeological Association Congress, at St. Albans, in August, 1869.

three robes, manufactured entirely of silk, which with others before given, amounted to thirty in number, as well as two necklaces of great value. In the year 1252, during the abbacy of John the 23rd Abbot, Henry's Queen, Eleanor of Provence, honoured the Abbey with her presence, accompanied by her children. During her stay, the Queen was in imminent danger from a thunderstorm, as whilst sitting in her room the lightning struck the chimney of her chamber and shivered it to pieces. The Abbey laundry burst into flames, and such a commotion was caused by the elements that Alanus le Zouch, the King's chief justice of Chester and of the Welsh district (who was escorting two treasure carts, and had temporarily accepted hospitality at the Abbey), thinking the whole structure was devoted to destruction, rushed forth with his attendants into the highway, and as they went, they fancied a flaming torch or a drawn sword preceded them. As a token of gratitude for her preservation the Queen made an offering on the altar of a rich cloth called a "baldekin" of tissue of gold. In the beginning of March, 1257, the King again visited the Monastery, when the several inmates were habited in their best attire, the saint was borne on such portion of his shrine as was portable, the King himself following in the train, and testifying his veneration for the sacred relics of St. Alban. The King made great offerings to the shrine, consisting of a curious and splendid bracelet and valuable rings, as well as a large silver cup to receive the dust and ashes of the venerable martyr. He also gave six robes of silk as a covering to the said old monument. On this occasion his Majesty prolonged his stay for a week, and conversed much with the celebrated Matthew Paris, then an inmate of the Abbey, making him his companion at table, as well as in the audience chamber, and in his closet or private room.

In 1264, St. Albans was a scene of great tumult and disorder, consequent upon a dispute between Roger, the 24th Abbot, and the townspeople, connected with the use of the Abbey mills. In the midst of the confusion the Queen arrived, and multitudes crowded the way for the purpose of begging the royal interference in their behalf, but being foiled in this expectation by the Abbots introducing the Queen to the Monastery by some private way, the inhabitants became more outrageous than before, and so barricaded the town at every avenue, that from its fortified state it was called "Little London." It was during this tumult that Gregory de Stokes, the Constable of Hertford Castle, and his three attendants, were seized and decapitated by the infuriated townsmen; for this outrage the King amerced the town in 100 marks, which they instantly paid.

In 1268, the King made his last visit to the Abbey of which we have any record—namely, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew. On this occasion Henry was accompanied by his eldest son, the Prince Edward—afterwards Edward I. The royal party entered the Church with great solemnity, and made offerings of rich palls, bracelets, golden rings, and of twelve talents besides, the King directing that the Abbot might convert these valuable articles into money if he pleased, provided that the proceeds were laid out in ornaments for St. Alban's shrine.

Upon the accession of Edward II., that monarch demanded of John Maryus, the 26th Abbot, to be furnished on his Scottish wars with two carts and proper horses, and all appurtenances; but the Abbot injudiciously pleaded his poverty, and declared his inability to comply with it; whereupon, on the King's visit to the Abbey in 1311, accompanied by his favourite, Piers Gaveston, Edward refused either to see the Abbot, or to converse with him, whereupon Maryus at once sought the mediation of Gaveston, and by presenting the King with 100 marks of silver, peace was restored between King and Abbot; but the King soon afterwards cut down a wood at Langley, near Westwood, under pretence of enlarging the royal mansion there, whereupon the Abbot claimed the wood as belonging to the Monastery, but lost it.

Though we have no knowledge of any actual visit of Edward III. to the Abbey, certain it is that the Abbot procured from this King many considerable donations for the shrine, amongst which may be mentioned a crucifix of gold set with pearls, a cup of silver-gilt of great value, sundry Scottish relics, timber for repairing the choir, and 100*l.* in money. Consequent upon the extortionate demands made upon the Monastery during the abbacy of Thomas de la Mare, the youthful Richard II. (soon after the death of Wat Tyler) hearing of the great commotions at St. Albans, decided to march thither and suppress the disorders; it was not, however, until they were positively assured of the King being on his way to the town that they restored the goods they had stolen from the Abbey, and gave a bond to pay 200*l.* to the Abbot for damages. Richard was attended on this occasion by Sir Robert Tresillian, his much-dreaded chief justice, and escorted with a guard of 1000 bowmen and soldiers. The King was received at the west door by the Abbot and his monks, in procession, and with great solemnity.*

* In the choir of the church there formerly hung a life-like portrait of Richard II., seated in State, with crown and sceptre upon what, from its construction (the height of its pinnacles, and the fact of its being raised on a step

History is altogether silent as to either visit or donation by either King Henry IV. or his son Henry V., and it is not until we reach the 38th year of the reign of Henry VI., or 77 years after Richard's visit, that royalty seems to have again smiled upon the Abbey. May 22, 1455, was a sad day for Henry VI., and one long noted in the annals of the Abbey. Upon it was fought the first famous battle of St. Albans, between the houses of York and Lancaster, which although it lasted but one short hour, yet proved so disastrous to Henry, and left him wounded in the neck by an arrow, and a prisoner to the Duke of York. The King remained on the field until he was left perfectly alone, under his royal banner, when he took refuge in a baker's shop, and was there visited by the conquering Duke, who bending his knee bade him "Rejoice, as the traitor Somerset was slain,"—and then led the King, first to the shrine of St. Alban, and afterwards to his apartments in the Abbey; on the following day he took him to London. In 1459, however, Henry and his Queen, with their youthful and only son, Edward Prince of Wales, then in his 7th year (called by Speed "The child of sorrow and infelicity"), visited the Abbey, and were entertained by John of Wheathampstead, the 33rd Abbot, and by far the most famous and illustrious of all the rulers of the Monastery.

At Easter, 1459, the King again passed his holidays at the Abbey; being altogether without means to adequately acknowledge the hospitality shown him, he ordered his best robe to be given to the Abbot as a token of his satisfaction. His treasurer, however, knowing that the King had not a second robe to his back, was amazed at the royal command, but with admirable presence of mind, whilst affecting to obey the King's wishes, whispered in the Abbot's ear, that "some of those days" he would send him fifty marks instead of the robe, but

or steps), may certainly be called a lofty throne. Mr. Riley surmises that this portrait was painted for Abbot William de Colechester. Upon that Abbot's disgrace, and in order to protect the portrait from the Bolingbroke party, when Richard was unseated, it is supposed to have been removed from the Abbot's palace to the interior of the Abbey, where no one could molest it under penalties of sacrilege. "This," says the *Athenæum*, "is more probable, perhaps, than another suggestion which has been made respecting the origin of this portrait. The Earl of Arundel, who had been ordered to attend the funeral of Richard's Queen, arrived so late in the Abbey, that the angry King on seeing the Earl and his indifference, seized a beadle's staff, knocked Arundel down, and would have murdered him on the spot but for the bystanders. As it was, blood from the Earl's wound desecrated the Abbey, and the rites were suspended till prayer had cleansed the place of sacrilege. It has been suggested that, in part expiation of the crime, Richard gave this, the first *painted* presentment now extant of any of our kings, to the Abbey; but, as it seems to have been at St. Albans before it was at Westminster, Mr. Riley's later surmise seems to bear the greater amount of probability."

Henry, hearing of the arrangement, would brook no delay in payment of the money, and insisted on the Prior sending specially to London for it, which was done. The King had it counted, and paid over by the Lord Treasurer in the royal presence, but imposed as a condition that it should be expended by the Abbot in the purchase of gold cloth of great value, and commonly called "Cremsyne Thissue," and this to be made up in one cope or chasuble, two tunics, and one complete suit for the cover of the grand altar.

On Shrove Tuesday (17th February), 1461, the hostile forces of York and Lancaster again met near St. Albans, when the fortune of the day rested with the Queen (Margaret). As night set in the defeated Yorkists fled precipitately, leaving their royal prisoner, King Henry, nearly alone in a tent with Lord Montague, his chamberlain, and two or three attendants. The Queen on being apprised of her lord's captivity, attended by her son the Prince of Wales, flew to greet Henry. The royal family and their northern lords then went immediately to the Abbey, at the doors of which they were met by the Abbot John, attended by his monks, who chanted hymns of triumph and of thanksgiving for the King's safety. The whole party then proceeded to the high altar to return thanks for the victory and deliverance of the King, after which the shrine of St. Alban was visited for a similar purpose, and on the conclusion of their religious duties, the King, Queen, and Prince were conducted to their apartments in the Abbey, where they took up their abode for several days, and then proceeded to London.

With Henry VI. the royal favours shown to the Abbey were fast drawing to a close. It is true that Edward IV.'s pleasures of the chase in the forest of Whittlebury, led to his early acquaintance with the Abbey and its rules, but no record is left of any state visit, holiday-making or regal offerings by this King, although, from an entry in the Abbey accounts, it appears that John of Wheathampstead expended 85*l.* (no inconsiderable sum in those days) in entertaining the young King, Edward IV., at his first visit after his coronation. Tolerance and protection to the Abbey appear to have been the leading features in Edward's time. Richard III. however, both before and after his accession, showed great favour to the Monastery, and warmly encouraged the completing and publishing of the celebrated *St. Albans Chronicle*; but with his reign the last royal favour ceased for ever, and neither the ancient splendour of the Abbey nor its literary fame could any longer secure to it the grace and favour of the sovereign: it experienced a fatal blow when Henry VII. ascended the throne.

Whilst under Morton and Fox the work of oppression and destruction became easy, yet with an hypocrisy only exceeded by his selfishness, the King affected to manifest great respect and devotion to this Abbey, as in the 20th year of his reign he caused the Abbot and Convent of Westminster to engage to pay yearly to the Abbey of St. Albans 100*s.*, in order to keep and observe a most solemn anniversary on the 7th Feb.; and thereon to pray for the king and his father, and when his mother, the Countess of Richmond, should be dead, for her also.*

Chaucer and our early authors complain as to the treatment of bondmen, or villeins, which complaints certain modern writers say are grossly exaggerated, and that the condition of the Abbey bondman especially was little worse, comparatively, than that of a tenant farmer now. Here are two instances to the contrary, from the records of St. Albans. In 1353 Nicholas Tybbesone charged the Abbot of St. Albans and his fellow-monk, Reginald of Spalding, that they assaulted, beat, wounded, and imprisoned him the said Nicholas, and kept him two days in prison till he paid them a fine of 76 shillings to let him go. They pleaded that Nicholas had no right of action against them, as he was their bondman. He could not deny this, and was in consequence "amerced for making a false complaint." Again, in 1355, the Abbot and his men break into the close of one of his villeins, John Albyn, and carry off his bull and twenty-four cows, of the value of twenty marks. On suing the Abbot, he pleads that Albyn is his villein; and consequently, the poor man not only loses his cattle, but "is amerced for making a false claim" to his own property.—(*Athenæum* journal.)

One of the monks of St. Albans was Malken of Paris, and another was one of the first of our English printers. The first book known to have been printed by Caxton in this country is dated 1474, and in 1480 was published the earliest book printed at St. Albans Abbey, entitled *Rhetorica nova Fratris Laurencii Gulielmi de Soona*. Of this book three copies are extant. Two other works appeared the same year. In 1481 appeared Aristotle's *Physics*, and a little after the *St. Albans Chronicle*, and then the *Gentleman's Recreation*, by the Prioress of the neighbouring nunnery of Sopwell, Dame Juliana Berners. The subject may be thought singular for a lady in such a position in our time. The work consists of three treatises—one on "Hawking," another on "Hunting and Fishing," and the third on "Brass Armour."

Facing the entrance of the south door of the Abbey church is the

* Condensed and selected from an elaborate paper by H. F. Holt, Esq., read to the British Archæological Association Congress, at St. Albans, in August, 1869.

monument to Humphrey, brother to King Henry V., commonly distinguished by the title of the Good Duke Humphrey. It is adorned with a ducal coronet, and the arms of France and England. In niches on one side are seventeen Kings; but in the niches on the other side there are no statues remaining. Before this monument is a strong iron grating, to prevent the sculpture being defaced. The inscription, in Latin, alludes to the pretended miraculous cure of a blind man, detected by the Duke, and to the gift of books for the Divinity School at Oxford. It may be thus translated :

“ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE BEST OF MEN.

“ Interr'd within this consecrated ground,
Lies he whom Henry his protector found :
Good Humphrey, Gloster's Duke, who well could spy,
Fraud couch'd within the blind impostor's eye.
His country's light, and state's rever'd support,
Who peace and rising learning deign'd to court :
Whence his rich library at Oxford plac'd,
Her ample school with sacred influence grac'd :
Yet fell beneath an envious woman's wife,
Both to herself, her king, and country, vile ;
Who scarce allow'd his bones this spot of land,
Yet, spite of envy, shall his glory stand.”

In the chancel is the vault, discovered in 1703, in which the Duke was buried ; at which time the body was entire, and in strong pickle ; the pickle, however, has long been dried up, the flesh wasted away, and nothing remains of this great and good prince but a few bones. We were shown, many years ago, some dust, stated to be the Duke's !*

* These mouldering remains gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*, by the illustrious actor, Garrick. In the summer of 1765, Garrick and Quin (who was hardly more renowned for his merits as a player than for his fondness for good living), with other friends, visited at St. Albans, where, at the Abbey Church, they were shown the bones of Duke Humphrey ; Quin jocosely lamented that so many aromatics, and such a quantity of spirit, should be used in the preservation of a dead body. After their return to dinner, and whilst the bowl was circulating, Garrick took out his pencil, and wrote the following verses, which he denominated

“ QUIN'S SOLILOQUY.

“ A plague on Egypt's arts I say—
Embalm the dead ! On senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste !
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taste?

“ Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat, and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade !
Than Humphrey's duke more happy I !
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall lie
A mummy ready made !”

Near where the shrine stood is "the Watch Room," in which the monks attended to receive the donations of devotees, as well as to guard the riches of the shrine. Beneath the above is a stone coffin, on which is inscribed an account of Sir John Mandeville, the greatest traveller of his time. He was a native of St. Albans, and dying in 1372, was buried at Liège, in Flanders.

Here are a beautiful stone screen, and some finely sculptured monuments of Abbots Ramryge and Wheathampstead, and Frederic; a brass plate to the memory of Sir Anthony Grey, of Groby, knighted by Henry VI. at Colney, but slain next day at the second battle of St. Albans, February 17, 1461. Abbot Frederic made the boldest stand against William the Conqueror. The battle of Hastings was over, Harold was killed in it, no head was made against William's subduing the whole island; and he came on by slow marches to take possession rather than to subdue by force. Having passed the Thames at Wallingford, he rested at Berkhamstead, where Abbot Frederic stopped him by cutting down trees, and throwing them in the invader's way. By this delay the Abbot gained time to convene the nobility of the country at St. Albans, to consult about some effort to drive the Normans back, and free the country from their yoke; but their attempts to this purpose were vain.

The Abbot's resolute answer to William is remarkable. Being asked by him, "Why he felled the trees to impede the army's progress?" he boldly replied, that "he had done no more than his duty; and if all the clergy in the realm had done the same, they might have stopped his progress." This produced a menace from King William, "that he would cut their power shorter, and begin with him." Thus St. Albans greatly suffered from the conduct of its Abbot, who, on the dissolution of the confederacy, was obliged to seek refuge in the monastery of Ely, where he died of grief and mortification; while William seized all the abbey lands between Barnet and London Stone, together with the manor of Redburn; and would have effectually ruined the monastery, but for the solicitation of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The stately Abbey Church had fallen into partial and piecemeal decay, when, in the year 1832, a fund was raised for its substantial repair, under the superintendence of Mr. L. N. Cottingham, architect. The subscription was headed by King William IV., who, being on a visit to the Marquis of Westminster, at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, his Majesty, during a drive through the grounds, halted to admire the massive form of the Abbey Church, in one of the picturesque prospects

from the beautiful domain. The opportunity proved a golden one to report to the King the repairs in progress, when his Majesty was pleased to signify his donation of 100 guineas to the funds. The good work has since been carried on; and in the autumn of 1869, a hope was expressed by the Lord Bishop of Rochester for the speedy and effectual restoration of the interesting fabric; and that ere long, when the necessity for aid has become extensively known, his lordship's wishes may be fulfilled, and that it may be possible to reckon by thousands the visitors and benefactors of the Abbey of St. Alban.

Here may be noted some particulars of Neckam, a scientific Englishman of the twelfth century, a native of St. Albans, born on the same night as Richard Cœur de Lion, and suckled at the same breast. He became a distinguished professor at the University of Paris, and was afterwards elected Abbot of Cirencester. In his treatise *De Naturâ Rerum* are many anecdotes characteristic of the times, and they especially teach us how great was the love of all animals in the Middle Ages, how ready people of all classes were to observe and note the peculiarities of animated nature, and especially how fond they were of tamed and domestic animals. The mediæval castles and great mansions were like so many menageries of rare beasts and birds of all kinds. His love for symbolism is great; and wonderful is his discovery of the whole doctrine of the Trinity in the first word of the Book of Genesis in Hebrew. Neckam was a precursor of Bacon, who speaks of him respectfully, but declines to admit him as an authority.



Hertford Castle.

Hertford is a town of considerable antiquity, by some writers thought to have been originally a Roman station. In 673, a national ecclesiastical council was held here by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, to compel submission to the Papal see; two of the Saxon Kings attended. About 905, Edward the Elder erected the Castle, and rebuilt the town, which had probably been ruined by the Danes. In the Civil War of the reign of John, the Castle was taken, after a stout defence, by the Dauphin Louis and the revolted Barons. It next came to the Crown. In 1357, Isabella, Queen of Edward II., was residing here, as we learn from the very interesting account of her last days, drawn from the Book of her Household Expenses, by Mr. E. A. Bond, F.S.A., of the British Museum. We have here detailed her

pilgrimage from Hertford Castle to Canterbury; her reception of the renowned Captal de Buche, cousin of the Comte de Foix, who took part in the battle of Poitiers, and while at Hertford Castle was visited by several noble captives, taken in that battle. Then we read of Queen Isabella resting at Tottenham, on her way to Hertford, and presenting a gift to the nuns at Cheshunt, who met the Queen at the Cross. Isabella died at Hertford Castle, although often stated to have expired at Castle Rising. We have an account of numerous journeys of medical attendants, and bearers of messages during the month the Queen lay ill. Her body lay at Hertford, in the chapel of the Castle, whence her funeral left for London, for interment in the church of the Grey Friars.

In 1362, at Hertford Castle, died Joan, wife of David, King of Scotland, and sister of Edward III., during whose reign Jean II., King of France, and David, King of Scotland, spent part of their captivity here. In 1369, Henry, Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), kept his Court here when Richard II. was deposed. The Castle was then granted in succession to John of Gaunt, and to the Queens of Henry IV., V., and VI.; the latter sovereign spent his Easter here in 1429. Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided and held her Court in Hertford Castle.



Berkhampstead Castle.

Berkhamstead, or Berkhampstead, as it is generally though corruptly written, is an ancient market town in Herts, seemingly of Saxon origin. The name is certainly Saxon—*Berg* signifying a hill, *Ham* a town, and *Stedt*, a seat, it being seated among the hills; or it may be from *Burg*, a fortified place, and *Ham-stede*, the fortified Hamstede, homestead. The kings of Mercia had certainly a palace or Castle at this place, and to this we may attribute the growth if not the origin of the town. William the Conqueror came to Berkhampstead on his way through Wallingford to London, after the battle of Hastings, and was obliged to make some stay there, his further progress having been intercepted by Frederic, Abbot of St. Albans, as described in page 27. The grand meeting afterwards held at Berkhampstead between William and the noble prelates who belonged to the powerful confederacy Abbot Frederic, who was of the royal blood of the Saxons, had organized with the object of compelling the Norman to rule according to the ancient laws and customs of the country, or else of doing their utmost

to raise Edgar Atheling to the throne. William thought it prudent to take the required oath, and it is well known how he neglected it when he was firmly seated on the throne. In the distribution of territory among his followers which then took place, the Castle and Manor of Berkhampstead were given to his half-brother, the Earl of Mortaigne. Domesday Book informs us that the property was rated at thirteen hides, and that it was worth twenty-four pounds when bestowed on the Earl, but only sixteen pounds at Domesday time. Among other curious particulars in this account, it is mentioned that the land contained two arpendis of vineyards. The Earl enlarged and strengthened the Castle ; but in the time of his son, it was seized by Henry I., and, according to most accounts, razed to the ground, on account of the rebellion of its possessor, William, Earl of Mortaigne ; and the town and manor reverted to the Crown. It is probable, however, that the demolition was only a partial one, or that the Castle was soon after rebuilt, as Henry II. occasionally kept his Court here, and granted great privileges "to the men and merchants of the honour of Wallingford and Berkhamsted St. Peter's." Among them it was granted that they should have "firm peace in all his land of England and Normandy, wheresoever they should be," with the enjoyment of all the laws and customs which they had in the time of Edward the Confessor and King Henry, his grandfather. He also granted that wheresoever they should go with their merchandizes to buy or sell through all England, Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, they should be free from all toll and all secular customs and exactions, and all servile works ; and should any man vex or disturb them, he rendered himself liable to a penalty of ten pounds.

Robert, the Conqueror's half-brother, was Earl of Cornwall, and we find that the honour of Berkhamstead almost invariably accompanied every subsequent grant of the earldom. The Castle was given by Henry II. to Becket. At a later date it was the jointure of Queen Isabelle, the bride of King John ; and in 1216 it was besieged by Louis the Dauphin of France, who had come over to assist the discontented barons. The besieged held out till the King sent them orders to surrender. It was then the dower of the second queen of Edward I. ; it next belonged to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, better known as the King of the Romans, who died here ; and later still was granted by King Edward II. to his favourite, Piers Gaveston. When Edward III., in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, advanced his eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, to the title and dignity of Duke of Cornwall, the Castle and Manor of Berkhampstead were given to him "to hold

to him and the heirs of him, and the eldest sons of the kings of England, and the dukes of the said place." Here resided for a time the Prince's illustrious captive, John, King of France. Accordingly, the property has since descended from the Crown to the successive Princes of Wales, as heirs to the throne and Dukes of Cornwall, under whom it has, for the last three centuries, been leased out to different persons.

In 1496, Cicely, Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV. and Richard III., closed here her long life of sorrow and suffering, after witnessing in her own family more appalling vicissitudes than probably are to be found in the history of any other individual. The Castle at Berkhamstead appears to have been unoccupied after her death; and was "much in ruin," even in Leland's time.

The place declined in importance after it ceased to be even occasionally a royal residence. The Castle became gradually ruined by neglect. The mansion, now called Berkhamstead Place, is said to have been erected out of the remains of the Castle early in the seventeenth century. The greatest part of this mansion was destroyed by fire about 1661, and only about a third part was afterwards repaired, which forms the present residence.

The Castle itself was situated to the east of the town, and though the buildings are now reduced to a few massive fragments of wall, enough remains to evince the ancient strength and importance of the fortress. The works are nearly circular, and include about eleven acres. It was defended on the north-east by a double and on the other side by a triple moat. These moats are still in some parts wide and deep. On the bank, between the second and third moat from the outside, are two rude piers of masonry, between which the entrance probably lay over drawbridges connecting the several moats. The space enclosed by the inner moat is surrounded by a wall, constructed with flints coarsely cemented together, within which stood the habitable part of the Castle. Strongly as this Castle was fortified, it could not have been tenable after the invention of cannon, as its site, though elevated, is commanded by still higher eminences on the north and north-east. An account, written about fifty years since, describes the ramparts of the Castle as very bold, and trees growing on the site of the keep, which stood upon a high artificial mount.

Although Berkhamstead was favoured by royalty, their visits were respectively but of short duration. Berkhamstead had two representatives in the Parliament of the 14th and 15th Edward III., but there is no record of such return from this place on any other occasion. The charter of incorporation granted by James I. scarcely survived the

reign of his son Charles, who is said to have had a great affection for the place, in consequence of having been nursed at the manor-house with his elder brother Henry, under the care of Mrs. Murray. It is certain that the place was much distinguished by the favour of Charles, both before and after his accession to the throne.



Bishop's Stortford Castle.

Bishop's Stortford derives its name of Stortford from its situation upon the river Stort, and the prefix from having been, even from Saxon times, the property of the Bishops of London. Domesday Book records that the Conqueror gave the town and Castle of Stortford to Maurice, Bishop of London; if so, he gave no more than he had previously taken, for the same document mentions that William, the last bishop but one before Maurice, had purchased the manor of the Lady Eddeva. It was worth eight pounds per annum, but had been worth ten in the time of the Confessor. The small Castle, which stood on an artificial hill, is said to have been built by William the Conqueror, to protect the trade of the town, and to keep it in subjection at the same time. It was, however, thought to have existed before the Conquest, and to have been strengthened and repaired by the King. It was called Waytemore Castle, and stood on a piece of land surrounded by the Stort. The site is thought to have been occupied as a Roman camp, as Roman coins of the lower empire have been found in the Castle gardens. It was a fortress of some consequence in the time of King Stephen, and the Empress Maud endeavoured, but ineffectually, to prevail upon the Bishop to exchange with her for other lands. King John caused the Castle to be demolished in revenge for the active part which Bishop William de St. Maria took against him in his difference with the Pope. When the Pope triumphed over the King, the latter found it necessary to give the Bishop his own manor of Guildford, in Surrey, to atone for the demolition of this Castle. "The Castle hill," says Salmon (in his *History of Hertfordshire*, 1728), "stands yet a monument of King John's power and revenge; and the Bishop's lands remain a monument of the Pope's entire victory over him."

Some of the outbuildings and parts of the Castle were standing in the seventeenth century. The bishops continued to appoint a *custos*, or Keeper of "the Castle and Gaol of Stortford" till the time of James I. The last who made use of the prison was Bishop Bonner, in the time of

Queen Mary, who in its deep and dark dungeon confined convicted Protestants, whence it obtained the name of the Convict's Prison; of whom we learn, from the authority of Mr. Thomas Leigh, Vicar of Stortford, one was burned in Mary's reign, on a green, called Goose-meat, or God's-meat, near the causeway leading from Stortford to Hockerill. This prison, which consisted of several rooms, was sold about the year 1640, and pulled down, with the bridge leading to it, by the purchaser, who erected an inn near it. Some remains of the lower walls of the dungeon are yet to be seen in the cellar of an ale-house below the Castle Hill; and quit-rents for Castle-guard are still paid to the see of London from many manors adjacent to Bishop's Stortford.

The only fragments of the Castle existing in 1830 were a few stone walls of great thickness, overgrown with ivy, which stood on the lofty mount. The area formed by these ruins was planted with cherry, gooseberry, and other fruit trees; and some years previously the people were allowed, on the payment of a trifling sum, to ascend the hill and regale themselves among the crumbling ramparts. Some ancient spurs, coins, rings, &c., have been found on this interesting spot; and doubtless, were it properly excavated and examined, many other relics would be discovered. A well still exists, which penetrates through the hill itself, and into the ground many feet below it.

Here, as in many other cases, the Castle seems to have formed an inducement for people to settle in the neighbourhood, as it offered a place of safety, to which they could retire with their moveables in time of danger. It must have been a place of some consequence when King John demolished it, to punish the Bishops that boldly published the Pope's interdict against the nation. These daring ecclesiastics were, William of London, Eustace of Ely, and Mauger of Worcester. Fuller, with his usual quaintness, writes, that "no sooner had they interdicted the kingdome, but with Joceline, Bishop of Bath, and Giles of Hereford, they as speedily and secretly got them out of the land, like adventurous empiricks, unwilling to wait the working of their desperate physick, except any will compare them to fearfull boyes which, at the first tryall, set fire to their squibs with their faces backwards, and make fast away from them. But the worst was, they must leave their lands and considerable moveables in the kingdome behind them.'

Moor Park, Rickmansworth.

This celebrated domain was anciently the property of St. Albans Abbey, from which it was severed during the contentions between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Henry VII. granted it to John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who led the van of his army in the battle of Bosworth Field; but it again reverted to the Crown, and was for some time in the possession of Cardinal Wolsey. The former house, nearly on the same site as the present one, is also stated to have been built by George Neville, Archbishop of York. Edward IV. had promised to make that prelate a visit there, and while he was preparing to receive his royal master, he was removed to Windsor, and arrested for high treason. The King seized at the Moor all his rich stuff and plate, to the value of 20,000*l.*, keeping the Archbishop prisoner at Calais and Hammes. The mansion was of brick, in a square court, entered by a gatchouse, with tower; and the whole was moated. It had afterwards several noble owners, among whom was the celebrated Lucy, Countess of Bedford, who originally laid out the ground in the formal style of her time. At the Restoration, if not earlier, the estate was purchased by Sir John Franklyn, whose son sold it to Thomas, Earl of Ossory, son to the Duke of Ormond, who also sold both the seat and the Park to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth (son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters), whose widow, Anne, only daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, is said to have ordered all the tree tops in the Park to be cut off immediately on being informed of the decapitation of her husband; and the tradition is thought to be strengthened by the condition of many of the oaks at Moor Park, which are decayed from their tops. But the late Sir Joseph Paxton—a deservedly great authority in such matters—used to state this could not be the case. The Duchess of Monmouth sold the estate to H. H. Styles, Esq., who had realized a great fortune by the famous South Sea Bubble. After his decease, it was purchased by the great Lord Anson, on the united fortunes of his two uncles devolving to him. It had several owners during the next century, and is now the residence of Lord Ebury. The present mansion was built, it is stated, by the Duke of Monmouth; but it was cased with Portland stone by Mr. Styles, who also attached to it a magnificent Corinthian portico, and erected a chapel and offices, connected by Tuscan colonnades. His architect was Leoni; and Sir James Thornhill painted the saloon, and acted as surveyor. He received for painting the ceiling of the saloon, after Guido, 3500*l.* Upwards of

13,800*l.* was expended in conveying the stone from London; and the entire expense was more than 150,000*l.* The north front commands the finest view; to obtain this, the hill was lowered; which Pope thus satirizes:—

“Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill a shelter'd seat again.”

This, Pope observes, in a note, “was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above 5000*l.*, by which means, merely to overlook a dead plain, he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods:” but this is not correct; the view opens to a fertile vale, watered by the Gade and Colne, and embellished with noble seats and villas. The ball-room of the mansion cost 10,000*l.* A reverse of fortune attending a possessor, Mr. Rous, he had the wings pulled down for the sake of selling the materials. Under the chapel in the west wing were buried Mr. and Mrs. Styles, and their bodies now lie beneath the grass-plot contiguous to the west angle of the house.

The Park is about five miles in circumference, and cost Lord Anson 80,000*l.* in improving it. It is much praised by Sir William Temple. Lord Anson first planted here the famous “Moor Park Apricot;” the lettuces are also famous. The entire estate now extends to nearly four thousand acres, the whole within a ring fence.

There is a curious account of “the good Countesse Elizabeth Monmouth,” stated to have died at Watford. She was the wife of Robert Carey, of Leppington, created Earl of Monmouth, Feb. 5, 1626. Sir Robert was a great favourite with his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, till he rashly committed the offence of wedding a fair and virtuous gentlewoman, Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Hugh Trevanion, of Corriheigh, Cornwall. In his *Autobiography* he says: “I married this gentlewoman more for her worth than her wealth, for her estate was about 500*l.* a yeare jointure; and she had between five and six hundred pounds in her purse. The Queen was mightily offended with me for marrying, and most of my best friends, only my father was no ways displeased at it, which gave me great content.” Soon after the accession of James I., in 1603, Sir Robert says: “My wife waited on the Queen [Anne of Denmark], and at Windsor was sworn of her privy chamber, and the mistress of her sweet coffers [mistress of the robes], and had a lodging allowed her at Court. This was some comfort to me that I had my wife so near me.” To the care of Lady Carey was committed “the baby Charles,” when the royal infant was between three and four years old; and it was to her sensible management that the

preservation of Charles I. from deformity may be attributed. "When the little Duke was first delivered to my wife," writes Sir Robert, "he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ankles, insomuch that many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle my wife had with the King, but she still prevailed. The King would have him put into iron boots to strengthen his sinews and joints; but my wife protested so much against it, that she got the victory, and the King was fain to yield." Again, Sir Robert tells us that, "at the Queen's death, in 1619, her house was dissolved, and my wife was forced to keep house and family, which was out of our way a thousand a-year, that we saved before." In the second year of Charles I. Sir Robert was created Earl of Monmouth, and died April 16, 1639. Both the Earl and the Countess were buried in Rickmansworth Church; but the monumental inscription in the chancel of that church does not state the date of the death of the Countess.—*Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 13.

Hatfield House.

The town of Hatfield lies nineteen miles north from London, and is of considerable antiquity. The manor of Hetfelle (as it is called in Domesday) was granted by King Edgar to the Abbey or Monastery of St. Ethelred, at Ely; and upon the erection of that Abbey into a Bishopric, in the reign of Henry I., A.D. 1108, is supposed to have acquired the designation of Bishop's Hatfield. It then became one of the residences of the prelates, who had no fewer than ten palaces belonging to the see. The Bishop of Ely had a palace at Hatfield, which, with the manor, was made over to the Crown in the time of Henry VIII., but had been before that period an occasional royal residence. William of Hatfield, second son of Edward III., was born here. During the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., Prince Edward resided at the palace of Hatfield. Upon the death of his father, Henry VIII., the young King Edward was escorted thence by his uncle, the Earl of Hartford, and others of the nobility, to the Tower of London, previous to his coronation. In the fourth year of his reign the King conveyed the palace to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary, the Princess was removed from the monastery of Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, to London, and imprisoned in the Tower, in consequence of her being charged with

participation in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt; she was, however, permitted to retire to Hatfield, under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Here, in 1587, the Princess was visited by Queen Mary, at Hatfield, when she was received with great state and festivity, and a child sang, accompanied on the virginals by Elizabeth herself. Here, while seated beneath an ancient oak in the Park, the Princess received the intelligence of the death of Queen Mary: in the old palace Queen Elizabeth held her first privy council, and from hence she was conducted to ascend the throne. At her decease, her successor, King James I., exchanged Hatfield for the palace of Theobalds with Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, about which time his Lordship commenced building the present mansion of Hatfield, which he finished in 1611.

The brick entrance leading to the park and grounds seems to be of a little earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII. A wall of several feet in thickness has been found, probably part of a building of much more ancient date. After entering, all that remains of the old palace inhabited by Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth meets the eye. A large portion of this is used as stabling and other offices. Here is the room where Elizabeth was kept for some time a State prisoner: the chamber which she occupied is situated in the north part of this building: the exterior, of dark red brickwork still, is partly overgrown with ivy. The stable has a wooden roof springing from grotesque corbel heads, and is lighted from windows partly filled with stained glass on each side. This apartment is very lofty and of great size, and was the banqueting hall of the old palace: here were kept Christmas festivals; and at Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas Pope made for the "Ladie Elizabeth, alle at his own costes, a greate and rich maskinge, in the greate hall at Hatfielede, where the pageaunts were marvelously furnished." At night the cupboard of the hall was richly garnished with gold and silver vessels, and a "banket of sweete dishes, and after a voide of spices and a sottletie in thirty spyce, all at the chardges of Sir Thomas Pope." On the next day was the play of *Holophernes*. Queen Mary, however, did not approve of these "folliries," and intimated in letters to Sir Thomas Pope that those disguisings must cease.

The present mansion is a fine specimen of the architecture of the Elizabethan period. It is built of brick, in the form of a half H. In the centre is a portico of nine arches, and a lofty tower, on the front of which is the date 1611; and each of the two wings has two

turrets, with cupola roofs. By the north entrance you are admitted into a spacious hall, which leads to a gallery of great length, open on one side by a sort of trellis-work to the lawn. Here is displayed a large collection of arms, some of which were captured from the Spanish Armada. Here is the saddle-cloth, of rich materials, which was used on the white charger ridden by Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. There is another saddle-cloth, used by the first Earl of Salisbury. There are also models, &c., and weapons captured in the Crimean war. The various apartments used as bedchambers and dressing-rooms have a sombre, yet rich appearance. In each chamber there are wardrobes and other furniture, carved in the style of James I.'s reign. The mantelpieces of some are supported by massive pillars entwined with flowers, by caryatides and other figures. In this wing a fire broke out in November, 1835, when the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, the grandmother of the present Marquis, perished in the flames. The building has been well restored; and in the carved woodwork of a mantelpiece an oval gilt frame has been introduced, containing a well-painted portrait of the deceased Marchioness when she was a young girl.

In the chapel, at the other end, is a stained glass window of considerable brilliancy. It is of Flemish work, and contains, in compartments, scenes from Bible history. The light streams in from the numerous windows on the dark oak floor, and lights up cabinets and furniture of curious workmanship. Here is a State chair, which is said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth; and the hat which we are told was worn by the Princess Elizabeth when she received the messengers in the Park. At the eastern extremity of the gallery is a very fine room, called the Great Chamber, and was probably used as such by the Lord Treasurer Cecil for his royal master. The large mantelpiece of various marbles has in the centre a statue in bronze of James I. There are several famous pictures in this room, amongst them a head of Henry VIII., by Holbein; heads of Henry's wives; a characteristic portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and other historical personages.

The Grand Staircase is one of the most magnificent features of this palace-home. It is ascended by a flight of five landings, and occupies a space of 35 feet by 21 feet in dimension. The balusters are massive, and boldly carved in the Italian form; above the hand-rail are represented genii, armorial lions, &c.; here is a carved hatch-gate, probably to keep the favourite dogs from ascending to the drawing-rooms. The upper division of the ceiling is enriched by a very beautiful

pendant in the Florentine style, and has been coloured and relieved by gold and silver enrichments, which are not, however, just to our taste. The wall is hung with choice portraits of the Cecils, many of them whole lengths, by Lely, Kneller, Vandycke, Zuccherò, Reynolds, &c. One, the fourth Earl of Salisbury, has a novel appearance, there being a portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth rising rather above and immediately behind that of the Earl. It was discovered on the cleaning of the painting. The canvas originally possessed a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, by Wissing; but this has been repainted over, and the fourth Earl painted on it by Dahl.

At the foot of the staircase is the door of the Dining Parlour, and over it a white marble contemporary bust of Lord Burghley. This room is panelled throughout with oak, and has an enriched chimney-piece and ceiling. This apartment is in the east front. Adjoining are the Summer, Breakfast, and Drawing Rooms; and the remainder of the eastern wing, on the Ground Story, is occupied by spacious private apartments, furnished in the olden taste: with massive fire-dogs for burning wood. Some of the most valuable pictures are in these rooms; among them Zuccherò's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth. The entire collection consists of nearly 250 paintings, some of which include the finest specimens of Zuccherò, De Heere, Hilliard, Mark Gerards, and other esteemed portrait-painters in the reign of Elizabeth; a portion of the collection having been the private property of that Queen, consisting of portraits of the favoured nobility and popular characters who formed her Court and household. There are five highly-finished original portraits of Elizabeth (including the large one by Zuccherò), profusely decorated with jewels, pearls, symbolic eyes and ears, and rainbow.

The Grand Staircase also communicates with the upper end of the Great Hall, or, as it is called, the Marble Hall, 50 feet by 30. It is lighted by three bay windows rising the whole height of the apartment, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the lord's table stood in the "golden days" of our ancestors. A massive carved screen runs the whole length of the hall at the east end, with an open gallery, enriched with carving, amidst which are introduced lions, forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, bearing shields of the cartouche form, on which are blazoned the arms. The room is panelled with oak, and the walls lined with splendid tapestry brought from Spain. This hall presents one of the earliest departures from the ancient open timber roof and louvre; the ceiling being coved, and its ten compartments filled with relievo heads of the Cæsars. On ascending

the staircase, the first apartment entered is the great chamber, called King James's Room, nearly 60 feet long and 27 feet wide, and lit by three immense oriel windows. This vast apartment has the ceiling elaborately decorated in the Florentine style, enriched by pendants, and most elaborately gilt. From it hang six gilt chandeliers, of pure Elizabethan design. Upon the walls are hung whole-length portraits of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds; and portraits of the Salisbury family. Over the lofty chimney-piece is a marble statue of James I.; and in the fireplace are massive silver fire-dogs. The whole of the furniture is heavily gilt.

From King James's Room is entered the Gallery, which extends the whole length of the southern front to the Library. It is 160 feet long, panelled with oak, and has an Ionic screen at each end. The "Frette Seelinge" is entirely gilt, the intersections being ornamented in colours, in the same style as the coloured ceiling at the Royal Palace at Munich.

The Library is of equal dimensions with King James's Room. Over the chimney-piece is a Florentine Mosaic Portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1608. The books, prints, and manuscripts are ranged in oaken cases, and above them is a series of royal and noble portraits. Hatfield is rich in historical documents. Here are the forty-two Articles of Edward VI., with his autograph; Cardinal Wolsey's instructions to the Ambassador sent to the Pope by Henry VIII., with Wolsey's autograph; and a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, emblazoned (1559), tracing her ancestry to Adam! The State-papers in the collection extend through the successive administrations of Lord Burghley and his son the Earl of Salisbury, and include documents which came into Lord Burghley's possession from his connexion with the Court. Here are no less than 13,000 letters, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. Among the earlier MSS. are copies of William of Malmesbury's and Roger Hoveden's English History; a splendid MS. on vellum, with a beautifully executed miniature of King Henry VII.; a translation from the French of "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," with the autograph of King Henry VI., to whom it once belonged. Of the time of Henry VIII. are a treatise on Councils, by Cranmer; and the original Depositions touching the divorce of Anne of Cleves. Of Edward VI., here is the proclamation made on his ascending the throne, which is not noticed by historians. Of the reign of Mary, is the original Council-book. The historical MSS. of Elizabeth's reign contain memoranda in Lord Burghley's hand; the Norfolk Book of Entries, or copies of the Duke's letters on Mary Queen of

Scots; a copious official account of the Earl of Northumberland's conspiracies, &c. Here are plans, maps, and charts, from Henry VIII. to the present reign; the actual draft of the proclamation declaring James King of England, in the handwriting of Sir Robert Cecil; and various MSS. illustrating Raleigh's and the Gunpowder Plots.

Here are also several autograph letters of Elizabeth, and the Cecil Papers; the oak cradle of Elizabeth; the pair of silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham; and the purse of James I. Here are also original letters and other memorials relating to the political affairs in the reigns of Henry VII. and Edward VI.

The Chapel, enriched similarly to the rest of the mansion, has a large painted window, and an oaken gallery hung with scriptural paintings. The chapel and a suite of ten rooms were completed by the late Marquis, the rooms being of different woods, as oak, walnut, ash, sycamore, &c. King James's bedroom has the fittings, it is said, exactly as when the King last used them.

The picturesque park and gardens have many interesting objects, besides charming prospects, the richly coloured brickwork harmonizing with the various shades of verdure. Near the house are a racket ground and riding-school. A host of historical objects and localities present themselves in the views from the windows of the mansion. Westward is the venerable Abbey Church of St. Albans, crowning a beautiful eminence; the hill at Sandridge next breaks the line, and the wide-spreading woods of Brocket Hall and Wood Hall appear on the north. Eastward are Digswell House, Tewin Water, and Panshanger; while south are Gubbins or Gobions, near North Mimms, once a seat of Sir Thomas More; and Tyttenhanger, anciently the residence of the Abbots of St. Albans, to which King Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine retired for the summer of 1528. There are some brave old oaks, as the "Lion Oak," upwards of 30 feet girth, and 1000 years old; and Queen Elizabeth's oak: by the way, the man who brought her the news of Queen Mary's death, was one of many who supped once too often with my Lord of Leicester, and died in 1570, after eating figs at that table.

The Gardens and Vineyard were celebrated as early as the days of Evelyn and Pepys, who, in their Diaries have described them. Evelyn notes, 1643, March 11—"I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), was the Garden and Vineyard rarely well watered and planted." Pepys notes, 1661, July 23,—“I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, and walked all

alone in the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener, who showed me the house, the chappel with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberrys, as big as nutmegs." Then he tells us how, one Lord's-day, he got to Hatfield in church-time, "and saw my simple Lord Salisbury sit there in the gallery." The Vineyard is entered through an avenue of yew-trees, cut in singular shapes, straight and solid as a wall, with arches formed by the branches, and imitating a fortress with towers, loopholes, and battlements; and from the centre turfed steps descending to the river Lea. The Vineyard is mentioned in the accounts of building the mansion and laying out the grounds, all which cost but 763*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*

The Privy Garden, on the west side, was very small, being only 150 feet square: encompassed by a stately arched hedge; a close walk, or avenue, of limes round the sides; in the centre of the plot a rockwork basin; the angles of the garden occupied by small grass-plots, having a mulberry-tree in each, reputed to have been planted by King James I.; and bordered with herbaceous plants and annuals. The garden facing the east front is in the ancient geometrical style of the seventeenth century; and below it is a maze, which belongs to the same period of taste. Below the south front is the Elizabethan garden. The northern front is the principal one, and here and at the south front three pair of metal gates were placed in October 1846, when the Marquis of Salisbury was honoured with a visit by her Majesty and the Prince Consort. To conclude, no home in the kingdom, erected at so early a date, remains so entire as Hatfield; the additions or re-erectations have been made accordant with the original style; and the gates just mentioned are evidences of this judgment; they were cast in Paris, and are extremely rich and beautiful in detail; the coronet and crest of the family, in the head-way, being picked out in colours.

Knebworth.

This ancestral home of one so various and accomplished as to unite in himself the characters of the dramatist and poet, the novelist and statesman, possesses great attraction; and when to this living interest is added the historic vista of centuries in the transition from the hill fortress of the Norman period to the picturesque mansion of the Elizabethan age, much may be expected from the olden story of such an

abode, and its eventful associations, as well as from the instant interest which attaches to the present distinguished owner. Such is Knebworth, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Lytton, who, on succeeding to the Knebworth estate, by the will of his mother, in 1843, took the surname of Lytton by sign-manual.

Knebworth, which is placed upon the highest elevation in the county, was held as a fortress by Eudo Dapifer, at the time of the Norman Conquest. Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Visitation of the Seats and Arms of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain*, tells us that Knebworth was possessed by Thomas de Brotherton, fifth son of King Edward I. His eldest daughter and co-heiress brought the lordship of Knebworth to the celebrated Sir Walter Manny, Knight of the Garter; and at his decease she continued to hold it under the title of Duchess of Norfolk. From her, Knebworth passed to her daughter and heir, Anne, the wife of John de Hastings, Earl of Pembroke. It was then sold to Sir John Hotoft, Treasurer of the Household to Henry VI. From him it went to Sir Thomas Bourchier (son to Sir John Bourchier), Knight of the Garter, and was purchased of him by Sir Robert Lytton (of Lytton in the Peak), a Knight of the Bath, Privy Councillor to Henry VII., Keeper of the Wardrobe, and under-treasurer. Sir Robert Lytton immediately set about enlarging the fort; and the work was continued by his successor, William de Lytton, Governor of Boulogne Castle. Knebworth was completed in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Rowland de Lytton, Lieutenant for the shires of Hertford and Essex, at the time of the Spanish invasion. Queen Elizabeth frequently visited Sir Rowland at Knebworth; and the room in which she slept at the time of the Armada, is preserved, and named "Queen Elizabeth's Chamber."

Knebworth, thus enlarged, in the early Tudor style, was a large quadrangle, the east front or gateway having been a portion of the ancient fort. For many years it was but in part inhabited; till, in 1811, Mrs. Bulwer commenced the restoration of the mansion; when three sides were, of necessity, removed; and the fourth side, built by Sir Robert de Lytton, in a style resembling Richmond Palace, and erected in the same reign, was restored. Its embattled tower and turrets are seen from the Stevenage station of the Great Northern Railway, from which Knebworth is 2 miles south, Stevenage lying $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the metropolis.

The principal apartments in the mansion are the banquet-hall, the oak drawing-room, the library, and the great drawing-room or presence-chamber. The hall ceiling is of the age of Henry VII.; the screen Elizabethan; the chimney-piece in the style of Inigo Jones; and the walls are hung with suits of armour. A door leads to the capacious

cellar, whither, in the olden time, it was customary for the gentlemen to adjourn after dinner from the hall, to finish their potations. Another door leads to the oak drawing-room, where, in the reign of Charles I., the great Parliamentary leaders, Pym, Eliot, and Hampden, met their staunch supporter, the Sir William Lytton of that day. The library, fitted up in the style of Henry VII.'s reign, contains two bronze candelabra, with lamps of bronze inlaid with silver; they were dug up in Apulia, on the site of the palace of Joan, Queen of Naples, and are supposed to be genuine Roman antiquities.

A double flight of stairs leads to the State rooms, the carved balustrades supporting the lion rampant, one of the ancient family crests. The staircase is hung with armour and trophies, and family portraits; and the windows are blazoned with descents from the alliance of Barrington and that of the St. Johns. The first State room has stamped and gilt leather hangings, carved panels, and an armorial ceiling. The long ante-room is hung with bugle tapestry, very rare. Hence, an oval drawing-room conducts to the old presence-chamber (now the oak drawing-room), with armorial ceiling and windows charged with ninety-nine quarterings. The furniture includes items of the seventh and eighth Henries' reigns; portraits of rare historic interest; armour from the Crusades to the Civil Wars; and some fine specimens of Italian and Dutch art. Over the hall is the music gallery, communicating with the Round Tower chamber; whence a corridor leads to the Hampden chamber, where John Hampden once slept; and beyond is Queen Elizabeth's room. Lord Lytton has told us in his thoughtful book, *The Student*, how in his pensive and often lonely youth, he was wont to pass much time at Knebworth, the old ancestral seat of the Lyttons. He has described, with affectionate minuteness, the roomy and stately dimensions of that Elizabethan mansion, and the cool verdure of the park, with its trees, and with the placid sheet of water, upon the sedgy brink of which he used to lie and dream the waking visions of enthusiastic boyhood. The out-door demesne of Knebworth is stately; the gardens are environed with a deer-park of 400 acres, intersected with avenues of aged limes, chestnuts, and oaks. The owners of Knebworth have a right of free warren over the surrounding districts, granted to them in the time of James I.

The substance of the preceding details of Knebworth was contributed to the *Illustrated London News* by one who is well acquainted with the locality and history of this celebrated ancestral seat, its associations and memorials; and its progress from a hill-fort to the stately

home of genius fitted to enjoy, embellish, and conserve its honours and ancient renown.

At one time, Sir Bernard Burke tells us, Knebworth had its own peculiar ghost, known as "Spinning Jenny," or the Hertfordshire phantom; and about sixty years ago, Jenny's Spinning-wheel was extant.

Sopwell Nunnery.

Occupying a considerable space of ground, about half a mile south-eastward of St. Albans, are the dilapidated remains of this once famous establishment of monastic times. The Nunnery was of the Benedictine order, and was founded about 1140, by Geoffrey de Gorman, sixteenth Abbot of St. Albans, on the site of a dwelling that had been reared with the trunks of trees, by two pious women, who lived here in seclusion and strict abstinence. The Abbot ordained that the number of nuns should not exceed thirteen, and that none should be admitted into the sisterhood but maidens. He also granted them some lands, and their possessions were increased by different grants from Henry de Albini, and others of his family. An estate in the parish of Ridge was likewise given to them by Richard de Tany, or Todenai.

In the year 1541, Henry VIII. granted the site and building of the Nunnery to Sir Richard Lee, who had been bred to arms, as was the person who had previously obtained the grant of the lands lying contiguous to the Abbey church. According to Newcome, Sir Richard was indebted for Sopwell to the solicitations of his handsome wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Greenfield, and who was in no small favour with the licentious King.

By Sir Richard Lee the buildings were enlarged and altered for his own residence; and the surrounding grounds were inclosed by a wall and converted into a park. He died in 1575, leaving two daughters. By Anne, the eldest, who married Sir Edward Sadlier, second son of Sir Ralph Sadlier, of Standon, in the same county, Sopwell passed into that family. About the time of the Restoration, it again fell to an heiress, married to Thomas Saunders, Esq., of Beechwood; it was afterwards sold to Sir Harbottle Grimstone, an ancestor of the Earl of Verulam, of Gorhambury. Sir Harbottle was a lawyer, and sat in Parliament for Colchester in the reign of Charles I.; and afterwards rose to eminence in the law.

The ruins of Sopwell are mostly huge fragments of wall, composed of flint and brick. This Nunnery is said to have obtained the name of Sopwell from the circumstance of the two women who first

established themselves here *sopping* their crusts in the water of a neighbouring well. Many of those who assumed the veil at Sopwell were ladies of distinguished rank, family, and learning. It has been said that Henry VIII. was privately married to Anne Boleyn in the chapel at Sopwell; but it is better known that this ill-observed ceremony was performed in one of the chambers of Whitehall.

The Great Bed of Ware.

Ware, called *Waras* in Domesday-book, lies on the great North road, and on the river Lea. In 1408, the town was destroyed by a great inundation, when sluices and weirs were made in the river, to preserve it from future floods. In the reign of Henry III., Margaret, Countess of Leicester, founded here a priory for Grey, or Franciscan Friars; and here, too, was an alien priory of Benedictines, some remains of which existed to our time.

A more popular object of antiquarian curiosity is, however, "the Bed of Ware," or rather a Bedstead, of unusually large dimensions, which has been preserved, between two and three centuries past, at an inn in the town; and its celebrity may be inferred from Shakspeare employing it as an object of comparison in his play of *Twelfth Night*, bearing date 1614, thus: "*Sir Andrew Aguecheek*. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? *Sir Toby Belch*. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the *Bed of Ware*, in England," Act iii. sc. 2. In a much later comedy, Serjeant Kite describes the *Bed of Honour* as "a mighty large bed, bigger by half than *the Great Bed of Ware*. Ten thousand people may be in it together, and never feel one another."—Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*.

Still, we gather little from the county historian relative to the Bed. Clutterbuck, in his folio History, records: "One of the inns at Ware, known by the name of the Saracen's Head, contains a Bed of unusually large dimensions, measuring 12 feet square, consisting wholly of oak, curiously and elaborately carved. After diligent inquiry, I have not been able to meet with any written document, or local tradition, which throws any light upon the history of this curious Bed, to which allusion is made by Shakspeare, in his play of *Twelfth Night*. There is a date of 1463 painted on the back of the Bed; but it appears to be

more modern than the Bed itself, which, from the style of the carving, may be referred to the age of Queen Elizabeth."

In Chauncy's *Hertfordshire*, there is an account of the Bed receiving at once twelve men and their wives, who lay at top and bottom, in this mode of arrangement: first, two men, then two women, and so on alternately, so that no man was near to any woman but his wife.

The possession of the Bed has also been attributed to Warwick, the King-maker; which tradition, in all probability, explains the date of 1463—the period at which Warwick flourished, in the Wars of the Roses—which we suspect to have been painted to suit the story; and which further states the Bedstead to have been sold, amongst other moveables belonging to Warwick, at Ware Park.

The common story is, that the Bedstead was made by one Jonas Fosbrooke, a journeyman carpenter, and presented to the Royal Family, in 1463, as a rare specimen of carving, and for the use of the said Royal Family, for princes or nobles of gentle blood to sleep in on any great occasion. The King (Edward IV.) being much pleased with the workmanship, and great labour of the maker, allowed him a pension for life.

There is also the following strange legend attached to the Bed: that, after many years, being much neglected, this Bed was used on occasions of the town being very full, for any large parties to sleep in; such as those engaged in hunting, or attendant on weddings, &c. Whenever so used, its occupants were always unable to obtain their wished-for sleep, being in the night subject to all kinds of pinching, nipping, and scratching, till at last the Bed became deserted. The reason is said to be this—that the spirit of Jonas Fosbrooke always hovered about his favourite work, and being vexed at the base use it was put to (he having made it for nought but noble blood to sleep in), prevented anybody else from getting a moment's rest.

There is also a story of one Harrison Saxby, of Lancashire, a Master of the Horse to King Henry VIII., who having fallen deeply in love with the daughter of a miller and maltster, residing at Chalk Island, near Ware (she having other suitors of her own rank), swore he would do anything to obtain her. This coming to the ears of the King, as he was passing through Ware, on his way to his favourite retreat at Hertford, his Majesty ordered the girl and all her suitors before him, and, to set the matter at rest, promised her hand to him who would sleep all night in the Great Bed, provided he were found there in the morning. The suitors, all being superstitious, declined; but the Master of the Horse complied, and retired to the chamber, though not to sleep, or rest; for,

in the morning, on the servants of the King entering the apartment, he was found on the floor, covered with bruises, and in a state of exhaustion.

The Bed is stated to have been kept at the Old Crown Inn, where they had a ceremony at showing it, of drinking a small can of beer, and repeating some health. It was at the Saracen's Head, in September, 1864, when it was put up for sale by auction, at 100 guineas; no one advanced upon it, and it was bought in.

The Rye House and its Plot.

In the parish of Stanstead, in the road from Hoddesdon to Ware, on the Great Eastern Railway, in Hertfordshire, is Rye House, an ancient house erected by Andrew Osgard, in the reign of Henry VI., that monarch having granted him a licence to build a castle on his manor of Rye. Part of the building has both battlements and loopholes: it was the gatehouse of the Castle which Andrew Osgard had liberty to erect; and it is consequently among the earliest of those brick buildings erected after the form of bricks was changed from the ancient flat and broad to the modern shape.

The Rye House has become celebrated from having been tenanted by Rumbold, one of the persons engaged in the real or pretended conspiracy to assassinate Charles II. and the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) in 1683, on their return from Newmarket. The plan of the conspirators was to overturn a cart on the highway, and when the royal *cortège* was thrown into confusion, to shoot the King and his brother from behind the hedges. Fortunately for the King, the house in which he was staying at Newmarket took fire, and he returned to London three days before the appointed time, which of course upset the plans of the conspirators. The plot, however, was betrayed, and the discovery led to that of another, though of a different nature, and by parties of a much more exalted station. In consequence of the information given, the Earl of Essex, and Lords Russell and Howard, Algernon Sydney, the great republican, and Hampden, son of the great John Hampden, the friend of Cromwell, were arrested, tried, and although there was in reality no evidence against them, were found guilty; when, to the infamy of England, Russell and Sydney were executed, Hampden was heavily fined, Lord Howard escaped by turning evidence against his fellow-prisoners, and the Earl of Essex was found dead in his cell, but whether from suicide or murder is a matter of debate to the present day.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Woburn Abbey and the Russell Family.

Near the town of Woburn, on the Buckinghamshire border of the county of Bedford, there was founded, towards the middle of the twelfth century, an Abbey for monks of the Cistercian order, by Hugh de Bolebec, A.D. 1145. It was valued at the Dissolution at 43*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* gross income, or 39*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* clear yearly value. The last Abbot, Robert Hobs, was executed for denying the King's supremacy; the tree on which he was hung is still standing, and is carefully preserved. The Monastery was granted to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, under very remarkable circumstances in the tide of fortune. From the Du Rozels of Normandy descended John Russell, Constable of Corfe Castle in 1221, from whom descended James Russell, of Berwick, a manor-place in the county of Dorset, about a mile from the sea-coast. His eldest or only son, John Russell, was born at Kingston-Russell, in the same county, where the elder branch of the family had resided from the time of the Conquest. At an early age he was sent abroad to travel; he returned in 1506, an accomplished gentleman and a good linguist, and took up his residence with his father at Berwick. Shortly after his arrival, a violent tempest arose, and on the next morning, 11th of January, 1506, three foreign vessels appeared on the Dorset coast, making their way for the port of Weymouth. They proved to be part of a convoy under the command of Philip, Archduke of Austria, who had just married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Aragon, and was on his way to Spain, when, overtaken by the storm which had separated the vessel in which he was sailing, and two others, from the rest of the convoy, they were forced to take shelter in Weymouth Harbour. Sir Thomas Trenchard, the Governor, immediately conducted the Archduke to his own Castle, and sent messengers to apprise Henry VII. of his arrival. While waiting for the King's reply, Sir Thomas invited his cousin and neighbour, young Mr. Russell, of Berwick, to act as an interpreter, and converse with the Archduke on topics connected with his own country, through which Mr. Russell had lately travelled. "It is an ill wind," says Fuller, referring to this incident, "that blows nobody profit:" so the accident (of the storm) proved the foundation of Mr. Russell's prefer-

ment. For the Archduke was so delighted with his "learned discourse and generous deportment," that on deciding to proceed at once to Windsor, by invitation of the King, the Archduke desired that Mr. Russell should accompany him, and on his arrival, he strongly recommended him to the King, who granted him an immediate interview. Henry was struck with Mr. Russell's address and conversation; for, says Lloyd, "he had a moving beauty that waited on his whole body, a comportment unaffected, and such a comeliness in his mien, as excited a liking, if not a love, from all that saw him; the whole set off with a person of a middle stature, neither tall to a formidableness, nor short to a contempt, straight and proportioned, vigorous and active, with pure blood and spirits flowing in his youthful veins." Mr. Russell was in consequence appointed a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

Three years afterwards, on Henry VIII. ascending the throne, he at once perceived Mr. Russell's varied accomplishments and talents, and employed him in diplomatic missions, as well as in trusts of great confidence. He likewise became a favourite of Henry VIII., and a companion of that monarch in his French wars; and Mr. Russell was knighted, was installed into the Order of the Garter, and was raised to the Peerage, 9th March, 1538-9, as Baron Russell of Chenies. In the next year, 1540, "when the great monasteries were dissolved, his Lordship obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and of extensive possessions belonging thereto."—(*Burke's Peerage.*) He was likewise made Marshal of Marshalsea; Controller of the King's Household; a Privy Councillor; Lord Warden of the Stannaries, in the counties of Devon and Cornwall; President of those counties, and those of Dorset and Somerset; Lord Privy Seal; Lord Admiral of England and Ireland; and Captain-General of the Vanguard of the Army. Lastly, Henry VIII., on his death-bed, appointed Lord Russell to be one of the counsellors to his son, Prince Edward. On this King's accession to the throne, Lord Russell still retained his influence at the Court of Edward VI.; and at his coronation he was Lord High Steward for the occasion. Next he was employed in promoting the objects of the Reformation: for his signal services he was created Earl of Bedford, and endowed with the rich Abbey of Woburn; and on the accession of the Catholic Queen Mary, he continued his services to the Reformation, and continued to share largely in the possessions of the suppressed monasteries. Next he was one of the noblemen appointed to escort Philip from Spain to become the Queen's husband, and to give away her Majesty at the solemnization of her marriage. This was his last public act. It is remarkable that

through all these services to four successive sovereigns, each widely differing from the other, he preserved his integrity of character, and gave satisfaction to all in times fraught with danger. Nor is there anything in his correspondence or private history that bespeaks the servility of the courtier.

He died on the 14th of March, 1555, and was buried at Chenies, the manor of which he had acquired by his marriage. "In the little parish church of this place," says a recent visitor, "is the magnificent and stately burying chapel of the Russell family, where lie enshrined in splendid and costly tombs, the chiefs and children of that house, from the time of the Earl of Bedford, who died in the second year of Queen Mary, down to a very recent period. The old Earl, indeed, sleeps there like one of the patriarchs, with his children and his children's children gathered round him. There was a time when the family lived at Chenies, but the mansion they occupied is for the most part gone, and a comparatively modern building stands in its place. But their house of death is studiously protected from stain and ruin and decay. The very temperature of the little chapel is artificially regulated, so that all the tombs and monuments are fresh, and in perfect preservation. On all sides the eye of the visitor rests upon the philosophic motto of the family, '*Cbe sara sara*'—'What will be, will be.' On all sides he sees the name of Russell, and that name alone. On some gorgeous and tasteless tomb—rank with the finery of a barbarous age—it is associated perhaps with the deeds of some active politician, whose life is part of the history of his country. In a more secluded corner a simple white tablet seeks to memorialize the fleeting existence of some infant of the house who passed without a pause from the cradle to the grave; or of some gentle girl who died whilst she was yet very young. Near the church stands the manor-house, of the time of Henry VIII., remarkable as preserving even to this day, in some not inconsiderable details, portions of the original structure. The principal antiquarian features of interest are some blocks of chimneys, all varying in design, supported, and perhaps protected, by gables that reached to within a few feet of the top of the chimneys. But the most noticeable point was a spiral staircase with a carved handrail, and literally forming part of the wall, after a fashion which is believed to be quite unprecedented in England. There was also at the top of the house a long, narrow, arched loft, extending from one end of the building to the other, and which was said to have been formerly used as an armoury." The sepulchral chapel and the vaults beneath contain between fifty and sixty members of the Russell family or their alliances.

To return to Woburn Abbey. In 1572, Queen Elizabeth visited

here Francis, the second Earl of Bedford. In 1642 the town of Woburn was partly burnt by the Royalists, and in 1645 Charles I. stayed for one night at the Abbey; in November there was a skirmish between the Royalists and the townspeople, which destroyed by fire many houses in Woburn; when the Parliamentarians occupied the town for two months.

Part of the ancient Abbey remains, and has been converted into the Duke of Bedford's magnificent mansion which still retains the name. It was partly put into its present form during the second half of the last century, and is a quadrangle, presenting four fronts of above 200 feet each. The west or principal front is of the Ionic order, with a rustic basement. The Abbey is adorned with some fine historical portraits, including those of Queens Mary and Elizabeth; a picture of Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain; Lady Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII. and mother of Edward VI.; Anne of Denmark, wife of James I.; Sir Philip Sidney; General Monk; Cecil Lord Burghley; William Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683; and Rachel Wriothesley, his admirable wife; and at the Abbey is preserved, in gold letters, the speech of Lord Russell to the Sheriffs, together with the paper delivered by his Lordship to them at the place of execution, the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the dining-room at Woburn is a fine collection of portraits by Vandyke; in the breakfast-room, a series of views in Venice, by Canaletti, painted originally for Bedford House, in London. In the sculpture gallery is the antique Lanti vase, brought to England by Lord Cawdor; and here is a very large ancient marble sarcophagus (brought from Ephesus), on the four sides of which are sculptured the sad story of Achilles dragging Hector's body, Priam's ransoming it at its weight in gold, and other post-Homeric traditions of the woes of Andromache and Astyanax.

The mansion is situated in an extensive park, and is a grand and capacious pile, worthy of being rendered a ducal residence. In the surrounding domain is the Park Farm, dedicated to agricultural improvement: it originated with Francis, Duke of Bedford, famous for his encouragement of the science and practice of agriculture, as commemorated in Westmacott's picturesque statue in Russell-square.

Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*, speaks of a brook at Aspley Guise, near Woburn, the earth on the banks of which had a petrifying quality; but this account is incorrect. Drayton's lines are as follows:

"The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone
Which, noted of this isle, converteth wood to stone,
That little Aspley's earth we antiently instile
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle."

A Correspondent has "made a note of" a curious etymological statement respecting Woburn—that at the end of *A Guide to Woburn Abbey*, published in 1850, is a table of "the various ways of spelling Woburn, collected from letters and parcels by the Postmaster." It seems also incredible (says the Correspondent), but yet it is the fact, that no less than *two hundred and forty-four* different modes of spelling or rather mis-spelling the simple word Woburn are there recorded. It is worth noting that the place is always called *Woburn*. The following are a few of the ingenious struggles of the unlearned in their endeavour to commit to paper the name of this delightful spot :—

"Houboun.	Hourbon.	Houbone.	Hawburn.
Houlbourn.	Hooben.	Noburn.	Owburn.
Ooboun.	Uborn.	Wurbourn.	Woubon.
Woabbern.	Wubaorn.	Wobarn.	Woswrin.
WBun.	Whoobowen.	Wouboarene.	Wwoo Burn.

"Sixty-one examples have H as the initial letter, and twenty-two have O."—*W. Sparrow Simpson, B.A.*

Amphill Castle.

The county of Bedford had anciently several baronial Castles; but it does not appear that there are any remains of them except the earth-works which mark their sites, and which may be observed at Bedford, Eaton Socon, and other places. It is supposed that all the Castles, except those of Bedford and Amphill, had been destroyed in the reign of King John; and it is perhaps owing to this that we read of so few occurrences in Bedfordshire during the Civil War of the Roses. The county was the scene of few conspicuous events during the Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament.

At Amphill, eight miles from Bedford, in the Park, wherein is now Amphill House, stood Amphill Castle, where Queen Katherine resided during the proceedings which terminated in her divorce from Henry VIII., to be hereafter mentioned in the account of Dunstable Priory. James I. visited Amphill Castle in 1605 and 1621. It has long disappeared. Behind the present mansion, near the entrance of the Park from the turnpike road, are some ponds, similar in appearance to those frequently seen adjoining ancient houses; above these, at the edge of a precipice, was the front of the Castle. This building was erected by Lord Fanhope at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was used as

a royal resort by Henry VIII., who was often here. Two ground plans of it are in existence, taken about the year 1626, at which time it is supposed the Castle was demolished. In front was a large court; behind it were two very small ones; and between these was an oblong courtyard. Between the front and back courts were two projections, like the transepts of a church. In front were two square projecting towers; and round the building, at irregular distances, were nine other turrets. Lord Ossory planted a grove of firs at the back of this spot, and erected in 1773, in the centre, a monument, consisting of an octagonal shaft, raised on four steps, and surmounted by a cross, bearing a shield, with Queen Katherine's arms, of Castile and Aragon. On a tablet inserted in the base of the cross is the following inscription, from the pen of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:—

“ In days of yore, here Amphill's towers were seen,
 The mournful refuge of an injured queen;
 Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears,
 Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
 Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
 And Love avenged a realm by priests enslav'd;
 From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
 And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed.”

The possessors of Amphill are thus traced by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., author of the *History of Woburn*:—The survey of Amphill Park, made by order of Parliament, 1649, speaks of the Castle as ‘long ago totally demolished.’ The salaries paid in Queen Elizabeth's time were: Keeper of the Manor-house, 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, Great Park, 4*l.*, with herbage and pannage, 15*l.*; *Paler* of the Park, 4*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, herbage and pannage, 15*l.*” There was, however, what was called the Great Lodge, or Capital Mansion. King James I. gave the Honour of Amphill to the Earl of Kelly. It soon reverted to the Crown. In 1612, Thomas, Lord Fenton, and Elizabeth, his wife, resigned the office of High Steward of the Honour of Amphill to the King. The following year the custody of the Great Park was granted to Lord Bruce, whose family became lessees of the Honour, which they kept till 1738. In the seventeenth century, the Nicholls family became lessees of the Great Park under the Bruces, who reserved the office of Master of the Game. After the Restoration, Amphill Great Park was granted by Charles II. to Mr. John Ashburnham, as some reward for his distinguished services to his father and himself.

Amphill House was erected by the first Lord Ashburnham, in 1694; it is a plain but very neat edifice, built of good stone. It is situated rather below the summit of a hill, much less elevated than the site of

the old Castle; but it is sufficiently elevated to possess a great share or the fine view over the vale of Bedford. It is also well sheltered by trees, though the passing traveller would have no idea of the magnificent lime alley, which is in the rear of the mansion. The house has a long front, with nearly forty windows, exclusive of the dormers, and two projecting wings. In the centre is an angular pediment bearing Lord Ossory's arms; and over the door is a small circular pediment, with an antique bust, and supported by two Ionic columns. In the house is a small collection of pictures, principally portraits. At the foot of the staircase is a large painting, formerly *in fresco* at Houghton House, which was removed from the wall, and placed on canvas by an ingenious process of Mr. Salmon. It represents a gamekeeper, or woodman, taking aim with a cross-bow, and some curious perspective scenery. There is a tradition that the figure is some person of high rank in disguise; some say, King James I., who visited Houghton.

The pleasure-grounds in the rear of the mansion command a fine view; here is the lime-walk, one of the finest in England; it is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, the trees finely arching; and it has been pronounced finer than any walk in Oxford or Cambridge. The Park is very picturesque, and studded with beautiful groups of trees. The oaks are many centuries old, with a girth of ten yards each. They were very numerous, for in a Survey in 1633, 287 of the oaks were hollow, and too much decayed for the use of the Navy.

The estate was purchased of the Ashburnham family by Viscount Fitzwilliam, who sold it, in 1736, to Lady Grosvenor, grandmother of Lord Ossory, who in 1800 became possessed of the lease of the Honour, by exchange with the Duke of Bedford. Lord Ossory died in 1818, and was succeeded by Lord Holland, in whose family the property remains. Many years since there appeared a small volume of *Lines written at Ampthill Park*, by Mr. Luttrell, who appears to have taken his muse by the arm, and "wandered up and down" describing the natural glories and olden celebrity of the place, and in graceful poetry hanging "a thought on every thorn."

Dunstable and its Priory.

Dunstable lies eighteen miles south-west from Bedford, at the point of contact of the ancient Ikniel and Watling-streets; and it was in early times a place of considerable importance. Its modern name is supposed by many etymologists to be derived from Dun, or Dunning,

a famous robber in the time of Henry I., who, with his band, became so formidable in the neighbourhood, that Henry cut down a large forest in order to destroy the haunt, and built a royal mansion called Kingsbury on part of the site. The town was also called in olden times, "Market-on-the-Downs," from its being situated on the southern extremity of the Dunstable chalk downs.

The royal visits to Dunstable were very numerous. In 1123, Henry I. kept his Christmas here with much splendour, and also in 1132 and 1137. In 1154, after the termination of the war, an amicable meeting took place at Dunstable between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. In 1183 was seen in the heavens "the form of Our Lord's Banner, with the Crucifixion upon it." In 1215, King John lay at Dunstable, on his journey towards the North. In 1217, Louis the Dauphin, with the Barons in arms against the King, halted for a night, and did much damage to the Church at Dunstable. In 1228 Henry III. kept his Christmas here. In the following year, the dispute ran so high between the townsmen and scholars at Dunstable that many were wounded on both sides, and some mortally. In 1244, a number of the discontented Barons, under the pretence of holding a tournament, assembled a council at Dunstable. The tournament was forbidden to be held by the King; but the Barons met, as agreed upon, and issued an order, commanding the Pope's Nuncio to leave the kingdom. In 1265, the King and Queen, with Cardinal Ottoboni, the Pope's Legate, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, made some stay at Dunstable. In 1279 and the following year, a tournament was held at Dunstable. In 1341, Edward III., on his triumphal return from Scotland, was met at Dunstable by 230 knights, and entertained by a grand exhibition of martial exercises. In 1457 and 1459, Henry VI. was at Dunstable. Here, in 1572, was Queen Elizabeth, in her progress towards the north; in 1605, James I. visited the town; and in 1644, it was much damaged by a party sent by Charles I.

Here we may mention that in 1110 was performed at Dunstable the first attempt at theatrical representations; it was called the "Miracles of Catherine," and was the production of Geoffrey, a Norman, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans. This would appear to have been a miracle play.

But the main celebrity of Dunstable dates from the Priory (dedicated to St. Peter) of Augustinian, or Black Canons, a royal foundation of Henry I., who bestowed on it the town of Dunstable, and all its privileges, in 1131. The Priors had a gaol, possessed power of life and death, and sat as judges with the King's justices in Eyre; they had

also their gallows, tumbrel, and pillory. The ecclesiastics were comparatively few in number, but were endowed with well-tilled broad acres, and were persons of no little importance in their own immediate vicinity. At the Priory a great synod was held in 1214; in 1290, the body of Queen Eleanor was deposited here for one night; and a Cross was erected in the town upon the spot whereon the body was first set down; but this memorial was pulled down in the reign of Charles I. as a relic of Popery.

At Dunstable Priory, in 1533, the Commissioners for the divorce of Queen Katherine met, and here the sentence was pronounced by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, May 23. These proceedings were, a few days afterwards, communicated to Katherine, who was then residing at Ampthill, a few miles distant; she solemnly protested against them, and refused the title of Princess Dowager, and the offer of being treated as the King's sister; she was soon after removed, almost by force, from Ampthill, and at length was settled at Kimbolton, where she died.

"The Annals of Dunstable," has a curious history. "Of the greatness of the Black Canons of Dunstable," says a reviewer, in the *Athenæum*, "we have absolutely no memorials to testify to their former existence even, beyond some occasional notices of their manifold writs, and suits, and complaints, in other chronicles and the legal records of the Plantagenet days; the crumbling, and daily diminishing, walls of their once stately dwelling-place; and the carefully-entered annals of their house between A.D. 1131 and 1297, still preserved—and only just preserved—in the diminutive, shrivelled, half-burnt parchment volume belonging to the Cottonian collection.

"This manuscript meets us in such sad guise, from the fact that, after having tided safely over the great break-up of the Reformation, and passed through Puritan times uncondemned to the flames, it suffered very severely from that most careless of accidents, the fire in the Cotton Library, at Westminster, in 1731. Fortunately, however, previous to that date, a careful transcript of it had been made by the pen of Humphrey Wanley; and from this Thomas Hearne printed his edition of the *Dunstable Annals*, in 1733. The original manuscript was then supposed to be hopelessly injured by the fire, and Hearne made no attempt to examine it. Since then, however, at a comparatively recent date, by dint of pains and ingenuity, it has been stretched and mended; and from it, thus revived, aided by Wanley's transcript (MS. Harl. 4886) in the case of some few words and passages which the fire has rendered illegible, Mr. Luard has produced an elaborate

edition of the work. It will never, of course, equal Hearne's edition (limited to 200 copies) in rarity; but in reference to accuracy and editorial painstaking, in the way of elucidation of difficulties, omissions, or obscurities in the text, Mr. Luard's edition entirely distances its predecessor, and leaves no reasonable desire of its readers unsatisfied.

"Hearne, though replete with much learning of various kinds, was possessed of but little ingenious research, or power, by way of inference, of turning his acquirements to account; so we are not surprised that he failed to discover what Mr. Luard has very skilfully proved from internal evidence, that these Annals, from the beginning to the end of A.D. 1241, were compiled by Richard de Morins, formerly Canon of Merton, in Surrey, and fourth Prior of Dunstable, between A.D. 1210 and the year above mentioned. The portion between 1242 and 1297 is by various hands, now unknown; and upon the remaining blank leaves of the volume some miscellaneous entries are made, contemporary with the events there described, between A.D. 1302 and 1459."

Of the celebrated Priory little remains, except a part appropriated to the parish church, and some fragments in an adjoining wall. These relics afford specimens of early ecclesiastical architecture, very interesting to the students of that branch of art; particularly the great west front, which has a singular intermixture of circular and pointed arches.



Bedford Castle.

Bedford, seated in the midst of a very rich tract of land called the Vale of Bedford, is of high antiquity, but not of Roman origin, as some affirm. Nevertheless, the plough turns up Roman coins in various parts of the county, and the vicinity of Shefford, in particular, has been remarkably productive in Roman pottery, glass, and bronze. Camden considers the place to have been British, and the original name Lettuy, in British signifying public inns, and Lettidur, inns on a river, as Bedford in English, beds and inns at a ford, a speculation not very satisfactory. It is generally supposed, however, that the town is the Bedicanford of *The Saxon Chronicle*: "A.D. 571. This year Cuthulf fought against the Britons at Bedcanford [Bedford], and took four towns," &c. This name signifies "a fortress on a river," a designation of which the present name seems a corruption. It afterwards suffered greatly in the wars between the Saxons and the Danes, and was ultimately destroyed in 1010, by the latter, "ever burning as they went." Men-

tion is made of a fortress or citadel built on the south side of the river Ouse, by Edward the Elder, who, in 919, received the submission of all the neighbouring country.

In 921, the Danes fortified Tempsford, and attacked Bedford, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Edward besieged the Danes at Tempsford, destroyed the fortress, and put their King and many of the nobles to death. But the fortress which Edward had built would seem to have been destroyed by the Danes, or was found an inadequate defence, for Paine de Beauchamp, to whom the barony was given by William Rufus, considered it necessary to build, adjoining to the town, a very strong Castle, which was surrounded by a vast entrenchment of earth, as well as a lofty and thick wall. "While this Castle stood," says Camden, "there was no storm of civil war that did not burst upon it." In 1137 it sustained a long siege; but accounts vary exceedingly as to who were the defenders and what was their fate. Camden, without entering into the particulars, says, that Stephen took the fort with great slaughter; but Dugdale, who gives details, and quotes ancient authorities, says that the King obtained it by surrender, and granted honourable terms to the garrison. In 1216, William de Beauchamp, being possessed of the Barony of Bradford, took part with the rebellious barons, and received them into the Castle, which they were advancing to besiege. When, however, King John sent his favourite, Faukes de Brent, to summon the Castle, it was surrendered to him in a few days, and the King gave it to him, with the barony, for his services. Faukes, having greatly repaired and strengthened his Castle, for which purpose he is said to have pulled down the collegiate church of St. Paul, presumed so far upon its impregnable character as to set all law and authority at defiance. His outrages and depredations on his less powerful neighbour were such, that in the year 1224, the King's justices, then sitting at Dunstable, felt it their duty to take cognizance of his proceedings, and fined him in the sum of three thousand pounds. Faukes, being greatly provoked at this, sent his brother at the head of a party of soldiers to seize the judges and bring them prisoners to Bedford. They were forewarned of his intention, and two of them escaped; but one of them, Henry Braybrook, was taken and carried to the Castle, where he was most unmercifully treated. The King (Henry III.) being incensed at this and the other outrageous conduct of De Brent, determined to bring him to punishment. He therefore marched to Bedford in person, attended by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the principal peers of the realm. On this occasion, the Church was so provoked by Faukes's sacrilege, that the prelates and

abbots granted a voluntary aid to the King, and for every hide of their lands furnished two labourers to work the engines employed in the siege of the Castle. Camden quotes from the *Chronicle of Dunstable* a curious account of this siege, written by an eye-witness, from which it appears that the engines employed in that age for the destruction of men were little less ingenious and effective than those now in use. Faukes de Brent felt great confidence in the strength of the Castle, and disputed the ground by inches; but after a vigorous resistance of sixty days, no alternative remained but to surrender at discretion. The success of the besiegers is attributed chiefly to the use of a lofty wooden castle higher than the walls, which gave an opportunity of seeing all that passed therein. Faukes himself was not in the Castle when it surrendered; he took sanctuary in a church at Coventry, and through the mediation of the Bishop of Coventry, obtained the King's pardon, on condition of abjuring the realm. His brother William, the acting Governor of the Castle, with twenty-four Knights and eighty soldiers, were hanged; but Culino, another brother, received the King's pardon.

Henry III., acting on the determination to uproot this "nursery of sedition," as Camden terms it, ordered the Castle to be dismantled, and the ditches to be filled up. The barony was restored to William de Beauchamp, with permission to erect a mansion-house on the site of the Castle; but with careful stipulations to prevent him from construing this into leave to build a fortress. The King's intentions as to the demolition of the Castle do not seem to have been executed to the letter; for the "ruinous Castle of Bedford" is mentioned about 250 years later; and Camden speaks of its ruins as still existing in his time, overhanging the river, on the east side of the town. At present not one stone of the fabric remains; but about 1820 its site might be very distinctly traced at the back of the Swan Inn, close to the old bridge: it forms a parallelogram, divided by a lane; and the site of the keep now makes an excellent bowling-green. The domain first became a dukedom when given to John, the third son of Henry IV. We have abridged most of these details from an excellent account of the Castle in the *Penny Cyclopædia*.

The town of Bedford is one of the most interesting places in England: and there is perhaps no English town of similar extent equal to Bedford in the variety and magnitude of its charitable and educational establishments. It has been greatly improved since a great fire, in 1724, consumed 100 houses, and in 1802, 72 houses. The communication between the parts of the town separated by the Ouse is a handsome

stone bridge of five arches, which was commenced in 1811, on the site of the old bridge of seven arches, which was popularly considered to have been built with the materials of the Castle demolished by Henry III.; but which Grose, the antiquary, understood to have been erected in the reign of Queen Mary, out of the ruins of St. Dunstan's Church, which stood on the south side of the bridge. The old Gaol was built on the bridge; here John Bunyan suffered one-and-fifty months' imprisonment in the reign of Charles II.; and held for many years the appointment of pastor to the Independent congregation at Bedford. His memory is still greatly revered, and the chair in which he used to sit is preserved in the vestry, as a sort of relic, with his vestry jug, the syllabub cup which was carried to and from his prison, his cabinet and case of weights, pocket-knife, &c. The cottage in which Bunyan was born, at Elstow, a short distance from Bedford, was demolished several years since; but in 1827 the interior remained as it was in Bunyan's time, with the remains of the closet in which in early life he worked as a tinker; there is also the old bathing-place at Bedford; and, although the site only of the house in which Bunyan died at Holborn Bridge is identified, his tomb in Bunhill-fields burial-ground has been restored.

Luton-Hoo, its Gothic Chapel.

Luton-Hoo, or High Luton, situate between St. Albans and Bedford, was the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Bute, which was destroyed by an accidental fire in November, 1843. It was originally the seat of the Napier family, but was nearly all rebuilt by John, third Earl of Bute, the first Minister of George III., who, in 1762, employed Adam as his architect, who took for his model the palace of Dioclesian, at Spalatro. It was completed in 1767, when Dr. Johnson, after visiting Luton-Hoo with Boswell, said: "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately palace indeed. In the house magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience. The library is very splendid. The dignity of the rooms is very great, and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation—beyond hope." In the wing corresponding with that containing the library was the chapel, which was rebuilt by Smirke, and in which was preserved some exceedingly fine Gothic wainscot, enriched with carving and Latin sentences of Scripture in ancient characters; this was first put up at Tyttenhanger, in Hertfordshire, by Sir Thomas Pope, and was removed to Luton by the

Napier family. The mansion was destroyed in the above fire, except the outer walls; but the chapel was entirely consumed, save a portion of a richly-carved oak door, and the altar. As the chapel was a superb specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, it is fortunate that it has been ably illustrated by Mr. Henry Shaw, in a splendidly executed work.

The Luton chapel was of the latest and most florid period of Gothic architecture, displaying in the forms of some of its arches and mouldings a mixture of the Roman, which was coming into fashion at the period of its construction; but which afterwards degenerated into the grotesque style prevalent during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The whole of the interior presented a rich display of panel-work, beautifully carved in oak, and ornamented by an assemblage of elegant cornices, embattlements, niches, canopies, crockets, and finials, having the several accompaniments of stalls, seats, pulpit, and desk of tabernacle-work, surmounted by a gorgeous canopy, which was carried by several gradually diminishing stages to the height of more than eighteen feet from the floor. At the upper end was an altar-screen, consisting of two tiers of solid arch-work, charged with oak-leaves, vine-leaves, roses, lilies, and thistles; each containing ten niches for statues, and having their recesses finished with the most florid and fanciful tracery, of which a similar example will not easily be found in this country. There was also an altar in the highest state of preservation, which, Mr. Shaw tells us, was the most complete, if not the only specimen remaining of those numerous altars in our churches and monasteries, which were so indignantly destroyed in general either by the Reformers of the sixteenth, or the Puritans of the seventeenth century. From the inscriptions it appeared to have been the principal altar, framed after the model of the Ark of the Covenant, under the Jewish theocracy: the little loops or rings of wire still remained, on which were suspended the curtains of silk which veiled from vulgar gaze the emblem of the great mystery of Holiness. Like its sacred prototype, it was portable in size, being about three feet high from its base, hollow, and pierced with open-work at the sides, to make it light and more elegant; and when the curtain was drawn aside, admitting a partial view of the relics and sacred treasures inclosed. Such altars were actually carried in solemn procession on solemn occasions. They were also made hollow and of a square form, in accordance with the express direction contained in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Exodus.

Amongst the arrangements in this Chapel was one which was extraordinary, and perhaps unique, except in our modern vestry-rooms—that of a chimney-piece and fire-place. On each side of it, and above

it, were thirty-three vacant niches, with triple canopies, elaborately carved, and interspersed with crockets and finials, over which was a double cornice of ornamental work. On the horizontal ledge above the chimney-piece was a singular inscription from the Vulgate. (Genesis xxii. 7.)

Mr. Shaw describes the several inscriptions and embellishments of this truly interesting relic of antiquity, because, though the work must have evidently been executed before the Reformation, there was a total absence of the greater part of those corruptions of pure Christianity, which had been carried to the utmost point of endurance at the period immediately preceding that great event.

To form a just and adequate conception of the beauty, interest, and splendour of this Chapel, however, Mr. Shaw examined it on the spot. Considered as a work of art, it exhibited altogether a complete study of architecture and sculpture. Here was almost every form of arch, bidding defiance to all modern classifications. We had the semi-circular and the lancet-shaped; the obtuse-angled and the acute; the Roman segment and the Gothic ogee, with dressings and mouldings of every description—round, hollow, square, and undulating. There was also a profusion of embellishments in the cornices and embattlements, the niches, the pinnacles, the canopies, and the cupolas; exhausting all the varieties of fruits, and flowers, and foliages; of vines, and pomegranates, and lilies, and roses, which are generally found to be accompaniments of ecclesiastical architecture. Viewed as a religious structure, the appearance of this chapel was calculated to produce an impression of awe and admiration. The inscriptions were solemn, appropriate, and Scriptural. Every sentence, from the porch to the altar, was conducive to a feeling of sublimity and devotion.

Mr. Shaw concludes in these words, which have, indeed, a melancholy interest in connexion with the entire destruction of this chapel by fire:—"May the contemplation of such a work render us grateful to that Providence which has preserved it, and inspire us with that noble sentiment—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy House, and the place wherein the honour dwelleth.'"

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Ashridge House.

At a short distance from the Berkhamstead Station of the London and North-Western Railway, lies the magnificent domain of Ashridge, which, for upwards of six centuries and a half has been a site of great interest. It is an extensive pile of buildings, as large as half a dozen German or Italian palaces; and with its beautiful church, lovely gardens, and noble avenues of beech and chestnut trees, forms one of those pictures of combined architectural and sylvan picturesqueness, which can only be seen to perfection in England.

The present mansion was built between 1808 and 1814, on the site of an ancient monastic edifice, parts of which have been preserved and incorporated with the modern edifice. Its principal front is to the north; to the east and west are double lines of stately elms and limes, the frontage from the eastern to the western tower extending one thousand feet. The spire of the chapel, with the embattled tower of the mansion, and noble Gothic doorway, with large oriel windows, present an impressive architectural group. The entrance-hall is separated from the grand staircase by a rich screen of arches and open galleries. The hall, round which the staircase turns in double flight, is 38 feet square, and 95 feet high; and is adorned by statues, Gobelin tapestry, armorial bearings, and ancient brasses. A magnificent suite of apartments, each 50 feet by 30, extends at one end into a greenhouse and orangery, and at the other into a conservatory; the dining-room, drawing-room, and library, open by deep oriel windows upon the garden lawn. The conservatory again opens into a Gothic chapel, with windows of ancient painted glass brought from the Low Countries.

The historical associations of Ashridge render it doubly attractive in its memorials of the past. On going over it, we see here a fine crypt, there a stately Gothic doorway, here a cloister, there a monumental brass; here the arches of monkish sepulture, there a flourishing tree planted by the hand of Queen Elizabeth; in one room embroidery worked by the maiden Queen, when she was residing in "the Old

House;" and in another apartment the portrait of "the Lady" for whom Milton wrote his *Comus*.

The monastic history of Ashridge may be thus briefly told. About the year 1221, there came over to England an order of preaching friars, nearly allied to the Albigenses. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of King John, founded at Ashridge an Abbey for an order of these friars, called Bonhommes, which edifice was completed in 1285. The statutes and ordinances of this College are still preserved among the family papers at Ashridge: and an epitaph written by one of the monks is still extant, for the tomb of the founder, who it appears, died at the College. Among the registers are entries of donations from the Black Prince; with many curious ordinances and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. One of the last entries in the register refers to the fall of the College, and the expulsion of the monks, under Henry VIII. After relating the decapitation of Anne Boleyn, the writer says, in Latin: "In this year, the noble house of Ashridge was destroyed, and the brethren were expelled." He adds, with extreme anger, "In this year was beheaded that great heretic and traitor, Thomas Cromwell, who was the cause of the destruction of all the religious houses in England."

After the dissolution of the College, Ashridge became a royal residence; and subsequently to the reign of Henry VIII., was given to the Princess Elizabeth by her brother, Edward VI., after whose death she continued to occupy Ashridge during the reign of Queen Mary. Letters exist in the British Museum from her, both to Edward and Mary, dated from Ashridge; and after her retirement from the Court of her sister, Elizabeth resided there constantly, until she was suspected of conniving at Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Then a troop of horse was dispatched to Ashridge; and although she was confined to her bed from illness, she was taken prisoner to London.*

* Her committal to the Tower is related in vol. i. p. 24, of the present work; but the following additional details may be quoted here. The Earl of Sussex came to inform her that she must go to the Tower, that the tide served, and the barge was in readiness. In great distress she begged for delay, and asked permission to write to Mary, whereupon her removal was postponed, but next day being Palm Sunday, that she might be taken to prison with more privacy, it was directed throughout London that the people should all repair to church carrying palms. Thinking every hope had vanished, Elizabeth followed the Earl down the garden to the barge. There were with her divers gentlewomen and lords, but in passing London Bridge, owing to the great fall of water at half-tide, the whole party narrowly escaped with their lives. When she came to Traitors' Gate it rained, and a cloak was offered her, but she angrily refused, adding her memorable declaration of loyalty, and reliance

Among the family archives are grants of various portions of the domain of Ashridge by Elizabeth to different persons; but, before the end of her reign, it had passed into the possession of her Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Thomas Egerton, Baron of Ellesmere, who was afterwards Lord High Chancellor to James I. The son of this Chancellor, soon after the death of his father, was created Earl of Bridgewater; and to his appointment as Lord President of Wales, we owe Milton's masque of *Comus*. Lord Bridgewater had been long before acquainted with the great Poet, and invited him to join the festivities at Ludlow Castle on the occasion of his entering upon his new duties. Lady Alice Egerton, and two of her brothers, on coming to join their father's guests, after having visited a relation, mistook their road, and Lady Alice was lost for some time in a wood. This accident furnished Milton with the subject for his masque, which was performed as a Michaelmas festivity, in 1643.*

We need not follow the history of Ashridge through the successive

upon God. Her confinement was extremely harsh. Mass was forced upon her in her apartment, and she was not allowed to take exercise in the Queen's garden. A little boy of four years old, who was wont to bring her flowers, was strictly examined, with promises of figs and apples, and was asked who had sent him to the Princess, and whether he had messages for her, upon which he said, "I will go to the Earl of Devonshire, and ask what he would give me to carry to her." Whereupon the Chancellor said, "This same is a crafty child." "Ay, my lord (exclaimed he), but pray give me the figs." "No, marry (quoth he); you shall be whipped if you come any more to the Lady Elizabeth." On her release from the Tower, some of the city churches rang their bells for joy of her deliverance, and there is a tradition that when she became Queen, she presented them with silk bell-ropes, and on inquiry it was found that some silk bell-ropes, of very ancient date, were preserved in the vestry at Aldgate. Elizabeth attended service at the church of Allhallows Staining, Langbourne Ward, on her release from the Tower, and dined off pork and peas afterwards, at the King's Head in Fenchurch-street, where the metal dish and cover she is said to have used is still preserved. But upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, we learn from persons likely to be best informed, that no relation of the above story is to be found in the parish records, or elsewhere; nor is there any known traditional authority for it.

* Mr. T. F. Dillon, in a paper read by him to the British Archæological Association, at Ludlow, in 1867, recapitulates well known facts in reference to the production of *Comus*, and thus refers to some of its localities as

"The perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

in which spot, mindful of Lady Alice, we may perchance lose our

unacquainted feet
In the blind snares of this tangled wood.

And where the Lady adds—

Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, to Viscount Alford, eldest son and heir of the Earl Brownlow, to whom the broad lands of Ashridge were bequeathed by the last Earl of Bridgewater. At one time this extensive property was in danger of being converted into farms; when the Duke of Bridgewater, the "Father of Inland Navigation," risked his whole fortune upon the success of the great Canal which bears his name. But the good conferred upon the country was not without its due reward; and we have the satisfaction to know that Lord Alford followed in the steps of his great predecessor, establishing schools for the children of the poorer classes on his estates, converting the peasants' cottages into neat and comfortable homes, encouraging industry and orderly habits, and thus raising the moral tone and physical condition of his tenantry.

Borstall Tower.

On the western side of Buckinghamshire, near the border of the county, is situated this fine specimen of castellated architecture of the best period. It is within two miles of Brill, which formed part of the ancient demesne of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, who had a palace there; and a close near the church at Brill, at this day called "the King's Field," is reputed to have been the site of the palace. Edward

My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With the long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray hooded Ev'n
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are and why they came not back
 Is now the labour of my thoughts.

We would there picture to ourselves 'the tufted grove, over which a sable cloud turned forth her silver lining on the night,' and we would note 'the prosperous growth of this tall wood.' We would point to that which may, or may not, have been the identical 'grassy turf' on which the lady was 'left weary.' We should explore

Each lane and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side;

or, 'in this close dungeon of innumerable boughs' we may 'lean against the rugged bark of some broad elm,' and so conjure up the stately palace, where

Immur'd in cypress shades a sorerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus."

the Confessor frequently retired here to enjoy hunting in Bernwood Forest, which, tradition says, was about that time infested by a wild boar, which was at last slain by a huntsman named Nigel; to whom, in reward, the King granted some lands, to be held by cornage, or the service of a horn; a mode of livery which, in that age, was not uncommon. On the land thus given Nigel erected a large manor-house, and named it *Bore-stall*, or Boar-stall, in remembrance of the incident through which he obtained possession. These circumstances are corroborated by various transcripts relating to the manor, which are contained in a manuscript folio volume, composed about the time of Henry VI. It has also a rude delineation of the site of Borstall House, and its contiguous grounds; beneath which is the figure of a man on one knee, presenting a boar's head to the King, who is returning him a coat-of-arms.

From an inquisition taken in the year 1265, it appears that Sir John Fitz-Nigel, or Fitz-Neale, then held a hide of arable-land, called the Dere-hide, at Borstall, and a wood, called Hull Wood, by grand-serjeantry, as Keeper of the forest of Bernwood; that his ancestors had possessed the same lands and office prior to the Conquest, holding them by the service of a horn; and that they had been unjustly withheld by the family of De Lazures, of whom William Fitz-Nigel, father of John, had been obliged to purchase them. Prior to this, William Fitz-Nigel had been compelled to pay King John eleven marks for the enjoyment of his father's office, and for liberty to marry at his own pleasure.

In the reign of Edward I. (1300) John Fitz-Nigel gave his daughter in marriage to John, son of Richard de Handlo, who, by this match became in a few years Lord of Borstall; and in 1312 (6th Edward II.) he obtained licence from the King to fortify his mansion at Borstall, and make a Castle of it. In 1327 (2nd Edward III.) the said John was summoned to Parliament as a baron; but his son, or grandson, Edmund, dying in his minority, in 1356, this estate afterwards passed, by heirs female, into the families of De la Pole, James, Rede, Dynham, Banistre, Lewis, and Aubrey. Bernwood was not disafforested until the reign of James I.

Willis called Borstall "a noble seat;" and Hearne described it as "an old house moated round, and every way fit for a strong garrison, with a tower at the north end, much like a small castle." This tower, which is still standing, forms the gatehouse. It is a large and square massive building, with a square embattled turret at each corner. The entrance was across a drawbridge, and under a massive arch, protected

by a portcullis and door strengthened with studs and plates of iron. The mansion was a fortified post of strength and importance, especially in situation, about half-way between Oxford and Aylesbury; the latter garrisoned by the Parliament, and Oxford being the King's chief and strongest hold, and his usual place of residence during the Civil Wars.

Early in the struggle, Borstall House, then belonging to Lady Dynham, was taken possession of by the Royalists, and converted into a garrison; but in 1644, when it was decided to concentrate the King's forces, Borstall was abandoned. It was then taken by Parliamentary troops from Aylesbury, who harassed the garrison at Oxford, and seized provisions by the way. It was, therefore, determined to attempt the recovery of Borstall; and Colonel Gage, with a party of infantry, a troop of horse, and three pieces of cannon, attacked the fortified house, after a slight resistance gained possession of the church and out-buildings, and battered the house with cannon. It at once surrendered, with the ammunition and provisions, the garrison being allowed to depart only with their arms and horses. Lady Dynham being secretly on the side of the Parliament, stole away in disguise.

Next year, the house was again strongly garrisoned for the King, under the command of Sir William Campion, who was ordered "to pull down the church and other adjacent buildings," and "to cut down the trees, for the making of palisades and other necessities for use and defence." Sir William Campion is thought to have demolished the church-tower for this purpose; and three attempts were made to recover Borstall from the Royalists. In 1644 it was attacked by Sir William Whalley, and by General Skippon in May, 1645, unsuccessfully. Anthony Wood, who was then a schoolboy at Thame, describes this harassing warfare. One day a body of Parliamentary troopers rushed close past the Castle whilst the garrison were at dinner. On another occasion, a large Parliamentary party at Thame was attacked and dispersed by the Cavaliers from Oxford and Borstall, who took home 27 officers and 200 soldiers as prisoners, together with between 200 and 300 horses. Some venison pasties, prepared at the vicarage for the Parliamentary soldiers, fell as a prize to the schoolboys in the vicar's care. Meanwhile, the Bucks peasantry were incessantly terrified: labourers were forcibly impressed into the garrison; farmers' horses and carts were taken for service without remuneration; their crops, cattle, and provender carried off; gentlemen's houses were plundered of their plate, money, and provisions; hedges were torn up, trees cut down, and the country laid waste. Nor was it only the pro-

perty of the peaceable that suffered : in November, 1645, a force from Borstall and Oxford made a rapid expedition through Buckinghamshire, carrying away with them several of the principal inhabitants, whom they detained till they were ransomed. Dragoons carried off persons, and deprived them of their horses, their coats, and their money. We read of a parson being brutally treated by a party of dragoons, though he pleaded that he was a clergyman, a prisoner, and disarmed ; he was stripped of his hat and cap, jerkin and boots, and so severely wounded in one of his arms, that it was necessary to amputate it, when although he was sixty years old, he bore the loss of his limb with incredible resolution and courage.

In 1646, on the 10th of June, Sir William Fairfax again attacked Borstall, and reduced it, after an investiture of eighteen hours only, it being surrendered by the governor, Sir William Campion. He is described as "a little man, who upon some occasion lay flat on the ground on his belly, to write a letter, or bill, or the form of a pass." He was subsequently slain at Colchester.

Borstall being now entirely relinquished by the Royalists, was taken possession of by its owner, Lady Dynham. In 1651, Sir Thomas Fanshawe, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, was brought here on his way to London. Lady Dynham received him kindly, and would have given him all the money she had in the house ; but he thanked her, and told her that he had been so ill that he would not tempt his governor with more, "but that if she would give him a shirt or two, and a few handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could for her sake. She fetched him some shifts of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying, that she was ashamed to give them to him, but having none of her son's shirts at home, she desired him to wear them."

At length, peaceful times returned. In 1668 Anthony Wood again visited Borstall, which he describes as quite altered since he was there in 1646 : "for whereas then it was a garrison, with high bulwarks about it, deep trenches, and palisades, now it had pleasant gardens about it, and several sets of trees well growne. . . . Between nine and ten of the clock at night, being an hour or two after supper, there was seen by them, M. H. and A. W., and those of the family of Borstall, a *Draco volans* fall from the sky. It made the place so light for a time, that a man might see to read. It seemed to A. W. to be as long as All Saints' steeple at Oxon, being long and narrow ; and when it came to the lower region it vanished into sparkles, and, as some say, gave a report. Great rains and inundations followed."

Late in the seventeenth century, Sir John Aubrey, Bart., by marriage,

became possessed of Borstall; and it continued to be the property and residence of his descendants till it was pulled down by Sir John Aubrey, about the year 1783: he had one son, born in 1771, who came to an early and melancholy death. When about five years old, he was attacked with some slight ailment, for which his nurse had to give him a dose of medicine. She then prepared for him some gruel, which he refused to take saying it was nasty. She then sweetened it, and he swallowed it. Within a few hours, he was a corpse! She had made the gruel of oatmeal with which arsenic had been mixed to poison rats. Thus died, January 2, 1777, the heir of Borstall, and of all his father's possessions. The poor nurse became distracted; the mother never recovered the shock, and within a year died of grief, at the early age of 32. Sir John Aubrey, having thus lost his wife and child, pulled down the house in which they died, with the exception of the turreted gateway, which still exists, in fair preservation: it was built in 1312, by John de Handloo, and one of its bay windows still contains part of the original stained glass, particularly an escutcheon of the De Lazures and the De Handloos.

The antique horn, said to be the identical one given to Nigel, as already mentioned, has descended with the manor of Borstall, and is still in the possession of the present proprietor. This horn is two feet four inches long, of a dark brown colour, resembling tortoiseshell. It is tipped at each end with silver-gilt, and fitted with a leather thong, to hang round the neck; to this thong are suspended an old brass ring bearing the rude impression of a horn, a brass plate with a small horn of brass attached to it, and several smaller plates of brass impressed with *fleurs-de-lis*, which are the arms of the De Lazures, who intruded into the estate soon after the reign of William the Conqueror.

Stoke, or Stoke Poges, and Lady Hatton.

This pleasant village, which lies between Colnbrook and Maidenhead, obtained the appellation of *Poges* from its ancient lords of that name. The heiress of the family, in the reign of Edward III. married Lord Mollines, who shortly afterwards procured a licence from the King to convert the manor-house into a castle. From him it descended to the Lords Hungerford, from them to the Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon. The manor was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, seized by the Crown for a debt.

The old manor house of Stoke Poges is the scene of the opening of

Gray's humorously descriptive poem, called *The Long Story*, in which the style of building, and the fantastic manners of Elizabeth's reign are delineated with much truth: the origin of the poem is curious enough. Gray's *Elegy*, previous to its publication, being handed about in manuscript, had, amongst its admirers, the Lady Cobham. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance, and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at Stoke Pogeis, undertook to introduce her to the poet. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, and not finding him at home, they left their cards. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, Gray gave the humorous and lively account of it in the *Long Story*. The mansion at Stoke, and one of its tenants, are thus described:

" In Britain's isle—no matter where—
 An ancient pile of building stands:
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employed the power of fairy hands—
 To raise the building's fretted height,
 Each panel in achievement clothing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.
 Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
 The seal and maces danced before him.
 His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
 Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

This "grave Lord Keeper" was Sir Christopher Hatton, who, it must be remarked, was never the owner or occupier of this old mansion, although generally supposed to have been so by topographers, and by annotators of Gray's Poems. The old manor-house, indeed, was not completely finished till it came into the possession of Henry, the third Earl of Huntingdon, who, although it might have been burdened by a mortgage, certainly retained possession of it till his death. One of his letters, now in existence, is dated at Stoke, on the 13th December, 1592, and among the payments after his funeral, occurs this item—"Charges about the vendition of my Lord's goods in the county of Bucks, 8*l*." This most probably, refers to the sale of his property at Stoke. Now, Sir Christopher Hatton died in November, 1591, a year before the date of the Earl's letter from Stoke, and four years before his death, which occurred in 1595. But we have more conclusive evidence to the same effect. Sir Christopher Hatton has left numerous letters, from which

his proceedings during the latter years of his life—the only time in which he could have been at Stoke—may be traced from month to month, almost from day to day, and not one of these letters affords the slightest indication of his connexion with Stoke. Nor is such connexion noticed in any parish record at Stoke. The idea rests solely on tradition, and can easily be accounted for.

We are indebted for this correction of a popular error respecting Stoke, to a contribution by W. K. H. to Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 415-417. On the death of the third Earl of Huntingdon, (continues this Correspondent,) Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, purchased the manor, and resided at Stoke, and soon after, in 1598, married for his second wife, Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of the "Lord Keeper." This lady was sufficiently conspicuous to stamp the name of Hatton on the traditions of Stoke. [We need not here detail Lady Hatton's broils with Sir Edward Coke, or "the honeymoon of the happy pair" at her house in Holborn, as they will be found sketched in "The Strange History of Lady Hatton," in the first volume of the present work, pp. 77-83.] It will be sufficient to take up the narrative after Sir Edward Coke and Lady Hatton were reconciled, and "he flattered himself she would still prove a very good wife." The dismantled Manor-house at Stoke must now have been restored, and the reconciled pair were then living there with their daughter, whose marriage was negotiated with Sir John Villiers, brother of Buckingham, the King's favourite. The proposal was graciously received, and Sir Edward was delighted. His wife and daughter did not relish this scheme; but this did not much trouble Coke, as he considered that his daughter, in such a case, was bound to obey her father's mandate. They had been talking the matter over one night at Stoke, when, highly gratified with the prospect, Coke retired to rest and enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed slumber. But the first intelligence of the next morning was that Lady Hatton and her daughter had left Stoke at midnight, and no one knew where they were gone. Day after day passed, yet Coke could learn no tidings of the fugitives. At last, he ascertained that they were concealed at Oatlands, in a house then rented by a cousin of Lady Hatton. Without waiting for a warrant, Sir Edward, accompanied by a dozen sturdy men, all well armed, hastened to Oatlands, and after two hours' resistance, took the house by assault and battery, which Lady Hatton has described as Sir Edward Coke's "most notorious riot," in which he took down the doors of the gatehouse and of the house itself, &c.

Having thus gained possession of his daughter, he carried her off to

Stoke, locked her up in an upper chamber, and kept the key of the door in his pocket. Lady Hatton then strove to recover her daughter by forcible means; but to her astonishment, her husband, now fortified by the King's favour, threw her into prison. Thus, with his wife in a public prison, and his daughter locked up in his own house, he forced both to promise a legal consent to the marriage, which took place at Hampton Court in presence of the King and Queen, and nobility. Two years afterwards Sir John Villiers was raised to the peerage as Viscount Purbeck, and Baron Villiers of Stoke Pogeis. But the sequel was melancholy. Lady Purbeck deserted her husband, and lived with Sir Robert Howard, which rapidly brought on her degradation, imprisonment, and an early death. Lady Hatton pursued her husband with rancorous hatred, and openly wished him dead. This gave rise to a report of his death, whereupon Lady Hatton immediately left London for Stoke, to take possession of the mansion; but on reaching Colnbrook, she met one of Sir Edward Coke's physicians, who informed her of his amendment, on hearing which she returned to London in evident disappointment. Sir Edward, in his solitary old age, had his daughter, Lady Purbeck, to console him. He died September 3rd, 1634, in his eighty-fourth year.

Lady Hatton now took possession of the old manor-house at Stoke, and occasionally resided in it till her death in 1644. Her strange history might well be mixed up with the traditional gossip of Stoke, which Gray, in his poem, applied to the Lord Keeper, who certainly never possessed the old manor-house. It was, however, honoured by the presence of his royal mistress. Queen Elizabeth, in 1601, visited at Stoke Sir Edward Coke, who entertained her very sumptuously, and presented her on the occasion with jewels worth from ten to twelve hundred pounds. In 1647, the mansion was for some days the residence of Charles I., when a prisoner in the custody of the Parliamentary army. Ten years later, Sir Robert Gayer, by the bequest of his brother, came into possession of the manor at Stoke. Sir Robert, at the coronation of Charles II., was made a Knight of the Bath, which so strengthened his attachment to the House of Stuart, that he never could be respectful to any other dynasty. It is related in Lipscomb's *History of Bucks*, that soon after William III. had ascended the throne, he visited the village of Stoke, and signified his desire to inspect the old manor-house. But its possessor, Sir Robert Gayer, flew into a violent rage, declaring that the King should never come under his roof. "He has already," said he, "got possession of another man's house. He is an usurper. Tell him to go back again!" Lady Gayer expostulated, she entreated, she

even fell on her knees and besought her husband to admit the King, who was then actually waiting at the gate. All her entreaties were useless. The obstinate Sir George only became more furious, vociferating—"An Englishman's house is his castle. I shall open and close my door to whom I please. The King, I say, shall not come within these walls!" So his Majesty returned as he came—a stranger to the inside of the mansion, and the Stuart knight gloried in his triumph.

Thus the old manor-house at Stoke, after having entertained one sovereign magnificently, received another as a prisoner in the custody of his subjects, and refused admission to a third monarch, was itself pulled down, except one wing, in 1789, by its then owner, Granville Penn, Esq., a descendant of the celebrated William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. At this time was built, by James Wyatt, the magnificent seat, Stoke Park. The grounds are adorned with a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke.

Gray passed much of his youth, with his mother, at Stoke; and here he composed his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771, and was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother at Stoke: his remains lie, without any monumental inscription over them, under a tomb which he had erected over the remains of his mother and aunt. In the year 1799, however, Mr. Penn erected, "in honour of Gray," in a field adjoining the churchyard, a large stone sarcophagus, on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side; and the late Earl of Carlisle presented to Eton College a bust of Gray, which has been added to the collection of busts of other worthies placed in the Upper School-room.



Stowe.

This princely seat of the Buckingham family lies near the town of Buckingham, and has a brief but eventful history. The place, originally an Abbey, came into the possession of the Temple family in the sixteenth century. The house was originally built by Peter Temple, Esq., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it was rebuilt by Sir Richard Temple, Bart., who died in 1697. After the death of Lord Cobham, in 1749, the property merged in the family of the Grenvilles. The pleasure-gardens, from which Stowe obtained its principal fame, were laid out for Lord Cobham by Kent, who exerted his skill both as an architect and a garden-planner; and such a profusion of ornament arose from his invention, and that of Bridgeman and other artists, that Stowe,

"when beheld from a distance, appears like a vast grove, interspersed with obelisks, columns, and towers, which apparently emerge from a luxuriant mass of foliage." The beauties of Stowe have been commemorated by Pope and West, who spent many festive hours with the then owner, Lord Cobham. The grounds are adorned with arches, pavilions, temples, a rotunda, a hermitage, a grotto, a lake, and a bridge. In the temples were busts, under which were appropriate inscriptions. The temples of Ancient Virtue and British Worthies may be mentioned as exhibiting objects for the mind as well as for the eye to dwell upon. The mansion, which has been greatly enlarged, extends 916 feet, whole frontage, and the central part 456. "The rich landscape," says Walpole, "occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and objects, and various pictures that present themselves as we shift our situation, occasion surprise and pleasure, sometimes rivalling Albano's landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxuriant vales of Daphne and Tempe."

The interior is very superb. The principal rooms form one long suite, opening into each other. Here was the Rembrandt Room, so called from its being hung with pictures by that painter; a marqueterie clock, ten feet high, formerly in the palace of Versailles; carved and gilt frames, from the Doge's palace at Venice; a state bed, constructed in 1737, for Frederic, Prince of Wales, and occupied in 1805 by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; carved and gilt furniture from the Doge's palace at Venice; marble pavement from the Baths of Titus, at Rome; tapestry of old and quaint historic pageantry; carpets from the looms of Persia and Turkey; draperies from the marble palaces of Venetian statesmen; relics from classic Italy; rich stuffs, the spoils of Tippoo Saib and other fallen Eastern warriors; ornamental weaving from Holland and the Low Countries, &c. Add to this a valuable collection of paintings: among them, portraits—of Martin Luther, by Holbein; Oliver Cromwell (said to be original), by Richardson; Pope, by Hudson; Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta, by Vandyke; Addison, by Kneller; Lady Jane Grey, Camden the antiquary, and others. The display of plate was magnificent: enormous gold and silver vases, candelabra, wine-coolers, cups, salvers and epergnes. This enumeration conveys but an imperfect idea of the rich treasures of art with which the galleries and saloons of princely Stowe were crowded. In this superb palace, Richard, the first Duke of Buckingham, entertained the royal family of France, Louis XVIII. and Charles X. and their suites, during their residence in England; until the Duke, burdened with debt, was compelled to shut up Stowe and go abroad. His successor, Richard Plantagenet, celebrated the majority

of his son with costly cheer at Stowe in 1844; and in the following year received Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, at enormous cost. In 1848 the crisis came: Stowe was dismantled of its sumptuous contents, which were sold in forty days, and realized upwards of 75,000*l.*—this vicissitude being the sad realization of a dream which the first Duke of Buckingham had in his compulsory exile upon the continent. Of the many instances of fallen fortune to be found in human history, the sad fate of Stowe and its possessors presents us with the most melancholy lesson—to lecture us with its fallen grandeur, and to impress us with the virtue of contentment, and teach us that—

“Not a vanity is given in vain.”

Whaddon Hall.

Not far from the county-town of Buckingham stands Whaddon Hall, formerly a seat of the Duke of Buckingham: but which acquired greater notoriety as the abode of Browne Willis, the eccentric antiquary, born late in the seventeenth century. His person and dress were so singular, that though a gentleman of 1000*l.* a year, he was often taken for a beggar. An old leathern girdle or belt always surrounded the two or three coats he wore, and over them an old blue coat. Very little of Whaddon remained a century ago, and what was left was thought to be the offices, which were dark and gloomy. In the garden was then a venerable and remarkably sized oak, under which Willis supposed Spenser wrote much of his poetry. Willis is said, by Cole, the Cambridge antiquary, to have written the very worst hand of any man in England, such as he could only with difficulty read himself. He wore very large boots, patched and vamped till they were forty years old: they were all in wrinkles, and did not come halfway up his legs, whence he was called in his neighbourhood, *Old Wrinkle-boots*. He rode in his “wedding chariot,” which had his arms on brass plates about it, was painted black, and not unlike a coffin. Mr. Willis never took the oaths to the Hanover family. He was as remarkable for his love of the structure of churches as for his variance with the clergy of his neighbourhood. Yet he built by subscription the chapel at Fenny Stratford; repaired Bletchley Church at a great expense; and Bow Brickhill Church, desecrated, and not used for a century. His most important work was his *Survey of the Cathedrals of England*. He presented to the University of Oxford his valuable collection of coins, and gave many MSS. to the Bodleian Library. He died at Whaddon Hall, Feb. 5, 1760.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Oxford Castle.

Of Oxford, the great glory of England, and second only in objects of interest to its metropolis, the origin is unknown. The name is probably derived from there having been a *ford*, or passage for *oxen* across the Thames here; and it is written in Domesday *Oxeneford*. Early in the eighth century a monastery was founded here. Alfred is said to have coined at this town money which bore the inscription *Ocsnafordia*. In the Danish ravages Oxford was repeatedly injured or destroyed. Canute frequently resided at Oxford; and his son and successor, Harold Harefoot, was crowned and died at Oxford. Hearne has identified, in the original arms of Oxford a castle, with a large ditch and bridge. Upon the same authority, we learn that Offa "built walls at Oxford," and by him, therefore, a Saxon castle was originally built here. On the invasion of England by William I. the townsmen of Oxford refused to admit the Normans; and in the year 1067, the town was stormed by these intruders, when it suffered so much that one-third of its houses were wasted and decayed; yet the unhappy townsmen were compelled to pay three times as much tax as in the time of Edward the Confessor. Further, to bridle any attempt at revolt, a Castle was built on the west side of the city of Oxford, by Robert de Oilli, or Oilgi, who came into England with the Conqueror; and the Chronicles of Oseney Abbey, founded by the nephew of the builder of the Castle, give the precise date of this great Baron's undertaking—viz., A.D. 1071, upon the site of Offa's Castle. About the year 1791, several Saxon remains were discovered here; and there exists a fac-simile of a plan by Ralph Agas, in 1538, which, allowing for unskilful drawing, may be taken as the Norman Castle, with D'Oiley's magnificent additions. The single tower which remains was certainly built as early as the reign of William Rufus. There is also a very curious ancient well-room of the time of Henry II.; and an ancient crypt, or chapel, the roof of which was necessarily disturbed in building the foundations of the gaol upon part of the castle site, the short Norman columns being only slightly removed from their original position.

Robert d'Oiley was the first Constable of the Castle; and on his death in 1091, was succeeded by his son, Robert, who, in 1141, gave up the fortress to the Empress Maud, who was besieged here by Stephen, but escaped in the night, with three attendants, and the Castle surrendered next morning. The ground was covered with snow, and the Empress, clothed in white, with her attendants similarly clothed, passed unnoticed through the posts of the besiegers, and crossed the Thames, which was frozen over, on foot; travelled on foot to Abingdon, and thence proceeded to Wallingford on horseback, where she was soon after joined by her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, who was marching with a powerful army to her relief. Maud had just previously escaped from the Castle of the Devises as a dead corpse, in a funeral hearse, or bier. Stephen, during the above time, occupied Beaumont-palace (whence Beaumont-street) and the mounds raised by the defenders of the Castle, or the besiegers, or both, are still commemorated in the name of Broken *H*eyes, at the south side of the bottom of George-lane, then the precincts of the Castle premises. The accommodation between Stephen and Henry II., by which the Civil War between those princes was terminated, took place at a Council held at Oxford. Several Councils of State, or Parliaments, were held here in the following reign. The prison of the Castle was given by Henry III. to the peculiar jurisdiction of the Chancellor of the University, as a place of confinement for rebellious clerks; and by statute of the third year of the same King's reign, it was appointed the common gaol of the county.

From the manuscript of Anthony Wood, in the Bodleian Library, we learn that at one of the entrances was "a large bridge, which led into a long and broad entry, and so to the chief gate of the Castle, the entry itself being fortified on each side with a large embattled wall, showing several passages above, from one side to the other, with open spaces between them, through which, in times of storms, whenever any enemy had broken through the first gates of the bridge, and was gotten into the entry, scalding water or stones might be cast down to annoy them." On passing through the gate, at the end of this long entry, the fortification stretched itself, on the left hand, to a round tower, that was rebuilt in the nineteenth year of Henry II. And from thence went an embattled wall, guarded for the most part with the mill-stream underneath, till it came to the high tower joining to St. George's Church. From hence the wall went to another gate, leading to Oseney, over another bridge, close to which joined the mount, some time crowned with an embattled tower.

The Castle was in a dilapidated state in the reign of Edward III. In 1649, some ruinous towers were pulled down, and new bulwarks erected for the Parliamentary garrison. In 1788, little remained except the tower, which was for some time used as the county prison; and part of the old wall could then be traced, ten feet in thickness. In 1794, wells were cleared out, and among the rubbish were found horse's bones, dog's bones, horseshoes, and human skeletons; the appearance of the latter is accounted for by the bodies of malefactors, who had been executed on the gallows placed near the Castle in later ages, that might have been flung in here, instead of being buried under the gibbet. In the Castle-yard were the remains of the ancient sessions-house, in which, at the Black Assize in 1577, the lieutenant of the county, two knights, eighty squires and justices, and almost all the grand jury, died of a distemper, brought thither and communicated by the prisoners; and nearly one hundred scholars and townsmen fell victims to the same.

The Castle has long been the property of Christchurch, and is held by the County of the Chapter of Christchurch as a prison; and after the demolition of the city gaol, called the Bocardo,—whence the martyrs Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, went to the triumph of the stake—the city prisoners were confined within the Castle walls, and the tower now remaining was long used as the prison. Its grey walls, in combination with the old mill, viewed from the mill-stream, are very effective.



Oxford.—Magdalen, All Souls, and Brasenose, Colleges.
—Friar Bacon's Brazen Head.—Great Tom.

Magdalen College Tower, on May Morning, is the scene of an ancient and picturesque custom of ushering in the dawn of May with music on the summit of the elegant tower. Here a portion is railed off for singers, men and choristers in surplices; and the remaining space is for members of the University and others, with tickets.

As the last stroke of five dies upon the breeze, all heads are reverently uncovered, and the singers, amid deep silence, pour forth the solemn old Latin Hymn, in honour of the Holy Trinity, "*Te Deum patrem colimus.*" At its close, a series of discordant blasts, from the tin May-horns below, contrast with the delightful harmony which had just ceased; but the joyous welcome to spring rung out from the tower, which, as Anthony à Wood says, "containeth the most tuneable and

melodious ring of bells in all these parts and beyond," completely drowns the (anything but) "concord of sweet sounds" beneath. Dr. Rimbault gives the following account of this interesting custom:—"In the year of our Lord God, 1501, the 'most Christian' King, Henry VII., gave to St. Mary Magdalen College the advowsons of the Churches of Slymbridge, county Gloucester, and Fyndon, county Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction, the College was accustomed, during the lifetime of their Royal benefactor, to celebrate a Service in honour of the Ho'y Trinity, with the Collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and the prayer 'Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by Thy word that the hearts of Kings,' &c.; and after the death of the King to commemorate him in the usual manner. The Commemoration Service ordered in the time of Queen Elizabeth is still performed on the 1st of May; and the Latin Hymn in Honour of the Holy Trinity, which continues to be sung on the tower at sunrising, has evidently reference to the original Service. The produce of the two acres above-mentioned used to be distributed on the same day between the President and Fellows; it has, however, for many years been given up to supply the choristers with a fectal entertainment in the College hall."

Other writers, however—Mr. Chalmers, in his *History of the University*, among them—refer the origin of the custom to a mass of requiem, which before the Reformation was annually performed on the tower for the soul of Henry VII., and in commemoration of his visit to the College in 1488. After the Reformation, glees and madrigals were substituted, referring to which old Anthony à Wood very quaintly says—"The choral Ministers of this House do, according to an ancient custom, salute Flora every year on the First of May, at four in the morning, with vocal music of several parts. Which having been sometimes well performed, hath given great content to the neighbourhood, and auditors underneath." A work on Oxford, published about a century ago, speaking of the custom having originated in a requiem, says—"But now it is a merry Concert of both Vocal and Instrumental Music, consisting of several merry Ketches, and lasting two hours, and is concluded with Ringing the Bells. The Clerks and Choristers, with the rest of the performers, are for their pains allowed a side of lamb, &c., for their breakfast." At the present time the Rector of Slymbridge pays the annual sum of 10*l.*, for a breakfast and dinner to the singers.

Dr. Rimbault, whilst making some researches in the Library of Christ Church, found what appeared to him to be the first draft of the Hymn

now sung, which some years ago was substituted for the glees and madrigals. It has the following note:—"This hymn is sung every day in Magdalen College Hall, Oxon, at dinner and supper throughout the year, for the after grace, by the chaplains, clerks, and choristers there, composed by Benjamin Rogers, Doctor of Musicke, of the University of Oxon, 1685."

These are the few particulars concerning the origin of this interesting ceremony; and in this unromantic age, when so many old customs are fast dying out, it is gratifying to find this one still kept up, and possessing sufficient interest and attraction to induce many people of all classes to forsake their resting-places at an unusually early hour to witness its celebration.

The practice indulged in by schoolboys on May-day, and some time previous to it, of going about blowing horns seems to have been formerly (if it is not at present) almost peculiar to Oxford. Aubrey, in his *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, MS. Lansd. 266, f. 5, says:—"Memorandum—At Oxford, the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May-day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers, which afterwards they hang up in their Churches." And Hearne, in his Preface to *Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle*, writes:—"Tis no wonder, therefore, that upon the jollities on the first of May formerly, the custom of blowing with, and drinking in, horns so much prevailed, which, though it be now generally disused, yet the custom of blowing them prevails at this season, even to this day, at Oxford, to remind people of the pleasantness of that part of the year."—(Communicated to the *Guardian*.)

All Souls' College has this celebration of its foundation. We learn from Walsingham, that when, in 1437, Archbishop Chicheley had minded to found a College in Oxford, for the "hele of his soul," and the souls of all those who perished in the French wars of Henry V., much was he distraught for a site for this holy purpose. He thought to place the College in the eastern part of the city; then he thought of another site; and, while he was thus in doubt, he dreamed that there appeared unto him a right godly personage, advising him how he might place his College in the High-street, near St. Mary's church, and wished him to lay the first stone of the building at the corner which turneth towards "Catty's Strete," where in digging, he would be sure to find a "schwoppinge mallard, imprisoned, but well fattened, in the sewer—to be taken as 'sure token of the rivaunce of his future college.'" Chicheley, however, when he awoke, hesitated to give heed to the vision. He consulted many doctors and learned clerks, all of whom

said, he ought to make the trial. Then came he to Oxford, and on a fixed day, after mass, proceeded, with due solemnity, with spade and pickaxes, for the nonce provided, to the site. Here they had not digged long ere they heard amid the earth, horrid strugglings and flutterings, and violent quackings, of the distressed mallard. Then Chicheley lifted up his hands, and said Benedicite, &c. Now, when they brought forth the bird, the size of his bodie was that of a "bustarde or an ostridge. And much wonder was thereat; for the lyeke had not been seene in this londe, nor in onie odir." In commemoration of this occurrence, the Festival of the Mallard was formerly held yearly, on the 14th of January, and there was long sung "The Merry Old Song of the All Souls' Mallard;"

- "Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on;
And on the bones their stomach fill hard;
But let All Souls' men have their Mallard.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
It was a wopping, wopping Mallard.
- "The Romans once admired a *gander*,
More than they did their chief commander!
Because he saved, if some don't fool us,
The place that's called the '*head of Tolus*.'
Oh! by the blood, &c.
- "The poets feign Jove turned a swan,
But let them prove it if they can;
As for our proof, 'tis not at all hard,
For it was a wopping, wopping Mallard.
Oh! by the blood, &c.
- "Therefore, let us sing, and dance a galliard,
To the remembrance of the Mallard:
And as the Mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward," &c.

The allusion to King Edward is surely an anachronism, as King Henry VI. was reigning at the time of the foundation of All Souls' College. The celebration is no longer strictly observed, but the song is sung at one of the *Gaudy Days*, yet retained.

The story of the Mallard was productive of much amusement. The Rev. Mr. Pointer having, in his *History of Oxford*, rashly hazarded a doubt as to the true species of the bird, and even insinuated that it was not a huge drake, but a middle-sized goose, was replied to by Dr. Buckler, in his *Complete Vindication of the Mallard* with much humour and delicate irony: this drew forth a reply, in *Proposals for Republic-*

ing a Complete History of the Mallardians ; The " Buckler" of the Mallardians, &c.

Brasenose is explained as follows : There is a spot in the centre of the city of Oxford, where Alfred is said to have lived, and which may be called the native place, or river-head of three separate societies still existing, University, Oriel, and Brasenose. Brasenose claims his palace, Oriel his church, and University his school or academy. Of these, Brasenose College is still called in its formal style, " the King's Hall," which is the name by which Alfred himself, in his laws, calls his palace ; and it has its present singular name from the corruption of *brasinium* or *brasinbuse*, as having been originally located in that part of the royal mansion which was devoted to the then important accommodation of a brewhouse. The origin of the word has also been explained as follows : Brazen Nose Hall may be traced back as far as the time of Henry III., about the middle of the thirteenth century ; and early in the succeeding reign, 6th Edward I., 1278, it was known as Brazen Nose Hall, which was, undoubtedly, owing to the circumstance of a nose of brass affixed to the gate. It is presumed, however, this conspicuous appendage of the portal was not formed of the mixed metal which the word *brass* now denotes, but the genuine produce of the mine ; as is the nose, or rather face, of a lion or leopard still remaining at Stamford, which also gave name to the edifice it adorned. And hence, when Henry VIII. debased the coin, by an alloy of *copper*, it was a common remark or proverb, that " Testons were gone to Oxford, to study in *Brazen Nose*," (*Notes and Queries*, No. 201.) The society still display on the face of their College and boats a fully developed nose of the above-named material. The original centre fire-place, with the lantern, or louver above, were not removed from this Hall until the year 1760.

Friar Bacon's Brazen Head.—This widely-known legend has little to do with the veritable history of Roger or Friar Bacon, the greatest of English philosophers before the time of his celebrated namesake ; though he, Roger Bacon, is more popularly known by this fictitious name than by his real merit. In a rare tract, entitled *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, 4to., London, 1652, it is pretended he discovered, " after great study," that if he could succeed in making a head of brass, which should speak, and hear it when it spoke, he might be able to surround all England with a wall of brass. By the assistance of Friar Bungay, and a devil likewise called into consultation, Bacon accomplished his object, but with this drawback—the head, when finished, was warranted to speak in the course of one month ; but it was quite

uncertain when ; and if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour would be lost. After watching for three weeks, fatigue got the mastery over them, and Bacon set his man Miles to watch, with strict injunctions to awake them if the head should speak. The fellow heard the head at the end of one half-hour say, "Time is;" at the end of another, "Time was;" and at the end of another half-hour, "Time's past;" when down it fell with a tremendous crash, but the blockhead of a servant thought that his master would be angry if he disturbed him for such trifles! "And hereof came it," says the excellent Robert Recorde, "that fryer Bacon was accompted so greate a necromancier, whiche never used that arte (by any conjecture that I can finde), but was in geometrie and other mathematicall sciences so experte that he coulde doe by them such thynges as were wonderful in the sight of most people."

Bacon died at Oxford in 1292, where existed nearly until our own times a traditional memorial of "the wonderful doctor," as he was styled by some of his contemporaries. On Grandpont, or the Old Folly Bridge, at the southern entrance into Oxford, stood a tower called "Friar Bacon's Study," from a belief that the philosopher was accustomed to ascend this building in the night, and "study the stars." It was entirely demolished in 1778. Of the bridge Wood says: "No record can resolve its precise beginning." It was rebuilt in 1825.

As you stand upon the present bridge, you have only to look across Christ Church meadow, to the pinnaced tower of Merton College, to be reminded that this was the earliest home of science of a decidedly English school ; and that for two centuries there was no other foundation, either in Oxford or Paris, which could at all come near it in the cultivation of the sciences. Roger Bacon belonged to this distinguished foundation, although there is a doubt whether he was not of Brasenose College.

We rarely walk in Christ Church meadow without being forcibly reminded of the eloquent contrast which has been drawn between London and Oxford: "From noise, glare, and brilliancy, the traveller comes upon a very different scene—a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires, rising in the bosom of a valley from groves which hide all buildings but such as are consecrated to some wise and holy purpose. The same river which in the metropolis is covered with a forest of masts and ships, here gliding quietly through meadows, with scarcely a sail upon it; dark and ancient edifices clustered together in forms full of richness and beauty, yet solid, as if to last for ever, such as become institutions raised, not for the vanity of the builder, but for the benefit of coming

ages; streets, almost avenues of edifices, which elsewhere would pass for palaces, but all of them dedicated to God; thoughtfulness, repose, and gravity, in the countenance, and even dress of their inhabitants; and to mark the stir and business of life, instead of the roar of carriages, the sound of hourly bells, calling men together for prayer. The one is a city in which wealth is created for man; and the other is one in which it has been lavished, and is still expended, for God.”—(*Quarterly Review*.)

Great Tom, the famous Bell, is the most popular notability of Christ Church. The great gate is commonly known as *Tom-gate*, from the cupola over it containing the Great Bell, which formerly belonged to Osney Abbey. This bell was recast in 1680, its weight being about 17,000 pounds; more than double the weight of the Great Bell of St. Paul's, London. The dimensions of the Oxford Bell are, diameter, 7 feet 1 inch; from the crown to the brim, 5 feet 9 inches; thickness of the striking-place, 6 inches; weight of the clapper, 342 pounds. When it was recast, this inscription was put on it: “*Magnus Thomas, clusius Oxoniensis, renatus Apr. 8, 1680,*” &c. The original inscription was, “*In Thomæ laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude.*” Every night, at ten minutes past nine, it tolls 101 times (the number of the members called students), when the gates of most of the Colleges and Halls are shut. “This Bell,” says Parker's *Handbook*, “has always been represented as one of the finest in England; but even at the risk of dispelling an illusion under which most Oxford men have laboured, and which every member of Christ Church has indulged in from 1680 to the present time, touching the fancied superiority of mighty Tom, it must be confessed that it is neither an accurate nor a musical Bell. The note, as we are assured by the learned in these matters, ought to be B flat, but is not so. On the contrary, the Bell is imperfect and inharmonious, and requires, in the opinion of those best informed and of most experience, to be recast. It is, however, a great curiosity, and may be seen by applying to the porter at the Tom-gate lodge.”

An Oxfordshire Legend in Stone.

A few miles from Chipping Norton, by the side of a road which divides Oxfordshire from Warwickshire, and on the brow of a hill overlooking Long Compton, stand the remains of a Druidical temple. Leland speaks of them as “Rollright Stones,” from their being in the parish of Rollright. The temple consists of a simple circle of stones, from fifty to sixty in number, of various sizes and in different positions,

but all of them rough, time-worn, and mutilated. The peasantry say that it is impossible to count these stones, and certainly it is a difficult task, though not because there is any witchcraft in the matter, but owing to the peculiar position of some of them. You will hear of a certain baker who resolving not to be outwitted, hied he to the spot with a basketful of small loaves, one of which he placed on every stone. In vain he tried: either his loaves were not sufficiently numerous, or some sorcery misplaced them, and he gave up in despair. Of course, no one expects to succeed now.

In a field adjoining are the remains of a cromlech, the altar where, at a distance from the people, the priests performed their mystic rites. The superimposed stone has slipped off, and rests against the others. These are the "Whispering Knights," and this their history:—In days of yore, when rival princes debated their claims to England's crown by dint of arms, the hostile forces were encamped hard by. Certain traitor-knights went forth to parley with others from the foe. While thus plotting, a great magician, whose power they unaccountably overlooked, transformed them all into stone, and there they stand to this day.

Not far from the temple, but on the opposite side of the road, is a solitary stone, probably the last of two rows which flanked the approach to the sacred circle. This stone was once a prince who claimed the British throne. On this spot he inquired of the magician above-named what would be his destiny:

"If Long Compton you can see,
King of England you shall be,"

answered the wise man. But he could not see it, and at once shared the fate of the "Whispering Knights." This is called "The King's Stone," and so stands that, while you cannot see Long Compton from it, you can if you go forward a very little way. On some future day an armed warrior will issue from this very stone to conquer and govern our land!

It is said that a farmer, who wished to bridge over a small stream at the foot of the hill, resolved to press "the Whispering Knights" into the service; but it was almost too much for all the horse-power at his command to bring them down. At length they were placed, but all they could do was not sufficient to keep them in their place. It was therefore resolved to restore them to their original post, when lo! they who required so much to bring them down, and defied all attempts to keep them quiet, were taken back, almost without an effort, by a single

horse! So there they stand, till they and the rest (for it is believed the large circle was once composed of living men) shall return to their proper manhood.—(*Notes and Queries*, No. 168.)

Cornebury Hall.—The end of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

This infamous man, a younger son of the Duke of Northumberland, joined in the attempt to set Lady Jane Grey on the throne, for which he was tried, pleaded guilty, and his life was saved; he then went abroad, and served at the battle of St. Quentin. By Elizabeth he was created, on the same day, first Lord Denbigh, then Earl of Leicester, received many important posts, and was treated with such peculiar favour, that she was generally supposed to entertain a design of marrying him. In 1585, he was sent, with almost regal powers, into the Low Countries, but greatly injured the cause by his insolence and incapacity; yet, in 1588, he was made generalissimo of the army raised to oppose the Spaniards. He professed adherence to the rigid doctrines of the Puritans, but was, in truth, an execrable character. He was three times married; he was suspected of murdering his first wife, Amy Robsart. He died in 1588, and nearly all the contemporary writers assert that he fell a victim to poison. Naunton declares that he, by mistake, swallowed the poison he had prepared for another person; and as there can be no doubt that the Earl was a poisoner of great eminence, the story is far from improbable. The Privy Council must have believed that his death was not natural, for they minutely investigated a report that he had been poisoned by a son of Sir James Crofts, in revenge for the imprisonment of his father; but the matter was suddenly dropped. Drummond of Hawthornden left this curious note:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he wished her to use in any faintness, which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died." This seems to confirm strongly the statement given by Sir Robert Naunton.

Dr. Rimbault, in a communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 233, gives the following contemporary narrative from a MS. on a copy of *Leicester's Ghost*, in Dr. Bliss's *Athenæ Oxonienses*:—"The end of the Earl may thus and truly be supplied. The Countesse Lettie fell in love with Christopher Blunt, of the Earle's horse; and they had many secret meetings, and much wanton familiarity; the which being discovered by the Earle, to prevent the pursuit thereof, when Generall of

the Low Countries, he tooke Blunt with him, and their purposed to have him made away; and for this plot there was a ruffian of Burgundy suborned, who, watching him in one night going to his lodging at the Hage, followed him, and struck at his head with a halbert, or battle-axe, intending to cleave his head. But the axe glanced, and pared off a great piece of Blunt's skull, which was very dangerous, and long in healing; but he recovered, and after married the Countesse; who took this soe ill, as that she, with Blunt, deliberated, and resolved to dispatch the Earle. The Earle, not patient of this soe greate wrong of his wife, purposed to carry her to Kenilworth; and to leave there until her death by naturall or by violent means, but rather by the last. The Countesse also having a suspicion, or some secret intelligence of this treachery against her, provided artificiall meanes to prevent the Earle's; which was by a cordiall, the which she had no fit opportunity to offer him till he came to *Cornebury Hall, in Oxfordshire*; where the Earle, after his gluttonous manner, surfeiting with excessive eating and drinking, fell so ill that he was forced to stay there. Then the deadly cordiall was propounded unto him by the Countesse: as Mr. William Haynes, sometime the Earle's page, and then gentieman of the bed-chamber, told me, who protested hee saw her give the fatal cup to the Earle, which was his last draught, and an end of his plott against the Countesse, and of his journey, and of himselfe."

Shirbourn Castle, Oxon.

In the southern and most picturesque part of Oxfordshire, near the base of the Chiltern Hills, stands Shirbourn Castle, the ancient stronghold of the De l'Isle and Quatremaine families, and in modern times, the seat of the Earls of Macclesfield. The castle was founded by Sir Wariner de l'Isle, the son of the first holder of the land obtained from the Crown in the tenth year of Edward III. The property subsequently passed through several hands, and was purchased, together with the manor, early in the last century, by Thomas Parker, the first Earl of Macclesfield, who was an eminent judge at that period, and elevated to the dignity of Lord Chancellor by George I., in 1718. Three years afterwards, he was advanced to the Earldom of Macclesfield. George Parker, his son, was distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments, and was for twelve years President of the Royal Society; and in 1750, he took a prominent part relative to the alteration of the Style.

When viewed externally, there are, probably, few finer existing specimens of the castellated architecture of feudal times than the stern and imposing structure of Shirbourn. The design is nearly that of a parallelogram; each angle is defended by a strong circular tower, the intermediate spaces severally presenting a flat stone front, along the summit of which an embattled parapet is carried. The whole structure is surrounded by a moat of great breadth and depth, and is entered by means of three drawbridges, at the termination of which is the principal gateway, defended by a portcullis. Excepting the alterations that have been made in the approaches, probably in no essential respect does Shirbourn Castle differ from its appearance in the fourteenth century. The interior is, however, fitted up with modern elegance and comfort. The armoury, a long and spacious room, is almost the only part of the edifice which carries the mind back to the past. The "chair of baronial dignity" still preserves its place in this apartment, on the walls of which are suspended many interesting pieces of armour, shields, tilting-spears, and various kinds of ancient as well as modern defensive weapons. There are two extensive libraries, and a collection of paintings. Among the portraits is an original of Catherine Parr, Queen of Henry VIII. The gentle and unfortunate queen is represented standing behind a highly embellished vacant chair, with her hand on the back. Her dress is black, richly ornamented with precious stones. The fingers are loaded with rings, and in one hand is a handkerchief, edged with deep lace. Inserted in the lower part of the frame, and carefully covered with glass, is an interesting appendage to this portrait—a piece of hair cut from the head of Catherine Parr in 1799, when her coffin was opened at Sudley Castle. The hair corresponds with that in the picture, which is auburn.

Lord Macclesfield, who was an eminent mathematician, built at Shirbourn an Observatory, about 1739. It stood one hundred yards south from the Castle gate, and consisted of a bedchamber, a room for the transit, and the third for a mural quadrant. In the possession of the Royal Astronomical Society is a curious print, representing two of Lord Macclesfield's servants taking observations in the Shirbourn observatory: one is Thomas Phelps, aged 82, who from being a stable-boy to Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, rose by his merit and genius to be appointed observer. His companion is John Bartlett, originally a shepherd, in which station he, by books and observation, acquired such a knowledge in computation, and of the heavenly bodies, as to induce Lord Macclesfield to appoint him assistant observer in his observatory. Phelps was the person who, on December 23rd, 1743, discovered the great comet, and made the first observation of it.

On one of the bolder eminences of the range, in the neighbourhood of the Castle, stands Shirbourn Lodge, long the abode of the Dowager Lady Macclesfield, who, we are told, "resided here in all the dignified simplicity attributed to the noble dames in ancient times."

The scenery around Shirbourn is rich, diversified, and sometimes even romantic in its combinations, abounding with most of the constituents which give so peculiar an interest to the scenery of merry England. The Chiltern Hills, which cross the district, "sometimes in a waving line, sometimes clothed with thick woods of beech," now protruding their lofty white sides of chalk amidst dark and glossy foliage, now swelling into wide and open downs, everywhere give life to the landscape, which is an alternation of hill and valley presenting much variety of scene. It still abounds with beech, as in the time of Leland, three centuries ago, when it formed a portion of the immense forest, stretching from the county of Kent in this direction, for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. The beech-woods of Oxfordshire consist of trees growing on their own stems, produced by the falling of the beech-mast, as very little is permitted to grow on the old stools, which are generally grubbed up. In former times, the woods of Oxfordshire formed one of the chief boasts of the county; but of late years much of the land has been converted into tillage, which was formerly occupied by woods.

Banbury Castle, Cross, and Cakes.

There are few places in England which have witnessed so many important events connected with our annals as Banbury, situated near the northern extremity of Oxfordshire. It is thought to have been a Roman station from coins frequently found there, with a Roman altar. Its Saxon name in Domesday is Bansberrie, which has led to the supposition that the great battle between the West Saxon King Cynric and the Britons, A.D. 556, was fought here, though Barbury, in Wiltshire, also lays claim to being the site of the same event.

In the year 1125, or soon after, Banbury was strengthened with a Castle, erected by Alexander, the famous Bishop of Lincoln, to whom the manor belonged. In 1139, this prelate, being taken prisoner by King Stephen at Oxford, was compelled to resign Banbury and some other fortresses; but it was shortly afterwards restored to the see, and is frequently mentioned as the occasional residence of the bishops. In the year 1469, a battle was fought at Danesmore, near Banbury. be-

tween the forces of Edward IV., under the Earl of Pembroke, and a great body of insurgents from the north of England, whose rebellion had been fomented by the King-making Earl of Warwick. After the battle, a quarrel took place at Banbury, between the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Stafford, who held a high command in the royal army; in consequence of which the latter lord quitted the town with his numerous archers, and the Earl of Pembroke, weakened in his resources, was defeated the next day with immense loss; and he and his brother, with ten other gentlemen, being taken prisoners, were beheaded at Banbury. In the first year of Edward VI., Bishop Holbech resigned the manor, &c., of Banbury to the Crown.

Queen Elizabeth granted the Castle to the Saye and Sele family, who resided at their neighbouring castellated mansion at Broughton.* In the same reign, Banbury Cross, so celebrated in nursery rhymes, was destroyed by the Puritans, who then formed a predominant party at Banbury. The legendary history of the Cross we shall narrate presently.

Of the zeal of the people of Banbury there are numerous records. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II., the Banbury folks were so reputed for their religious zeal as to excite the satire of wits and humorous writers. Sir Thomas Overbury, in his description of a Tinker, says: "if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar." Again, "his tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist." So that Banbury may be equivalent to Puritan, as in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. The Rev. W. Whately, Vicar of Banbury in the reign of James I., is thought to have originated or fostered the zeal for which his parish has acquired proverbial note: he is supposed to have been called "the Roaring Boy of Banbury," with reference to whom Fuller says, "only let them (the Banbury folk) adde knowledge to their zeal, and then the more zeal, the better their condition;" as a proof that the inhabitants were then worthy of their pastor, we are told by his monument:—

"It's William Whately that here lies,
Who swam to 's tomb in people's eyes."

* Viscount Saye and Sele was a distinguished leader in the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament. At his lordship's house at Broughton, above-named, took place the secret discussions of resistance to the Court. Clarendon reports of him that "he had the deepest hand in all the evils that befel the unhappy kingdom," while Whitelocke, a writer on the other side, praises him as "a statesman of great parts, wisdom, and integrity." Thus is history sometimes written.

Whately wrote several pieces ; among the rest, a sermon entitled *Sinne no more*, being an interesting discourse upon a *most terrible fire*, which occurred at Banbury in 1628, and is remarkably characteristic of this zealous preacher : his sermons were reprinted in 1827.

Still, Banbury *zeal* has been traced to a very different source. Camden, in his MS. supplement to the *Britannia*, notes: "Put out the word *zeale* in Banbury, where some think it a disgrace, when as *zeale* with knowledge is the greater grace among good Christians ; for it was first foysted in by some compositor or pressman, neither is it in my Latin copie, which I desire the reader to hold as authentic." The following note respecting this misprint is given in Gibson's edition of *Camden*, 1772: "There is a credible story, that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia*, Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off ; and, looking on, he found that in his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr. Camden thinking it too light an expression, changed the word *ale* into *zeal* ; and so it passed, to the great indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town." This explanation is reasonable enough ; but Banbury may have had a character for Puritanism in the seventeenth century, as well as in the eighteenth, when the *Tatler* referred to it and Dr. Fuller's explanation. It has also been referred to Dr. Sacheverel's excitement, just at this date, 1710, when arose the terms of High Church and Low Church.

To return to the Castle. The zeal of the inhabitants in the cause of the Commonwealth has often been mentioned ; but although the Castle was defended by 800 infantry and a troop of horse, it surrendered a few days after the battle of Edgehill, in 1642. Being garrisoned by the King, it afterwards stood several attacks, including two desperate sieges in 1644 and 1646. On the former occasion, it resisted every attack for fourteen weeks, when at length it was opportunely relieved by the Earl of Northampton, but not before the garrison had been reduced to the necessity of eating their horses, of which only two remained. On the other occasion, the Castle was besieged by the famous Colonel Whalley for ten weeks, and only capitulated on honourable conditions, after Charles I. had surrendered himself to the Scottish army. For this service Colonel Whalley was rewarded by the Parliament. Not many years after this, the Castle was taken down by the Parliament, to prevent its again becoming a stronghold for the Royalists in a Puritan district. Nothing now remains of it except the name, and small portions of the moat, and one of the walls, upon which

last a cottage has been erected. The rest of the site is occupied as garden-ground.

Banbury Cakes were long thought to be first mentioned in Camden's *Britannia*, 1608; but we find "Banberrie cakes" mentioned in a *Treatise on Melancholie*, 1586, among the articles that carry with them "plentie of melancholie." This we suspect to be a Puritan stigma. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, introduces "Zeal-of-the-Land Busy" as a Banbury man, who "was a baker—but he does dream now, and sees visions: he has given over his trade, out of a scruple he took that inspired conscience, *those cakes he made* were served in bridales, maypoles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings." The Cakes are still in high repute, are made in large quantities, and shipped to most parts of the world. Banbury Cheese, which is mentioned by Shakspeare, is no longer made. The town has to this day nine chartered fairs and two annual markets: their statute fair for hiring servants was called "the Mop."

Several of the inns at Banbury are of great antiquity, and of quaint and picturesque appearance. The gateway and yard of the Reindeer Inn are especially to be noticed. Here is a large dining-hall, which seems to date as far back as the reign of Henry VII., and retains most of its original features. In a field adjacent to the southern entrance to the town is an earthwork, or amphitheatre, called the Bear-garden, where the ancient English sports were practised.

Edgehill, already mentioned, is a spot of great interest in connexion with the Commonwealth wars; but nothing more wild, rugged, and solitary can be imagined than this far-famed battle-field.

The legendary history of the Cross is subjoined from the *Builder*: The nursery rhyme is known to every little boy and girl:—

" Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

Of this lady we get more complete information:—

" 'Twas in the second Edward's reign,
A knight of much renown,
Yclept Lord Herbert, chanced to live
Near famous Banbury town."

This knight had one son left to his lot: fearless and brave was he;
and

" It raised the pride in the father's heart,
His gallant son to see.

And so this poetic legend goes on to tell that, near Lord Herbert's ancient hall, proud Banbury Castle stood, within the noble walls of which there dwelt a maiden, young and good :—

“ As fair as the rosy morning,
As fresh as the sparkling dew,
And her face as bright as the star-lit night,
With its smiles and blooming hue.”

Young Edward gazed on this lady, and dreamt of her in the night ; and then heralds sound their trumpets, and proclaim a festive day. To Broughton's castle, and Wroxton's pile, and Herbert's stately tower, “ that looks o'er hill and dale,” all come. There is a rival in the way, and young Edward nearly loses his life. But the rival turns out to be her brother.

Days passed on. Young Edward was nursed with care, and Matilda never left his side ; but the young man had the stamp of death upon his face. In the Castle, at that time, there lived a holy monk, who had noticed the sinking of the young lady's cheeks, and offered to effect a cure. This was his prescription :—

“ To-morrow, at the midnight hour,
Go to the Cross alone :
For Edward's rash and hasty deed
Perchance, thou may'st atone.”

The lady goes to the cross and walks round it. Edward is cured, and a goodly festival is ordered. And now—

“ Upon a milk-white steed
A lady doth appear :
By all she's welcomed lustily
In one tremendous cheer,
With rings of brilliant lustre,
Her fingers are bedeck'd,
And bells upon her palfrey hung,
To give the whole effect.”

And by the side of the noble lady there rode one of noble mien and air.

“ And even in the present time,
The custom's not forgot,
But few there are who know the tale
Connected with the spot ;
Though to each baby in the land
The nursery rhymes are told,
About the lady robed in white,
And Banbury Cross of old.”

Stanton Harcourt and its Kitchen.

Stanton Harcourt, a small village of Oxfordshire, has near it three large upright stones, vulgarly called "the Devil's Coits;" they are of the sandstone of the district, and are thought to be monumental. Thomas Warton supposes them to have been "erected to commemorate a battle fought near Bampton, in 614, between the Saxons and the Britons; when the Saxons, under Cynegil, slew more than two thousand Britons." "The adjacent barrow," he adds, "has been destroyed." Stanton-Harcourt was among the vast estates which fell to the lot of the Bishop of Bayeux, the half-brother of the Conqueror. "The manor has continued in the Harcourt family. Queen Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey, first Duke of Brabant, and second wife to King Henry I., granted the manor of Stanton to her kinswoman, Milicent, wife of Richard de Camvill, whose daughter Isabel married Robert de Harcourt; and from the time of that marriage it assumed the name of Stanton-Harcourt. This grant was afterwards confirmed to her and her heirs by King Stephen and King Henry II." The service by which it was held of the Crown is curious: "The lord of Stanton-Harcourt shall find four browsers in Woodstock Park in winter-time, when the snow shall happen to fall, and tarry, lie, and abide, by the space of two days; and so to find the said browsers there browsing, so long as the snow doth lie, every browser to have to his lodging every night one billet of wood, the length of his axe-helve, and that to carry to his lodgings upon the edge of his axe. And the King's bailiff of the demesnes, or of the Hundred of Wooton, coming to give warning for the said browsers, shall blow his horn at the gate of the manor of Stanton Harcourt aforesaid, and then the said bailiff to have a cast of bread, a gallon of ale, and a piece of beef, of the said lord of Stanton Harcourt aforesaid; and the said lord, or other for the time being, to have of custom yearly out of the said park, one buck in summer and one doe in winter. And also the said lord of Stanton Harcourt must fell, make, rear, and carry all the grass growing in one meadow within the park of Woodstock, called Stanton and Southley mead; and the fellers and the makers thereof have used to have of custom, of the king's Majesty's charge, sixpence in money, and two gallons of ale."

Of the large and ancient mansion, little remains. Pope passed the greatest part of two summers in the deserted home, in a tower which bears his name, from his having written in the uppermost room in it the fifth volume of his translation of Homer, as he recorded on a pane of glass

in the window ; hence the room is called "Pope's Study." Gay was an inmate at the time, and the only one who presumed to break in on Pope's retirement. The lower room is the family chapel ; the tower is fifty-four feet high.

— But the most curious portion of the old mansion remaining is the kitchen, a stone building of earlier date than the mansion, and which Dr. Plot, in his *History of Oxfordshire*, thus describes:—"The kitchen of the right worshipful Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, is so strangely unusual, that by way of riddle one may truly call it either a kitchen within a chimney or a kitchen without one ; for below it is nothing but a large square, and octangular above, ascending like a tower, the fires being made against the walls, and the smoke climbing up them, without any tunnels or disturbance to the cooks ; which being stopped by a large conical roof at the top, goes out at loopholes on every side according as the wind sits ; the loopholes at the side next the wind being shut with folding doors, and the adverse side opened." At one of the angles there is a turret in which is a winding staircase that leads to a passage round the battlements, in order to open and close the shutters according to the direction of the wind.

There are two fireplaces against the opposite walls, at either of which an ox might be roasted whole. Only one is used now. Besides the fireplaces there are two large ovens. The interior is a room about thirty feet square, capped by a conical roof, in itself twenty-five feet high, and from the floor to its apex about sixty feet. The inside of the roof is thickly coated with soot.

The main portion of the mansion was erected in the reign of Henry VII. ; the kitchen is supposed to be of the time of Henry IV. Pope, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, described the house as it was before its demolition ; but according to the Earl of Harcourt, "Although his description be ludicrous and witty, it is in almost every particular incorrect ; the situation of the several buildings being exactly the reverse of that in which they stood, as is demonstrated by a still existing plan"

Woodstock Palace—Fair Rosamond, and Godstow Nunnery.

In the middle of Oxfordshire there existed from the Saxon times almost to our own age, a royal Palace, fraught with memories grave and gay, and chequered with light and shade of the most picturesque

scenery. Not a vestige of the Palace now remains; but its site is denoted by two sycamore-trees, whose wide and spreading limbs point amid the solemn silence to the spot where Kings in days of yore have dwelt.

The town and manor of Woodstock (anciently written Vudestoc—*ie.*, woody place) constituted part of the royal demesnes. Here King Ethelred, in 866, held a Wittenagemot; and the illustrious Alfred translated the *Consolations* of Boethius. To the grounds was annexed a *deer-fold*; and Henry I. appended an inclosure for a collection of wild beasts, which he procured from foreign princes. Tenanted by the lion, leopard, lynx, and William de Montpelier's gift, "the wonderful porcupine," then first seen in this country, and gravely asserted by William of Malmesbury to be "covered with sharp-pointed quills, which it naturally shot at the dogs that hunted it," no wonder the place attained celebrity; though this menagerie was of small dimensions, and the dens were bounded by a lofty stone wall. In 1123, King Henry I. removed his Court from Dunstable to Woodstock, where, on the third day after Epiphany, riding out in his deer-fold, in conversation between the Bishops of London and Salisbury, the former suddenly exclaiming, "Lord King, I die," fell from his horse, and being carried home speechless, died on the following day (*Saxon Chronicles*). Here King Henry held a Council at Christmas; and in 1126 and 1130, the King kept his Christmas here.

In 1140, during the struggle for the Crown between King Stephen and the Empress Maud, Woodstock was garrisoned for the latter. Her son, Henry II., resided much at Woodstock, and adjoining built a bower for "his adored charmer," Rosamond, the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford: this bower was surrounded with a labyrinth, whose mazes no stranger could unthread. This lady he is believed to have first seen in one of his visits to Godstow Nunnery, and having triumphed over her virtue, to have here secluded her from the jealous eye of his Queen, a woman of tainted reputation, much older than himself, whom he had married solely from motives of ambition. In this bower the King passed many hours in wanton dalliance, and by Rosamond had two sons, William Longspè, afterwards Earl of Sarum; and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York. To this amour New Woodstock owes its origin, it being founded for the accommodation of the Royal retinue.

The Bower, or Maze, which the King had built for Rosamond, consisted of vaults underground, arched and walled with brick and stone. It is thought to have existed before the time of Rosamond, and

remained after her death, since all pleasaunces, or gardens, in the Middle Ages, had this adjunct.* Nearly a century after Rosamond's time, Rymer describes, in his *Fædera*, as pertaining to Woodstock Palace, "Rosamond's Chamber," which was then restored, and crystal plates, and marble and lead provided for the workmen. Edward III. passed the first years of his marriage principally at Woodstock; and Rosamond's residence, there is reason to conclude, was approached by a tunnel under the park-wall. How the Queen discovered her is variously told. It is commonly said that "the Queen came to Rosamond by a clue of threidde or silke, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after." None of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stow merely conjectures); they only say that the Queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces and sharp expostulations, we may suppose, but used neither dagger nor bowl. Brompton says, "she lived with Henry a long time after he had imprisoned Eleanor;" and Carte, in his *History of England*, goes far to prove that Rosamond was not poisoned by the Queen (which popular legend was based on no other authority than an old ballad); but that, through grief at the defection of her royal admirer, she retired from the world, and became a nun at Godstow, where she lived twenty years. Holinshed speaks of it as the common report of the people, that "the Queene found hir out by a silken thridde, which the Kinge had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foote, and dealt with her in such sharpe and cruell wise that she lived not long after." Brompton says, that one day Queen Eleanor saw the King walking in the pleasaunce of Woodstock, with the end of a ball of floss-silk attached to his spur; coming near him unperceived, she took up the ball, and the King walking on, the silk unwound, and thus the Queene traced him to a thicket in the labyrinth or maze of the park, where he disappeared. She kept the matter a secret, often revolving in her own mind in what company he could meet with balls of silk. Soon after, the King left Woodstock for a distant journey; then Queen Eleanor, bearing her discovery in mind, searched the thicket in the park, and discovered a low door cunningly concealed; this door she forced, and found it was the entrance to a winding subterranean path, which led out at a distance to a sylvan lodge in the most retired part of the adjacent forest."

Speed, on the other hand, tells us that the jealous queen found

* Maize Hill, Greenwich, is near the site of the Maze of Greenwich Palace; and the Maze in Southwark was once part of the garden of the Princess Mary Tudor's Palace,

Rosamond out by "a clewe of silke" fallen from her lap, as she sat taking air, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of the clue still unwinding, remained behind, which the Queen followed till she found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so vented her spleen that she did not live long after. Another story, in a popular ballad, is that the clue was gained by surprise from the knight who was left to guard the bower.

Rosamond was buried at Godstow, "in a house of nunnes, beside Oxford," with these verses upon her tombe:—

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

Stow's Annals.

"This tomb doth here enclose the world's most beauteous rose,
Rose passing sweet erewhile—now nought but odour vile."

Speed.

Her body was buried in the middle of the choir in the chapel of the Nunnery at Godstow, and wax-lights were placed around her tomb, and continually kept burning; there it remained fourteen years, or until the year 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused it to be removed, as unfit for the sight of the chaste sisters. The nuns, however, so much esteemed their late benefactress and companion, that they reinterred her bones in their chapter-house, and carefully preserved relics of her till the dissolution of their society in the reign of Henry VIII. Her portrait was long preserved in the manor-house of Kidington, with that of Lord Clifford.

In the French *Chronicle of London*, translated by Riley, in 1863, we find another legend of Rosamond's death. It is there told that the Queen had her stripped naked, and made her sit between two fires; then had her put into a bath, and beaten with a staff by a wicked old hag until the blood gushed forth, when another hag placed two toads upon her breasts, and while they were sucking, the Queen laughed in revenge; and when Rosamond was dead, the Queen had her body buried in a filthy ditch, toads and all. The story is a loathsome one, and we have abbreviated it. When the King heard how the Queen had treated Rosamond, he made great lamentation; he then ascertained of one of the sorceresses that the body had been taken up by order of the Queen, to be buried at Godstow; but the King meeting it on the road, had the chest or coffin opened, and looking on the body, he fell into a long swoon with grief. When he recovered, he vowed vengeance for the "most horrid felony" committed upon the gentle damsel. He then renewed his lamentations, and in the words of the legend, fer-

vently prayed, "May the sweet God, who abides in Trinity, on the soul of sweet Rosamond have mercy, and may He pardon her all her misdeeds; very God Almighty, Thou who art the end and the beginning, suffer not now that this soul shall in horrible torment come to perish, and grant unto her true remission for all her sins, for Thy great mercy's sake." And when the King had thus prayed, he commanded them to ride straight on with the body of the lady, there have her burial celebrated in that religious house of nuns, and there did he appoint thirteen chaplains to sing for the soul of the said Rosamond as long as the world shall last. And this was accordingly done.

In the old ballad the death of Rosamond is attributed to the Queen:

"But nothing could this furious queen
Therewith appeased bee:
The cup of deadlie poyson stronge
As she knelt on her knee,

"She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand,

"And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poyson stronge,
Her life she lost withalle."*

On the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford, are the remains of Godstow Nunnery. It was founded towards the end of the reign of Henry I., by Editha, a lady of Winchester. There are remains of the north, south, and east walls; and of a small building, probably the Chapter-house of the nuns, where, it is thought, the remains of Rosamond may have been deposited. After their second burial, they were not again disturbed till the suppression of monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., when, as Leland records, her tomb was opened by the royal commissioners; in it was found the leaden case, within which were the bones wrapped in leather: "when it was opened," he adds, "a very sweet smell came out of it."

* Rosamond was a great favourite with our older poets. A beautiful ballad was written by Thomas Delony; there is a still more beautiful poem, though not so well known, called *The Complaint of Rosamond*, by Daniel. And Drayton has two or three of his *England's Heroical Epistles* dedicated to her memory; and frequent allusion is made to her by Chaucer and others. Addison wrote an opera upon the story, entitled *Rosamond*; and in our time another opera, *Fair Rosamond*, the music by John Barnett, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre; we need hardly add that the dagger and poison-bowl fiction was adopted.

Notwithstanding the "bower" had lost its fair tenant, Woodstock was not deserted by the King, for he knighted his son Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, in the palace in 1178; and in 1186, herein entertained William, King of Scotland, and gave him his cousin, the Lady Ermen-gard, daughter of Lord Beaumont, in marriage; the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the royal chapel, and the nuptials celebrated with great magnificence. King John also frequently resided here, and built a chapel for the use of the inhabitants of New Woodstock, a part of which still remains on the south side of the present church.

Woodstock was visited by King Henry III. in 1228 and 1235. Three years after, in 1238, he was again at the palace, and narrowly escaped assassination by a priest named Ribbaud, who was either insane, or feigned himself so, and got into the palace, and in the hall summoned the King to resign his kingdom; the attendants would have beaten and driven him away, but Henry forbade them, and ordered them to suffer the man to enjoy his delusions. In the night, however, the same individual contrived to enter the royal bedchamber through a window, and made towards the King's bed with a naked dagger in his hand; luckily the King was in another part of the house, and the intruder was secured and taken to Oxford, where, says the account, "he was torn in pieces by wild horses." Henry again resided here in 1241, and entertained Alexander, King of Scotland, and most of the English nobility, with great splendour. Edward I. called two Parliaments at Woodstock; and here was born Edmund, his second son, by Queen Margaret, called from thence Edmund of Woodstock. In 1326, Isabella, Queen of Edward II., resided here, amidst much gaiety. Edward III. was strongly attached to Woodstock; and his son Edward the Black Prince, and his sixth son, were born here—the latter event being celebrated by solemn jousts and tournaments.

Chaucer resided for a considerable time in a house adjoining the principal park-gate, which dwelling is denominated in deeds "Chaucer's House:"

" Here he dwelt

For many a cheerful day; these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
Of homely life, through each estate and age,
He sang of love, of knighthood; or the wiles,
The fashion and the follies of the world,
With cunning hand portraying."

Still, Chaucer's residence at Woodstock is disputed, and the house is considered by Sir Harris Nicolas to have been the house of Thomas

Chaucer, to whom the Manor of Woodstock was granted by Henry IV., ten years after the poet's death. This is the earliest evidence extant of any connexion of the name of Chaucer with Woodstock. Nevertheless, the poet might some time have resided at Woodstock, in the house which was given to his son.

Richard II. was frequently at Woodstock, and in 1389 kept his Christmas at the palace, when a tournament was held in the park, at which John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, only seventeen years of age was unfortunately slain by John St. John, by the lance slipping and piercing his body. Most of the succeeding Kings of England visited Woodstock occasionally. Henry VII. added considerably to the palace, and on the front and principal gate was his name, and an English rhyme recording that he was the founder. It was in this gatehouse, according to Warton, that the Princess Elizabeth was detained a prisoner by command of her sister Mary; and here she is said to have written with charcoal, on a window-shutter of her apartment, the following lines:

"Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
Wittness this present prysoner, whither Fate
Could bear me and the Joys I quitt;
Thou causest the guiltie to be loosed
From bands wherein an innocent's inclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freine those that death well deserved.
But by her Malice can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

"Anno Dom. 1555."

"ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

Holinshed tells us that Elizabeth, while at Woodstock, "hearing upon a time out of her garden a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself to be a milkmaid as she was, saying that her case was better, and her life merrier." Elizabeth's apartment remained until taken down by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Its arched roof was formed of Irish oak, curiously carved, and dight with blue and gold. The visits of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. are detailed in the *Progresses* of these monarchs, by Nichols.

Of the Palace, in 1634, we find a curious account in a "Topographical Excursion," made in that year, where it is described as "that famous Court and Princely Castle and Pallace [Woodstock] which as I found it ancient, strong, large, and magnificent, so it was sweet, delightfull, and sumptuous, and scytuated on a fayre Hill." Then, we have the spacious Court, the large, strong, and fair Gatehouse, the spacious church-like Hall, with aisles and pillars, and rich tapestry

hangings wrought with "the Story of the Wild Bore;" then the stately rich Chapel, with seven round arches, curious font, windows, and admirably wrought roof. The visitor passed on to the Guard-chamber, the Presence-chamber, the Privy-chamber, that looks over the Tennis-court into the towne, the Withdrawing-chamber, and the Bed-chamber, both which have their sweet prospect into the Privy-gardens. Next is the Queen's Bedchamber, 'where our late virtuous and renowned Queene was Kept Prisoner in;' and a neat chapel, "where our Queene (1634) heard Masse." Then, from the gateway leads the prospect of the walled parke, and its handsome lodges; and 'the Labyrinth where the fayre Lady and great Monarch's concubine was surpris'd by a clew of silke.' Her obsequies were celebrated in a solemne manner, with a herse for her. I found nothing in this bower but ruins, but many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear square pan'd well, knee deep, wherein this beautifull creature sometimes did wash and bathe herselfe." Drayton had already described "Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square stones in the bottom, and also her Bower, from which the Labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, being vaults arched and walled with stone and brick, almost inextricably wound within one another, by which if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues, take the air abroad, many furlongs about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire." It was here that the beautiful Alice met Charles II. in the disguise of an old woman; and on the bank over the Well is the spot where, tradition relates, Fair Rosamond yielded to the menaces of Eleanor. The present Bower consists of trees overhanging the Well, which is in a large stone basin, within a stone wall, supporting the bank; the water flows from hence through a hole of about five inches in diameter, and is conveyed by a channel under the pavement into another basin of considerable extent, fenced with an iron railing. Hence it again escapes by means of a grating into the lake of Blenheim Park.

In the Civil Wars of the 17th century, the palace was resolutely defended by Captain Samuel Fawcet, who would have buried himself beneath its ruins had it not been surrendered by Commissioners from the King. In 1649, Parliamentary Commissioners surveyed the royal property, when the principal apartments were defaced and profaned; but this outrage was stayed by a combination of strange events, which filled that credulous age with wonder, then believed to be caused by the Devil, but afterwards discovered to be the cunning of a humorous

Royalist, who had procured the situation of Secretary to the Commissioners. The details by the resident clergyman will be found in Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*. Cromwell allotted the Palace to three persons: two of them, about 1652, pulled down their portions for the sake of the stone; the third suffered his to remain. After the Restoration, Woodstock reverted to the Crown, and was inhabited by Lord Lovelace for several years. The profligate Earl of Rochester obtained from Charles II. the offices of gentleman of the bed-chamber, and comptroller of Woodstock Park; and probably here it was that he scribbled upon the door of the King's bedchamber the well-known mock epitaph:—

" Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

Rochester was educated at Oxford; he died at Woodstock, and was buried in Spelsbury Church, Oxon.

The manor and park remained in the Crown till the 4th of Queen Anne (1705-6) when her Majesty, with the concurrence of Parliament, granted the honour and manor of Woodstock and hundred of Wotton, to John, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, as a reward for his eminent military services, on condition of presenting on the 2nd of August in every year, for ever, to her Majesty and her successors, at Windsor Castle, one standard of colour, with three fleurs-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services due to the Crown, which custom is still scrupulously performed; and the estate so conveyed was named Blenheim, after Marlborough's greatest victory. In 1714, by the recommendation of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the ruins of the old palace were taken down by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. An original sketch of the remains at this date is preserved at Blenheim.

We need here but name the revivification of the interest of Woodstock by the publication of Sir Walter Scott's novel in 1826. It is hastily written, and has comparatively few beauties; and the authorship being no longer a secret, may have had something to do with his waning popularity.*

* The local details in this paper are mostly from Dunkin's *MS. Collections for Oxfordshire*.

Blenheim Palace and Park.

The Park, which includes the Royal demesne of Woodstock, is upwards of eleven miles in circuit; it is entered by the superb gate erected by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in memory of her husband, a year after his death. It is of the Corinthian order, and bears a Latin inscription on the Woodstock side, and a translation on the other side. At some distance, in front of the palace, is a fine piece of water, partly river, partly lake, which winds through a deep valley; it is crossed by a very stately bridge of stone—the centre arch 101 feet span. The effect is very fine, as it unites two hills, and gives consistency and uniformity to the scene. Near this bridge is Rosamond's Well, already described. Beyond this bridge, in the middle of a fine lawn, is placed a fluted Corinthian column, 130 feet high, surmounted by a statue, in a Roman dress and triumphal attitude, of the conqueror whose glory all things here were designed to commemorate. The face of the pedestal next the house is covered with a long inscription, describing the public services of the Duke. It is believed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke. The other three sides of the pedestal are inscribed with Acts of Parliament, declaratory of the sense which the public entertained of Marlborough's merits, together with an abstract of the entail of his estates and honours on the descendants of his daughters.

The Park is a demesne appendage to Blenheim House, which was erected at the public expense for the Duke of Marlborough, in the reign of Queen Anne, when Parliament voted 500,000*l.* for the purpose. The Queen added the grant of the honour of Woodstock; and 60,000*l.* more came from the resources of the Duke and Duchess. Seventeen years after its commencement the Duke died, leaving it unfinished. Although apparently intended as a general acknowledgment of the Duke's services, the victory over the French and Bavarians near the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, on the 2nd of August, 1704, is that to which the grants had more especial reference, and from which the place takes its name. Among the apocryphal anecdotes of Blenheim is the story of the trees in the Park being planted according to the position of the troops at the battle of Blenheim, since we do not find the statement recognised in print. The architect of the Palace was Sir John Vanbrugh; and most persons must remember the satirical and ridiculous epithet—

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Yet nothing can be more unfair than its application to Blenheim, although it is quoted generally whenever Vanbrugh's name is mentioned; so unjust is popular obloquy, when unaccompanied by discrimination. The palace appears to be august rather than ponderous, and the structure is characteristic and expressive of its destination. Its massive grandeur, its spacious portals, and its lofty towers, recal the ideas of defence and security; with these we naturally associate the hero for whom it was erected, and thus find it emblematic of his talents and pursuits. Sir Joshua Reynolds said that no architect understood the picturesque of building so well as Vanbrugh, and this opinion has been confirmed by other critics; and Blenheim is allowed to exhibit in its design consummate skill in the perspective of architecture. The principal or northern front is a noble work, in a mixed original style, extending 348 feet from wing to wing, slightly enriched, particularly in the centre, where a flight of steps conducts to the portico, with Corinthian columns and pilasters, a pediment inclosing armorial bearings, and above this an attic, surmounted by tiers of balls, foliage, &c.

The magnificent interior of the palace has painted ceilings by Thornhill, La Guerre, and Hakewill; sculptures, tapestry, and a splendid collection of pictures, containing specimens of the works of almost every eminent master of every school. Here are tapestries of the Battle of Blenheim, and the Battles of Wynendael, Dunnewert, Lisle, and Malplaquet. In the Library is a statue of Queen Anne, by Rysbrack, cost 5000 guineas. Here are 120 copies by Teniers, from famous pictures of his time, comprising transcripts from Bellini, Giorgione, Mantegna, Correggio, Caracci, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Palma, Giovane, &c. The Duchess's Sitting-room contains a fine collection of enamels by Leonard Limousin, Pierre Raymond, Courteys, Laudin, and others, comprising plaques, ewers, salt-cellars, dishes, bowls, and plates. Also a charming series of miniatures, such as almost a dozen portraits of Mary Queen of Scots; others of Marie de' Medici, Gabrielle D'Estrées, Arabella Stuart, Gerard Honthorst, Cardinal Mazarin, Lord Lauderdale, Dryden, &c. The huge wall-paintings by Sir James Thornhill, represent the great Duke of Marlborough in a blue cuirass, kneeling before a figure of Britannia, clad in white, holding a lance and a wreath, Hercules and Mars, emblem-bearing females, and the usual paraphernalia. Thornhill was paid at the rate of 25s. per square yard for these paintings!

There is a clever *Catalogue Raisonné*, by George Scharf, where, says the *Athenæum*, "we find named a portrait, by Pautoja de la Crux of the redoubtable lady the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia,

the colour of whose linen gave name to the peculiar tawny tint called *Isabelle*. A little further off is a portrait, by Mark Gerards, of the infamous Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and Somerset, who married foolish Robert Carr. Her linen, too, has its story, being dyed, as the picture shows, after the fashion of Mistress Turner, with the famous yellow starch. Here is the Duchess of Marlborough as Minerva, 'in a yellow classic breastplate;' the famous portrait by Rubens of his second wife, Helena Forman. Here are a host of Reynolds's portraits of the great and the little-great of his day. Here are all sorts of stately ladies by Vandyke, Kneller, and Lely."

The Gardens or Pleasure-grounds contain more than 300 acres. Among the Curiosities of the China Gallery are a teapot presented by the Duke of Richelieu to Louis XIV.; two bottles, which belonged to Queen Anne; Oliver Cromwell's teapot; Roman earthenware; and a piece brought from Athens.*

* It may be interesting here to notice the other celebrations of the victory of Blenheim, which demanded a qualification "better than house and land," but which it did not receive; the poems which appeared on the occasion being mostly remarkable for their exceeding badness. There was one brilliant exception—*The Campaign*, by Addison, who then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised one morning by a visit from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task. *The Campaign* came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. Its chief merit is in its manly and rational rejection of fiction. Addison, with excellent sense and taste, reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great—energy, sagacity, and military science. But above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence. Here is a specimen:—

"Behold, in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way!
 Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quell the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds control;
 Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
 Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass:
 Nor friends nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drum's ambitious sound
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;

The Mystery of Minster Lovel.

Near Witney, in Oxfordshire, more remembered for its blankets than for its Parliament (which came in the reign of Edward II., and went out in the next), are some fragments of Minster Lovel House, which has a strange story connected with it. It was formerly the seat of the Viscounts Lovel. Francis, the last lord of this family, and Chamberlain to King Richard III., was one of the noblemen who raised an army early in the reign of Henry VII., under the command of the Earl of Lincoln, to support the intentions of the impostor Simnel, against that monarch. The decisive battle, which gave security to Henry's usurpation, was fought near the village of Stoke, on the banks of the river Trent, in Nottinghamshire. The slaughter of the insurgents was immense. The Lord Lovel, however, escaped by swimming his horse across the river, and retiring by unfrequented roads well known to him into Oxfordshire.* As the story proceeds,—he took care to arrive at

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The concluding simile of the angel was so much admired by the Lord Treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet with an appointment worth 200*l.* a year. Nevertheless, the poem was much criticised. Lord Macaulay notices one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which the simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis,

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke not of a storm, but of *the storm*, the great tempest of November, 1703. The popularity which the simile of the Angel enjoyed always seemed to Macaulay to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

* See vol. i. p. 338 of the present work, where the battle is recorded and briefly described.

his mansion in the dead of night : and so disguised as to be known to no one except a single domestic on whose fidelity he could rely. Before the return of day he retired to a subterranean recess, of which the faithful servant retained the key, and here he remained for several months in safety and concealment ; but the estates being seized by the King's orders, the house dismantled and the tenants dispersed by authority, some in confinement and others to great distances, the unfortunate prisoner was left to perish from hunger in the place of his voluntary imprisonment. So late as in the last century, when the remains of this once stately residence were pulled down, the vault was discovered, with Lord Lovel, seated in a chair as he had died. So completely had the external air been excluded by rubbish, that his dress, which was very superb, and a prayer-book lying before him on the table, were entire. On the admission of the air, it was said the whole fell into dust, but this is doubtful.

The truth of this story has been much doubted. Bacon, in his *Life of Henry VII.*, says : " Of the Lord Lovel there went a report, that he fled and swam over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side by reason of the steepness of the bank, and was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after it in a cave or vault." Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, 1794-5, records that " on the demolition of a very old house (formerly the patrimony of the Lovels), about a century ago, there was found in a small chamber (so secret that the farmer who inhabited the house knew it not), the remains of an immured being, and such remnants of barrels and jars as appeared to justify the idea of that chamber having been used as a place of refuge for the lord of the mansion ; and that, after consuming the stores which he had provided in case of a disastrous event, he died, unknown even to his servants and tenants." Banks, in his *Peerage*, says, " the account rests on the witness and authority of John Manners, third Duke of Rutland, who related it in the hearing of William Cowper, Esq., Clerk of the Parliament, on May 8, 1728, by whom it is preserved in a letter, dated Hertingfordbury Park, August 9, 1737. In the *Annals of England*, Oxford, 1857, is this note : " Lord Lovel is believed to have escaped from the field, and to have lived for a while in concealment at Minster Lovel, Oxfordshire, but at length to have been starved to death through the neglect or treachery of an attendant." In the *Penny Cyclopædia*, the story is affirmed to be " without solid foundation." But the story is not a whit more improbable than the accounts of priests' hiding-places.

"The Lady of Caversham."

At Caversham, on the north bank of the Thames, was formerly a cell of regular canons of St. Austin, belonging to Nootele or Nutley Abbey, in Buckinghamshire. At this cell at Caversham there was only one monk; but there was a chapel attached, and it was in great repute on account of a statue of the Virgin, to whom the chapel was dedicated, which was reported to have wrought many miracles. It also contained, at the Suppression, a great number of relics of considerable celebrity. Dr. London, in his letters respecting his visit to this cell, describes the chapel as a place "whereunto wasse great pilgrimage" on account of the image: and he mentions in another letter, as a proof of the numbers who resorted to the "Lady of Caversham," as she was called, that "even at my being ther com in nott so few as a dosyn with imagies of waxe." "The image," he says, in a letter to Cromwell, "ys plated over with sylver, and I have put yt in a cheste fast lockyd and nayld uppe, and by the next barge that comythe from Reding to London yt shall be brought to your lordeschippe. I have also pulled down the place sche stode in, with all other ceremonyes, as lightes, schrowdes, crowchys, and imagies of wex, hanging abowt the chapell, and have defacyd the same thorowly in exchuying of farthyr resort thedyr. Thys chapell dydde belong to Notley Abbey, and there always was a chanon of that monastery wich wasse callyd the warden of Caversham, and he songe in thys chapell, and hadde the offerings for his living. He was accustomyd to show many prety relykes, among the wiche wer (as he made reportt) the holy dagger that kyled King Henry, [H. VI., who was then comunonly believed to have been murdered, and popularly regarded as a sort of saint], and the holy knyfe that kyled sainte Edward [the martyr]. All thees, with many other, with the cotes of thys image, hyr capp and here [hair], my servant shall bring unto your lordschip's pleasure. I shall see yt made suer to the kings graces use. And, if yt be nott so orderyd, the chapell standith so wildly that the ledde will be stolen by nyght, as I wasse servyd at the Fryars," at Reading. But the principal relic, though not mentioned in the above account, was the "spear-head that pearced our Saviour his side," which was brought to Caversham by the one-winged angel that was itself afterwards deposited at Reading Abbey. Dr. London says, that of the relics belonging to Caversham he "myssed no thing butt only a piece of the holy halter Judas was hangyd withall;" from which we may gather, what we might expect without it from the estimation in

which they were held, that it was not an uncommon practice to secrete the relics when the Commissioners were expected. I will end these extracts with his hint to Cromwell about the disposal of the place: "There ys a proper lodginge, wher the chanon lay, with a fayer garden and an orchard, mete to be bestowed upon som frynde of your lord-chipe in these parties." Caversham House was built by Lord Cadogan, in the reign of George I. In the former mansion Charles I. was for a time a prisoner; and here he had interviews with his children, which Clarendon has recorded.

Dorchester Priory.

Dorchester, at the junction of the Thames, or Isis and Thames, by the termination "chester," is considered to have been a Roman station. Many Roman remains, and some British, have been found here—a Roman stone altar and numerous coins, the foundations of an ancient town wall, of a Roman amphitheatre, and a military earthwork. But the interest of Dorchester commences with the Saxons, in whose times it was the seat of the largest bishopric in England, comprehending the two kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex. Somewhat more than twelve hundred years ago, Birinus, a Benedictine monk, came from Rome as a missionary, and started, his biographers say, with a miracle. For finding, after he had embarked, that he had left certain of his sacred utensils behind, and knowing that it would be useless, as the wind was fair, to ask the seamen to put back, he boldly stepped forth from the vessel and hastened along the sea, which bore him as though it had been solid ground. He landed in safety (A.D. 634) in the kingdom of the West Saxons. At Dorchester he found Cynegil, the King, whom, after instructing, he baptized. Upon Birinus, the King conferred the city of Dorchester as his see. Birinus built a church, probably of wood. He resided here fourteen years, and by his good works gained the reputation of a saint and the title of an apostle. He died in 650, and was buried in his own church; but in 677 one of his successors removed his body to the new church of Winchester; though, according to Robert of Gloucester, "the canons of Dorchester say *Nay*, and say that it was another body than St. Birinus that was so translated." However, Birinus was canonized, and was held in such reputation that the people raised a shrine to him, at which the preservation and cure of their cattle from disease, and many miracles, were effected before it.

Dorchester declined with the Saxon dynasty, and was several times overrun and plundered by the Danes. In 622 Winchester was sepa-

rated from the diocese, and formed into a distinct bishopric ; afterwards the sees of Salisbury, Exeter, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Worcester, and Hereford were taken from it, yet it is said to have been even then the largest in the kingdom ; while the town maintained a distinguished rank among the cities of England, Henry of Huntingdon placing it fourteenth in his list of twenty-eight British cities. Dorchester received the first bishop appointed by William the Conqueror, Remigius, a Norman. At this time the town was decaying ; and in the next reign (1092) the see was removed to Lincoln. Camden says there were once three parish churches in Dorchester. The town was originally walled ; and according to Camden, a Castle once stood on the south side of the present church, but there was no trace of it in his time. A fragment of the ancient Abbey has been converted into a cottage.

Oseney Abbey.

Of this magnificent Abbey, built in the Isle of Oseney, near Oxford, by Robert D'Oilli, at the instigation of his wife, Editha, and originally a Priory, there exist some remains in the outhouses of a saw-mill. Swaine, in his *Memoirs of Oseney*, 1769, considers it "not a little surprising that during the time this church (*i.e.*, of Oseney) remained in its state of splendour and magnificence, so few drafts and prospects should be taken of it. We have been told, indeed, by some authors, that several foreigners came over into England for this purpose. But what is now become of these valuable performances?" There is a curious view of Oseney Abbey in one of the windows of Christ Church Chapel, [Oxford Cathedral.] The seat of the Bishopric of Oxford was first fixed at Oseney, whence it was shortly afterwards removed to the far inferior structure in which it is now fixed. A Council was held at Oseney, in 1222, under Archbishop Langton. In 1326, the brutal Queen Isabel having invested Oxford, the Mortimers occupied Oseney Abbey. The Oseney Bells were of great celebrity. Antony Wood tells us: "at the west end of the church was situated the campanile or tower, which stood firm and whole till 1644. It contained a large and melodious ring of bells, thought to be the best in England. At the first foundation there were but three bells, besides the Saint and Litany bells ; but by Abbot Leech, [elected 19 Henry III., 1235,] they were increased to seven ; all which, for the most part before the Suppression, were broken and recast. The tower of Oxford Cathedral contains ten bells, which formerly belonged to Oseney Abbey.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Thornbury Castle.

The town of Thornbury lies in a picturesque portion of the county of Gloucester, on the banks of a rivulet two miles westward of "the glittering, red, and rapid Severn, embedded in its emerald vale, and shining up in splendid contrast to the shady hills of the Dean Forest." In this beautiful country stands the Castle of Thornbury, an edifice of great beauty, yet with a history saddening to read in contrast with the charming scenery by which it is environed, and reminding us that—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Mr. Sharon Turner, in the first edition of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, supposes Thornbury to have been a British city, and to have constituted the residence of Cyndellán, a petty King; probably, the same with Condidán, who fell in 577, at the battle of Dyrham. This place, situated close to an ancient passage of the Severn, was fortified at a very early period.

Thornbury was a town of some importance in the time of the Saxons. A market was certainly established here before the Conquest; and the manor formed part of the royal domain at the time of the Great Survey. In that record, the name is written *Turneberie*, from *Torn*, or *Turne*, a court; and, within the limits of the parish is a hamlet named Kington.

The manor belonged, before the entry of the Normans, to Brietric, a Saxon thane, who had, early in life, refused the hand of Maud, afterwards Queen of William the Conqueror. A peculiar opportunity of revenge was afforded to the slighted lady; as her husband, on ascending the throne of England, bestowed upon her the estates of the man who had declined her love; and she had the barbarous gratification of effecting his utter ruin. Returning to the Crown, on the decease of Queen Maud, the manor of Thornbury was given by King William Rufus to Robert Fitz-Haymon; with whose daughter it passed, in marriage, to the family of the Earls of Gloucester. By descent from the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, through Margaret, daughter and heir of

another Margaret, wife of Hugh de Audley, sister and co-heir of the last Gilbert de Clare, the manor devolved to Ralph Lord Stafford, whose descendant, Humphrey Stafford, was created Duke of Buckingham, and succeeded to the High Constablership of England.

The misfortunes which befel the dukes of this lineage, in connexion with Thornbury Castle, form a melancholy chapter in the history of human greatness. The fates of its founder and his father, in the imperishable language of Shakspeare, dictated these natural and impressive reflections on the perfidy of the world:

“ You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
When you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure ye be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.”

A castle at Thornbury is noticed in the earliest records of this place ; and the present unfinished building occupies the site of that structure. It was commenced by the Duke of Buckingham, in the second year of Henry VIII. ; at which time he was high in office, and was not only the most affluent, but the most popular nobleman of his day. The reason for his not completing this castle is by no means evident, unless we can suppose there not to have been sufficient time for such an undertaking between the second of Henry VIII., (1511,) and the attainder of the duke, (1521.) It is known that he occasionally resided in such parts as were habitable ; and it has been *said*, that Henry passed ten days here, in the year 1539. Stow, after noticing the building, remarks that the duke “ made a faire parke hard by the castle, and tooke much ground into it, very fruitful of corne, now faire land for coursing.”

The Castle is a remarkable specimen of architecture, which, adopting a military appearance, displayed, likewise, the magnificence and convenience of a private dwelling—palatial castle. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this mode of design—the castellated mansion—succeeded to the regularly fortified dwellings of the Middle Ages ; no example of which occurs at a later period than the reign of Richard II.

The plan of Thornbury Castle, as far as completed, may be thus described. A large arched gate opens into a spacious quadrangle, furnished with cloisters for stables, and, as some examiners have thought, with accommodations for troops in garrison. This court is commanded by a large and strong tower ; on one side of which is a wall, and another

gate opening into a smaller court, communicating with the State apartments, which are in a line contiguous to the tower, and are distinguishable by enriched projecting windows. The chimney-shafts are of brick, wrought into spiral columns; the bases of which are charged with the cognizances of the family, and the *Stafford knot*.

On the principal gatehouse is the following inscription:—"THIS GATE WAS BEGUN IN THE YERE OF OUR LORDE GODE, MCCCCCXI., THE ij YERE OF THE REYNE OF KYNGE HENRI THE viii. BY ME, EDW. DUC OF BUKKINGHA, ERLLE OF HARFORDE, STAFFORDE, ANDE NORTHAMTO." To this inscription is appended the *word*, or motto, of the duke—"DORSUEVAUMT," (henceforward.)

From a Survey of the Castle, made in 1582, we quote a few details, which are interesting, from their affording a portion of the arrangement of a mansion in the early part of the sixteenth century. At the entry into the Castle is a Porter's Lodge, containing three rooms, with a dungeon underneath for a place of imprisonment, (for misbehaving servants, &c.) The Great Hall was entered by a Porch: it had also a passage from the Great Kitchen: in the middle of the Hall was a hearth, to hold a brazier. At the upper end of it was a room with a chimney, called the Old Hall. The Great Kitchen had two large chimneys, and one smaller: within it was a privy Kitchen, and over it a lodging-room for the cook. The Chapel is entered from the lower end of the Great Hall: the upper part of the Chapel is a fair room, for people to stand in at service-time; and over the same are two rooms, with each of them a chimney, where the Duke and Duchess used to sit, and hear service in the Chapel; its body having twenty-two settles of wainscot about the same, for priests, clerks, and quiristers. The Garden was surrounded with a cloister, over which was a Gallery, out of which a passage led to the Parish Church of Thornbury, having, at the end, a room with a chimney and window, looking into the church, where the Duke used sometimes to hear service in the same church. There were thirteen Lodging-rooms near the last mentioned gallery, six below, three of which had chimneys, and seven above, four of which had chimneys. These were called the *Earl of Bedford's Lodgings*.

The Tower and annexed buildings, were the immediate places of residence for the Duke and Duchess. Connected with the bedchamber of the Duke, there were, for greater security, the Jewel-Room and the Muni-ment-room. From the upper end of the Great Hall is a steyer, ascending up towards the Great Chamber. Leading from the steyer's head to the Great Chamber is a fair room, paved with brick, and a chimney in the same, at the end whereof doth meet a fair gallery, leading from the

Great Chamber to the Earl of Bedford's lodgings. The lower part of the principal building of the Castle is called the New Building. At the west end thereof is a fair tower. In this lone building (the new building, or that adjoining to the tower), is contained one great chamber with a chimney therein; and within that is another room, with a chimney, called the Duchess' Lodging. Between the two last rooms was a closet (designed for her Oratory). Connected with these two last rooms was another, which formed the foundation or lowermost part of the Tower, with a chimney. From the lodging of the Duchess, a Gallery, paved with brick, led to a staircase, which ascended to the Duke's lodging above, and was used as a privy way. All these rooms were for the accommodation of the Duchess and her suite.

We are struck with the completeness of this mansion, but especially with the number of chimneys in its construction; for, although chimneys were introduced as early as the year 1200, and did not become general till the reign of Elizabeth, or the sixteenth century, they were common before that period in "the religious houses, and manor-places of the lords, and peradventure, some great personages."

A chamber with a chimney is mentioned by a writer in the reign of Richard III.; and somewhat later, it was customary to provide rooms for ladies, with chimneys, as in the lodging-rooms of Thornbury Castle.

We have said that the period of its erection was that of transition from the fortress to the dwelling-house; and the removal of the dungeon to the Porter's Lodge, and the omission of the Keep, were alterations which followed naturally from *police* superseding *war*. There seems to have been but a reredos in the Great Hall, which was opposite to the Gatehouse, as usual, the centre of communication. The ground-floors were purely offices, and all above were the family apartments. The Hall-kitchen was for the whole household; the privy-kitchen, where was the chief cook, for the lord. The Garden was for exercise after mass.

It appears that at the Survey made in 1582, the whole of the south side, consisting of several chambers of fine dimensions, was then habitable. In the reign of Elizabeth the principal timbers were taken away, and time subsequently continued the work of ruin. Within the circuit-walls twelve acres were enclosed: around the walls were attached small rooms, intended as barracks for soldiers. This circumstance, it is said, roused the jealousy of the King, and confirmed him in his suspicions of the Duke's traitorous intentions.

The present possessor of Thornbury Castle is Mr. Henry Howard,

also of Greystoke Castle,* Cumberland, who having determined to restore such parts of the structure as may be capable of restoration, has been for years steadily proceeding in his work, bringing into notice some of the many architectural beauties of the ancient building; amongst the rest the noble banqueting rooms, looking out upon the private gardens. The Castle stands immediately adjacent to the beautiful parish church, as a gigantic sentinel guarding the holy pile, in which for centuries the forefathers of the present generation have worshipped, and in the adjoining burial-ground of which their ashes peacefully repose.

The office of Constable of England, was held in succession for nearly five centuries from the Conquest, by a long line of illustrious individuals, to which descent in blood also it was restricted on being an office in fee. He was "*Comes Stabuli*," Great Master of the Horse, which being then the principal military force, was an office of the highest dignity in early times; the holder during war being next in rank to the King. He was the King's lieutenant, and commanded in his absence. He inspected and certified the military contingents furnished by the barons, knights, &c., such being the only national force in those days. He was in close attendance on the King in time of peace, also; he and the King's "*justicier*," alone witnessing the King's writ, and he had the power of arresting the sheriffs of counties for the neglect of their duties, &c. Ralph de Mortimer, a principal commander in the army of the Conqueror, and a King's man, was first appointed Constable. Henry I. then constituted Walter de Gloucester Constable in fee, to

* This Castle was, a few years since, almost entirely destroyed by fire, of which the following are authentic details:—The flames extended with great rapidity. The oak-panelled dining-room, with its elaborate oak ceiling and antique furniture, afforded ready fuel to the flames. On the left of the entrance was the hall, decorated with suits of armour of the knights of old, and other implements of warfare and the chase; and upon the walls were hung large paintings of great value, all of which were completely destroyed. The staircase was next in flames, and all the family portraits on the staircase walls and in the picture-gallery were burnt. The portraits of the Dukes of Norfolk, from the first, who fell at the battle of Bosworth-field, some of them of colossal size, were all consumed. From the library and drawing-room many valuable art treasures were rescued. Among the family portraits burnt were paintings by Sir Antonio More, Vandyke, Mytens, &c. By the unremitting attentions of the fire brigade and the villagers, the ancient tower and the muniment-rooms were saved, and also a wing in which the kitchens and servants' hall were situated. The Castle and buildings were insured for 9000*l.*; the wines and spirits (of which a large quantity was destroyed) and the furniture for 2000*l.*; and the pictures for 500*l.*, an amount which is a mere trifle compared with their value. There is now little doubt that the origin of the fire was the ignition of a beam in a flue near the entrance of the Castle.

him and his heirs, whose son Milo succeeded, was confirmed by the Empress Maud, and created Earl of Hereford. His five sons succeeded him in turn as Earls of Hereford and Constables of England, but all died without issue. His eldest daughter, and eventual co-heir, Margery, having married Humphrey de Bohun, steward and "sewer" to Henry I., and a kinsman also, he became Earl of Hereford, and Constable of England, as in fee, in right of his wife. (It is stated, however, that the earldom is properly to be considered as re-created in the person of his grandson Henry.) The office continued in this illustrious line to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, eleventh Constable by descent, who, on his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I., surrendered to the King all his honours and estates. They being regranted to him in as full a manner as he had held them, he entailed them upon his lawful issue, in default of which to revert to the Crown. His descendant, Humphrey de Bohun, fourteenth Constable, left two daughters and co-heirs, the eldest of whom, Alianore, married Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III. He became Constable in right of his wife, after the dignity had continued for nearly two hundred years in the family of Bohun. His eldest daughter and heir, Anne Plantagenet, married Edmond, fifth Earl of Stafford, created Duke of Buckingham. His grandson, Henry, second Duke of Buckingham, claimed and was allowed the High Constableship, as heir of blood of Humphrey de Bohun, *temp.* Richard III. His son Edward, third and last Duke, succeeded him; but being attainted for high treason, and beheaded, 17 May, 1521, the High Constableship, with all his other honours, was forfeited to and merged in the Crown, where it remains to be regranted at its pleasure.—(Communicated by Frecheville L. B. Dykes, to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., vii., p. 157.) The power of the High Constable tended to restrain the actions of the King; so that the jealous tyrant, Henry, declared that the office was too great for a subject, and that in future he would hold it himself. The *baton* of the Duke has, however, been carefully preserved by his descendants.

Chavenage Manor House.

Near Tetbury is Chavenage, the old manor-house of the family of Stephens of Eastington and Lypiatt, owners of many other manors in the county of Gloucester. It stands upon its original elevation, with its furniture of the age of Queen Elizabeth; and the hall of which contains a considerable collection of armour and weapons which saw the

fields of battle that raged on the Coteswold Hills, in the time of Charles I.

It appears that Nathaniel Stephens, then in Parliament for Gloucestershire, was keeping the festival of Christmas, 1648, at Chavenage. He had shown much irresolution in deciding upon sacrificing the life of the monarch, was wavering on the question, when Ireton, who had been despatched "to whet his almost blunted purpose," arrived at the manor-house—and sat up, it is said, all night in obtaining his reluctant acquiescence to the sentence of the King from the Lord of Chavenage. It appears that in May, 1649, the latter was seized with a fatal sickness, and died the 2nd of that month, expressing his regret for having participated in the execution of the Sovereign.

So far circumstances have the semblance of fact, but on these a legendary tale has been founded, which the superstitious and the believers in supernatural appearances, are now only beginning to disbelieve. When all the relatives had assembled, and their several well-known equipages were crowding the courtyard to proceed with the obsequies, the household were surprised to observe that another coach, ornamented with even more than the gorgeous embellishments of that splendid period, and drawn by black horses, was approaching the porch in great solemnity. When it arrived, the door of the vehicle opened in some unseen manner; and clad in his shroud, the shade of the lord of the manor glided into the carriage, and the door instantly closing upon him, the coach rapidly withdrew from the house; not, however, with such speed but there was time to perceive that the driver was a be-headed man, that he was arrayed in the royal vestments, with the Garter moreover on his leg, and the star of that illustrious order on his breast. No sooner had the coach arrived at the gateway of the manor court, than the whole appearance vanished in flames of fire. The story further maintains that, to this day, every Lord of Chavenage dying in the manor-house takes his departure in this awful manner.

At Chavenage manor-house is a portrait (said to be an original picture), of Jack of Newbury, whose patronymic was Winchcombe: he was the greatest clothier of England of the period when he lived. Some years after the termination of his apprenticeship, and he had got a perfect insight into the business, his master died, leaving the entire concern, with some property, to his widow, whom Jack eventually married, and he became prosperous and extremely wealthy. Joined to his great opulence, there was an equal stock of public spirit and patriotism, which he displayed, in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., by equipping, at his sole expense, one hundred of his followers; and,

marching with them, he joined the Earl of Surrey, and bravely distinguished himself at the battle of Flodden Field, in 1513. He kept 100 looms in his house, each managed by a man and a boy. He feasted King Henry VIII. and his first Queen Katherine, at his own house in Newbury, now divided into sixteen clothiers' houses. He built the church of Newbury, from the pulpit westward to the tower.—*Notes and Queries*, Nos. 198 and 205, Second Series.

Berkeley Castle.

On the south-east side of the town of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, stands this perfect specimen of Norman castrametation, noted in history as the scene of the murder of one of our Kings, under circumstances of great atrocity. It is in complete repair, and not ruinous in any part. It is not ascertained at what date this building was commenced, but about the year 1150, it was granted by Henry II. to Robert Fitzhardinge, Governor of Bristol, (who was descended from the Kings of Denmark,) with power to strengthen and enlarge it. Maurice, the son of Robert, was the first of the Fitzhardinges that dwelt at Berkeley, of which place he assumed the name, and fortified the Castle, which is placed on an eminence close to the town, and commands an extensive view of the Severn and the neighbouring country. The fortress is an irregular pile, consisting of a keep, and various embattled buildings, which surround a court, about 140 yards in circumference. The chief ornament of this court is the exterior of the baronial hall, which is a noble room in excellent preservation; adjoining it is the chapel. The apartments are very numerous, but except where modern windows have been substituted, they are mostly of a gloomy character. In one of them are the ebony bedstead and chairs, used by Sir Francis Drake in his voyage round the world. The entrance to the outer court is under a machicolated gatehouse, which is all that remains of the buildings that are said to have formerly surrounded the outer court. The keep is nearly circular, having one square tower and three semicircular ones. That on the north, which is the highest part of the Castle, was rebuilt in the reign of Edward II., and is called Thorpe's Tower, a family of that name holding their manor by the tenure of *Castle Guard*, it being their duty to guard this tower when required. In another of the towers of the keep is a dungeon chamber, twenty-eight feet deep, without light or an aperture of any kind, except at the top; in shape it resembles the letter D, and the entrance to it is through a trap-door in

the floor of the room over it ; but from being in the keep, which is high above the natural ground, this gloomy abode is quite free from damp. The Roman method of filling the inner part or medium of the walls with fluid mortar, occurs in the keep of this Castle. The great staircase leading to the keep is composed of large stones; and on the right of it, approached by a kind of gallery, is the room in which, from its great strength, and its isolated situation, there is every reason to suppose that Edward II. was murdered, on the 21st of September, 1327. It is a small and gloomy apartment, and till within the last century was only lighted by flechès. It is stated by Holinshed that the shrieks of the King were heard in the town of Berkeley; but from the situation of the Castle, and the great thickness of its walls, that is impossible. After his decease his heart was inclosed in a silver vessel, and the Berkeley family formed part of the procession which attended the body to Gloucester, where it was interred in the Cathedral.

The then Lord Berkeley was acquitted of any active participation in the measures which caused the death of the King; but shortly afterwards he entertained Queen Isabella and her paramour, Mortimer, at the Castle. This Lord Berkeley kept twelve knights to wait upon his person, each of whom was attended by two servants and a page. He had twenty-four esquires, each having an under-servant and a horse. His entire family consisted of about 300 persons, besides husbandmen, who fed at his board.

In this Castle royal visitors have been several times entertained. After its having been a place of rendezvous for the rebellious Barons, in the reign of John, that King visited it in the last year of his reign. Henry III. was there twice. The other royal visitors have been Margaret, queen of Henry VI.; Henry VII.; Queen Elizabeth, whose name one of the rooms still bears; George IV., when Prince of Wales; and William IV., when Duke of Clarence. In the reign of Henry V. a lawsuit was commenced between Lord Berkeley and his cousin, the heiress of the family, which was continued 192 years; during which contest the plaintiff's party several times laid siege to the Castle. In the Civil Wars of Charles I., the Castle was garrisoned on the side of the King, and kept all the surrounding country in awe; but it was afterwards besieged by the army of the Commonwealth, and surrendered after a defence of nine days. In the west door of the church are several bullet-holes, which are supposed to have been made by the besieging army. On the north of the Castle is a very perfect portion of the ancient fosse, which is now quite dry, and some very fine elms and other trees are growing in it. A terrace goes nearly round the

Castle, and to the west of it is a large bowling-green, bounded by a line of very old yew-trees, which have grown together into a continuous mass, and are cut into grotesque shapes.

In a Topographical Excursion, in 1624, Berkeley Castle is described as strong, old, spacious, and habitable, with a fair park adjoining. Before the tourists entered the inner court, they passed through three large, strong gates, with portcullises. "Here," say they, "was the dismall place where that unfortunate Prince, whom we left interred at the last visited Cathedral, was most barbarouslie and cruelly depriv'd of his life." The King, during his captivity here, composed a dolorous poem, from which the following is an extract:

"Moste blessed Jesu,
Roote of all vertue,
Graunte I may the sue,
In all humylte.
Sen thou for our good,
Lyste to shede thy blood,
An stretche the upon the rood,
For our iniquyte.
I the beseeche,
Most holsome leche,
That thou wylt seche,
For me suche grace,
That when my body vyle,
My soule shall exyle,
Thou brynge in short whyle,
It in reste and peace."

When Horace Walpole, in 1774, visited Gloucester Cathedral, on seeing the monument of Edward II. a new historic doubt started. "His Majesty has a longish beard; and such were certainly worn at that time. Who is the first historian that tells the story of his being shaven with cold water from a ditch, and weeping to supply warm, as he was carried to Berkeley Castle? Is not this apocryphal?" [The incident is narrated by Rapin.]

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, thus tells the story in his odd, circumstantial manner: "When Edward II. was taken by order of his Queen, and carried to Berkeley Castle, to the end that he should not be known, they shaved his head and beard, and that in a most beastly manner; for they took him from his horse, and set him upon a hillock, and then taking puddle-water out of a ditch thereby, they went to wash him, his barber telling him that cold water must serve for this time; whereat the miserable King looking sternly upon him, said, that whether they would or no, he would have warm water to wash him, and therewithal, to make good his word, he presently shed forth

a shower of tears. Never was King turned out of a kingdom in such a manner."

In the neighbourhood, Walpole found in a wretched cottage a child in an ancient oaken cradle, exactly in the form of that lately published from the cradle of Edward II. Walpole purchased it for five shillings; but doubted whether he should have fortitude enough to transport it to Strawberry Hill. He was much disappointed with Berkeley Castle, though very entire: he notes: "The room shown for the murder of Edward II., and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at the top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of footbridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps, that terminates on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they show you a cast of a face, in plaster, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that; for it is evidently the face of Charles I."

Gray, in his Pindaric Ode—*The Bard*,—has this memorable passage:

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king."

Gloucester, its Monastery and Castle.

Gloucester is considered to have had the Britons for its founders, by whom it was called *Caer Glocaw*, which, according to Camden, is derived from the British *Caer Glogii iis*, or "the City of the pure waters," from its situation upon the eastern bank of the Severn; but according to others, it is named from *Glocaw*, the name of the chief or original founder. Shortly after A.D. 44, it became subjected to the Romans, and numerous Roman antiquities, burial-urns, coins, &c., have been discovered here. After the Romans left the island, the city was surrendered to the West Saxons, when the Britons were defeated, and three of their princes slain: by the Saxons it was called *Gleau-Cester*, whence its present name is derived. About the year 680 Wulpher, son of King Penda, founded the monastery of St. Peter, and so far improved the city, that at the commencement of the eighth century, according to Bede, it was considered "one of the noblest of the kingdom." The

city repeatedly suffered from fire and the ravages of the Danes; and in 1087 it was almost wholly destroyed during the contest between William Rufus and the adherents of his brother Robert. Its Castle was built by Earl William, in the time of the Conqueror, who frequently kept his Christmas here, as did William II. in 1099; and in 1123 Henry I. held his Court here. In 1172 Jorworth, with a large body of Welshmen, destroyed all the country with fire and sword to the gates of Gloucester. In 1175 a Great Council was held here by Henry II. for quelling the insurrections of the Welsh. In 1216, at Gloucester, Henry III. was crowned, being ten years old; and here he kept his Christmas. In 1263 Gloucester was the scene of many battles between Henry III. and the Barons, whom he had offended by appointing a foreigner to the office of Constable of Gloucester Castle. In 1279 Quo Warranto statutes were enacted here by Parliament. In 1319 Edward II. came to Gloucester, and entertained the Abbot; and in 1327 this sovereign was, "with consent and by practise of his cruell Queene," most cruelly and foully murdered in Berkeley Castle; and buried in Gloucester Cathedral, where is a monument to his memory, "his body in alabaster in his kingly robes, the foundation marble, and the workmanship overhead curiously cut in freestone." In 1378, Richard II. held a Parliament at Gloucester; and Henry V. in 1420, being the last Parliament summoned here by any monarch. In 1430, at the Abbey of Gloucester, Henry VI. made oblations previous to setting out for France. In 1483, immediately after his coronation, Richard III. came to Gloucester; and in 1485 Henry VII.; and in 1535 Henry VIII. in progress. In 1641-2 Gloucester sided with the Parliament, and bid defiance to the King with an army of 30,000 men, in consequence of which the ancient walls of the city, two miles in circuit, were destroyed shortly after the Restoration. The site of the Castle is occupied by the County Gaol.

In an Account of an Excursion in 1634, the Severn is described as gliding close to the town, "by that little Iland [Alney]* where the first Danish King got the best." The New Inn is "a fayre House, and much frequented by Gallants, the Hostesse there being as handsome and gallant as any other." "This Citty we found govern'd by a Mayor, wth his Sword and Cap of Maintenance, 4 Maces, 12 Aldermen, and a worthy and learned Recorder, and 4 Stewards. It is wall'd about, except onely that part of the Towne that is securely and defensively

* In 1016, on the Isle of Athelney, the proposed single combat between Edmund Ironside and Canute terminated by an offer from Canute to divide the kingdom.

guarded by the River; in the wall there is 6 Gates, for the Ingress and Egresse of Strangers and Inhabitants. In the midst of the City is a fayre Crosse, whereto from the 4 Cardinall Windes, the 4 great and principall Streets thereof doe come. In her is 12 Churches, whereof the Cathedrall is one," of great antiquity and beautiful architecture; with a fine Gothic pinnaced tower; an east window, said to be the largest in the kingdom; great elevation and traccried walls of the choir. Among its curious monuments is one of a Saxon king, bearing the old church upon his breast; the last Abbot, Parker, in alabaster; and a Bishop [Dux Templi] who excommunicated King John. Here lieth that "vnfortunate Prince Robert, D. of Normandy, eldest sonne of W^m ye Conquerr, whose eyes were pluckt out in Cardiff Castle, after he had endur'd a long and tedious imprisonmt there: his Portraiture lyeth loose vpon the Marble Monumt, and is of Irish wood painted, wh neither rotts nor worme-eats. Here lyeth crosse-legg'd, wh his Sword, and Buckler, and soe as any man may with ease lift vp this his wooden Statue." Our olden topographers describe as a thing most admirable that strange and unparalleled whispering place of 24 yards circular passage above the high altar, a miraculous work and artificial device; "and as it is strange, soe we heard carry'd confessions there made." The sumptuous tomb of King Edward II. we have already described.

During the Marian persecution, John Hooper, second Bishop of Gloucester, and the venerated martyr of the Reformation, upon his second committal to the Fleet Prison in 1553, refusing to recant his opinions, was condemned to be burnt. It was expected that he would have accompanied Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, to the stake; but Hooper was led back to his cell, to be carried down to Gloucester, to suffer among his own people. Next morning, he was roused at four o'clock, and being committed to the care of six of Queen Mary's Guard, they took him, before it was light, to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, *then standing in the fields*; thence he was taken to Gloucester, and there burnt with dreadful torments on the 9th of February, 1555. A memorial statue of Bishop Hooper has been set up by public subscription at Gloucester near the spot whereon he suffered.

Gloucester has long been famous for its lampreys, taken in the Severn; and by ancient custom the city of Gloucester, in token of their loyalty, present a lamprey pie annually, at Christmas, to the sovereign; this is sometimes a costly gift, as lampreys at that season can scarcely be procured at a guinea apiece. A well-stewed Gloucester lamprey is a luxury, such as almost excused the royal excess which carried off Henry I. at Rouen.

Sudeley Castle and Queen Katherine Parr.

Winchcomb, fourteen miles north-east of Gloucester, is a place of great antiquity, it being anciently the site of a mitred Abbey sufficiently large for the accommodation of 300 Benedictine monks. It was founded in 798, by Kenulf King of Mercia, who, with his son and successor, Kenelm (murdered by his Queen Quendrida), was buried there. The church was partly built in the reign of Henry VI., by the Abbot, William Winchcomb. Near it is the Castle of Sudeley—formerly one of the most magnificent in England, to be hereafter described—whither, in 1592, Queen Elizabeth made her celebrated Progress. In the Castle, 44 years previously, September 5, 1548, died in childbed, Katherine Parr, widow of Henry VIII., and wife of Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother to the Protector Somerset. The Queen was buried in the chapel of Sudeley Castle. Of the opening of her tomb there is an interesting account in a MS. in the College of Arms, London, entitled, *A Booke of Buryalls of trew and noble P'sons*. Here is recorded: "in the Summer of the year 1782, the Earth in which Qu. K. Parr lay inter'd was removed, and at the depth of about two feet, (or very little more) her leaden Coffin or Chest was found quite whole, and on the Lid of it when well cleaned there appeared a very bad though legible inscription, of which the under-written is a close copy:

"K. P.

VITH AND LAST WIFE OF KING HEN. VIIIITH,

1548."

"Mr. John Lucas, (who occupied the land of Lord Rivers, whereon the ruins of the chapel stand,) had the curiosity to rip up the top of the Coffin, expecting to discover within it only the bones of the dead, but to his great surprise found the whole body wrap'd in 6 or 7 Seer Cloths of Linnen entire and *uncorrupted*, although it had been there upwards of 280 years. His unwarrantable curiosity led him also to make an incision through the seer cloths which covered one of the Arms of the Corps, the flesh of which at that time was white and moist. I was very much displeased at the forwardness of Lucas, who of his own head open'd the Coffin. It would have been quite sufficient to have found it, and then to have made a report of it, to Lord Rivers or myself.

"In the Summer of the year following, 1783, his Lordship's business

made it necessary for me and my son to be at Sudeley Castle, and on being told what had been done the year before by Lucas, I directed the earth to be once more reinov'd to satisfy my own curiosity; and found Lucas's account of the Coffin and Corps to be just as he had represented them; with this difference, that the body was then grown quite fetid, and the flesh where the incision had been made was brown and in a state of putrefaction, in consequence of the air having been let in upon it; the stench of the Corps made my son quite sick, whilst he copied the inscription which is on the lid of the Coffin; he went thro' it, however, with great exactness.

"I afterwards directed that a stone slab should be placed over the grave, to prevent any future and improper inspection, &c."

The above account was given some years ago, by the daughter of the late Mr. Brooks of Reading, who was present at the finding of the body; and was communicated by Julia R. Bockett, from Southcote Lodge, near Reading, in 1857, to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 96.

The following curious manuscript note was found written on the margin of a copy of Joannes Ball's *Catalogus Scriptorum Illustrum*:—"Catherina Latimera vel Parra.—Shee was told by an astrologer that did calculate her nativitie that she was borne to sett in the highest state of imp'iall majestie; which became most true. Shee had all the eminent starrs and planetts in her house: this did worke such a loftie conceite in her that her mother cowl'd never make her sewe or doe any small worke, sayinge her handes were ordayned to touch crowne and scepters, not needles and thymbles."

The ruins of Sudeley Castle, situated about a mile south-south-east of Winchcomb, are grand rather than strikingly picturesque. Leland celebrates its extent and lofty towers, its magnificence and rich architecture; and Fuller calls it "of subjects' castles, the most handsome habitation; and of subjects' habitations, the strongest castle." It was built in the reign of Henry VI., by Ralph Lord Boteler, on the site of a more ancient castle, to the manor of which he succeeded in right of his mother, Joan de Sudeley. During the Civil Wars, the Castle was taken by the Republican party, dismantled and otherwise destroyed. The Chapel attached to it, which was a light elegant erection, was stripped of its roof, and the memorials of the dead shamefully defaced. A small side-chapel or aisle is now used as the parish church of Sudeley.

St. Briavel's Castle.

The site of this early fortress is on the edge of Dean Forest, a district of great historical interest, as a glance will show. The Forest of Dean is situated within that part of Gloucestershire bounded by the Rivers Severn and Wye. Probably the earliest trace of this locality being inhabited exists in the Druidical rocks which are found on the high lands, on the Gloucestershire side of the Wye. Next in order of time to the above remains are the ancient iron mines, called Scowles (probably a corruption of the British word *crowll*, a cave), which were doubtless worked by the Romans. This appears certain from the coins which have been found deeply bedded in the heaps of iron cinders derived from the working of these mines. Coins, fibulæ, &c., used by the Romans have frequently been found; and so lately as August 1839, a man who was employed to raise some stone in Crabtree Hill (which is situate near the centre of the forest), of which several heaps were lying on the surface, in turning over the stone found about twenty-five Roman coins. The next day, in another heap, about fifty yards distant, he found a broken jar or urn of baked clay, and 400 or 500 coins lying by it, the coins being for the most part those of Claudius II., Gallienus, and Victorinus. The spot is rather high ground, but not a hill or commanding point, and there does not appear any traces of a camp near it. Some of the stones seemed burnt, as if the building had been destroyed by fire. There was no appearance of mortar, but the stones had evidently been used for building, and part of the foundation of a wall remained visible. A silver coin of Aurelius was likewise picked up. Edward the Confessor is stated in Domesday Book to have exempted the Forest of Dean from taxation, with the object apparently of preserving it from spoliation. (See *An Account of the Forest of Dean*, by H. G. Nicholls, M.A.) The town is now become a small village, and the privileges are obsolete; the parochial inhabitants have, however, still the right of common in a wood called Hudnells, which includes a tract of land on the banks of the Wye, about six miles long, and one mile broad. They have the privilege of cutting wood, but not timber, in other parts of the forest. These claims were set aside by Cromwell, but were contested, and allowed after the Restoration.—(*Mining Journal*.)

The Castle of St. Briavel's was begun by William II., or by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, in the time of Henry I., to curb the incursions of the Welsh: it was afterwards forfeited to the Crown.

The site of the Castle is surrounded by a moat, including an area of considerable extent. The north-west front is nearly all that remains entire. It is composed of two circular towers, three storeys high, separated by a narrow elliptical gateway; within the towers are several hexagonal apartments, the walls of which are eight feet thick. One of these towers is used as a prison for the hundred. In the interior there are two gateways similar to the former. On the right are the remains of an apartment, 41 feet by 20, with large Pointed windows; and on the left are the remains of a large hall. In the centre is a low building, which serves as an antechamber to the room in which the officers of the hundred hold their court. The Constable of the Castle is appointed by the Crown, and is also the Lord Warden of the forest. In the kitchen of the Castle may be seen the old wheel-jack and turnspit-dog; and in the village, the stocks and whipping-post.

St. Briavel's (says Mr. Samuel Tymms) is reported to have obtained an exemption from tolls in the same manner as that privilege was procured for Coventry by the Lady Godiva. St. Briavel's, however, has no "Peeping Tom" pageant.



Cirencester, its Castle and Abbey.

Cirencester, colloquially Ciceter, in the south-eastern part of the county of Gloucester, was the *Corinium* of the Romans, and prior to their invasion, a very general thoroughfare; and from its central situation, the great metropolis of the district, while Gloucester and the hills about the Severn, were great military positions. It was a place of importance in the time of Julius Cæsar; here four great roads met: 1. The Fosse; 2. The Icknield-way; 3. The Ermin-street; 4. The Ackman-street. Its walls, of which traces exist, were two miles in circumference. Among the Roman antiquities is the "Bull Ring," the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, where, a few years ago, rows of seats were visible, rising twenty feet from the area. There was also a Roman burial-place; and relics of pottery, urns containing burnt bones and ashes, sculptured stones and monuments, tessellated pavements, and coins, have been found in and near the town.

Long before the Saxons came into England, Cirencester was a famous town to withstand an enemy. But one Gormund, an African prince (if Polydorus is to be depended on), laid siege to Cirencester. Seven long years he kept his army before it, but never a step the nearer was he to the inside of its gates; when as houses were not then tiled,

Gormund judged that if he could only manage to set fire to the thatched roofs of those in the town, he should be likely, in the commotion that would arise, to gain an easy entrance. To put the stratagem into speedy practice, he set all his soldiers to—catch sparrows; and when many were caught, he had certain combustibles fastened to their tails, and then let them loose. The poor birds flew straight to their nests under the thatches, which of course were quickly in a blaze; and while the unfortunate housekeepers were busy endeavouring to quench the flames, Gormund succeeded in entering the town—in memory whereof (says Giraldus Cambrensis) it was afterwards called the City of Sparrows. This was a droll stratagem.

Cirencester, after the Norman Conquest, was a place of great strength. Its Castle was destroyed by Stephen, but it was rebuilt and garrisoned by the Earl of Leicester for Queen Maud. It was occupied by the royal army when the Barons were in arms against John.

In the reign of Henry IV., Lords Surrey and Salisbury having promoted an insurrection for the restoration of Richard II., these noblemen with several of their accomplices, were killed at a public-house in the town by the bailiff, and a party of the inhabitants. The heads of Salisbury and Surrey were sent to London, as a present to King Henry, who, out of gratitude for this timely service, granted to the *men* of Cirencester all the goods and chattels left in the town by the rebels, "except such as were of gold, or silver, or gilded, and excepting also all money and jewels." By another grant was given, "during our pleasure," "to the men iv does in season, to be delivered unto them by our chief forester, or his deputy, out of our forest of Bradon; and also one hogshhead of wine, to be received out of the port of our town of Bristol." He also granted "unto the *women* aforesaid, vi bucks to be delivered them in right season . . . and also, one hogshhead of wine." In the Great Civil War, the town was garrisoned for the Parliament, but was taken by Prince Rupert, and changed hands more than once. Since then, the only noteworthy occurrence is, that the first blood spilt in the Revolution of 1688 was shed here. In the seventeenth century, the town held its position as, after London, the centre of trade, wealth, and commercial traffic, and Bristol the greatest seaport in the realm. Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, were then mere villages.

Cirencester has often been visited by royalty. Edward I. and Edward II. rested continually here, as did King John, as did Charles I. after the second battle of Newbury. In 1663, another royal personage named Charles, came to Cirencester, and repaired to the little Sun inn,

and there passed the night with his Queen. In 1678, James II. took his rest at the house of the Earl of Newport, in this town; and in 1700, Queen Anne "stayed at Thomas Master's."

"Of all counties in England," says Fuller, "Gloucestershire was most pestered with monks, having four mitred abbeys," whence, he says, grew "a topical wicked proverb," "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire." Cirencester possessed one—a magnificent abbey for Black Canons, built in 1117 by Henry I., on the foundation of a college for prebendaries, which was established by the Saxons, long before the Conquest. The revenue of this Abbey at the Dissolution was 105*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, and its mitred Abbot had a seat in Parliament. The seventh Abbot was the famous Alexander Neckam, who died here in 1217. Of the Abbey a noble gateway remains, with the Abbey Church, one of the most magnificent parochial churches in the kingdom. It is of different styles, between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries; the tower is 134 feet high. The windows were originally filled with stained glass. There are some interesting relics left: there are several noble wooden roofs which remain uninjured; a few brasses and some very curious sculpture in relief of a "Whitsun-ale." The lord of the feast holds in his hand a scroll with the words "Be Merrie," and the figures of the lady, the steward, jester, and other officers of the ale are easily made out. The chapel of St. Catherine is very beautiful; in St. Mary's are some fresco paintings of purgatory, which were discovered a few years back; Trinity chapel was once the richest of these chapels, it containing the gifts and adornings of the votaries of St. Thomas à Becket, whose altar was within it, and of whose martyrdom there is a representation in fresco near the altar. Under the painting is this inscription in black letter:—"What man or woman worshippeth this holy Saint, Bishop, and Martyr, every Sunday that beth in the year, with a Paternoster and Ave, or giveth any alms to a poor man, or bringeth any candle to light [at the altar], less or more, he shall have v gifts of God. The i is, he shall have reasonable good to his life's end. The ii is, that his enemies shall have no power to do him no bodily harm nor disease. The iij is, what reasonable thing he will ask of God and that holy saint, it shall be granted. The iv is, that he shall be unburdened of all his tribulation and disease. The v is, that in his last end he shall have shrift and housil, great repentance, and sacrament of anointing, and then he may come to that bliss that never hath end. Amen."

Some of the brasses are exceedingly beautiful; the earliest, date 1438, exhibits a very fine example of the complete plate-armour. There are

monuments to Allen, first Lord Bathurst, and his son, Lord Chancellor Bathurst ; here also is the metal framework of the hour-glass belonging to the pulpit from which the celebrated Bishop Bull used to preach.

Tewkesbury Abbey.

Tewkesbury, in the western part of Gloucestershire, and close to the borders of Worcestershire, is said to be of Saxon origin, and to derive its name from Theot, a Saxon, who founded an hermitage here in the seventh century. Early in the eighth century, two brothers, dukes of Mercia, founded a monastery, which, in the tenth century, became a cell to Cranbourne Abbey, in Dorsetshire. In the twelfth century, Robert Fitzhamon enlarged the buildings, and liberally endowed the institution, in consequence of which the monks of Cranbourne made Tewkesbury the chief seat of their establishment. At the Dissolution, the Abbey belonged to the Benedictines, and its annual revenue was 1598*l*.

On opening the tomb of the founder of the Abbey, the body of the Abbot was found arrayed in full canonicals, the crosier was perfect, while the body showed scarcely any symptoms of decay, although it had been entombed considerably above six hundred years. On exposure to the air, the boots alone of the Abbot were seen to sink ; when the tomb was ordered to be sealed up, and his holiness again committed to his darkness.

A great battle was fought on the 4th of May, 1471, within half a mile of Tewkesbury, when the Lancastrians sustained a most disastrous defeat : the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Wenlock, Lord John Beaufort, nine knights, and upwards of 3000 men were slain ; Queen Margaret of Anjou, was taken prisoner by Edward IV. ; the young Prince Edward is stated, in a contemporary manuscript, to have been killed while flying from the field, and not to have been butchered in Edward's presence, as commonly reported ; the Duke of Somerset, Lord St. John, and about a dozen knights and esquires, were dragged from the church, where they had taken sanctuary, and beheaded May 6.

This battle was fought in a field, long after known as the *Bloody Meadow*. The chief glory of this well-fought field belonged to Richard Duke of Gloucester. At Tewkesbury he commanded the van, and was confronted with the Duke of Somerset, who had taken up so formidable a position, fenced by dykes and hedges, that to carry it seemed hopeless. After a feigned attack and short conflict, Gloucester drew back as if to retreat. Somerset, rash and impetuous,

was deceived by this manœuvre, and left his 'vantage ground, when Gloucester faced about, and fell upon the Lancastrians so furiously and unexpectedly that they were driven back in confusion to their intrenchments, which the pursuing force entered along with them. Lord Wenlock, who, by coming to their assistance with his division, might have beaten back Gloucester, never stirred; and Somerset no sooner regained his camp than riding up to his recreant friend, he denounced him as a traitor and coward, and stopped recrimination and remonstrance by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe.—(*Edinburgh Review*, No. 234.)

In the stately Abbey church, obtained from the King, for the use of the parishioners, at the time of the Dissolution, was buried Brietric, King of Wessex; Norman Fitz-Hamon, Earl of Gloucester; Edward, son of Henry VI.; George Clarence, brother of Edward IV.; and his wife, Isabel, daughter of the king-making Earl of Warwick. The church is in the Early Norman style, and has a central tower. The roof is finely groined and carved. There are several ancient chantry chapels in the east end of the choir, which is hexagonal. Some of the monuments are in memory of persons who fell at the battle of Tewkesbury.

Tewkesbury retains but few features of its ancient house-fronts. The place was famous very early for its mustard: Shakspeare speaks only of its thickness, but others have celebrated its pungency.

"His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard."

2 Henry IV.

The people appear of the downright sort, for we read in an old work, "If he be of the right stamp, and a true Tewksbury man, he is a choleric gentleman, and will bear no coals."

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Monmouth Castle.

Monmouthshire formed a portion of the territories of the Silures, a warlike people, who were the last to yield to the Roman armies. Subsequently, Monmouthshire comprehended part of Gwent, whose people inherited the courage of their Silurian ancestors, and kept the Anglo-Saxons at bay. In Norman times this border county was included in the Marches, lands holden by the Barons, with full power to administer justice; but its feudal possessors were compelled to build or strengthen at least twenty-five Castles for their safety, the ruins of which nearly all remain; and when the government of the Lord Marchers was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII., Monmouthshire was dis-severed from Wales.

Monmouth was successively a British if not a Roman station; a Saxon fortress, to restrain the inroads of the Welsh; and a Norman walled town: four gates, the moat, and portions of the walls existed temp. Henry VIII. Now the Welsh gate, on Monnow bridge, most perfect and interesting, is nearly the sole relic; a portion of the English gate exists. The ruins of the Castle stand on the site of the British fort. The fortress is said by Camden to have been built by John of Monmouth, in the reign of Henry III.; although in Domesday Book, a Castle at Monmouth is mentioned to have been then held for the King by William Fitz-Baderon. It was the favourite residence of John of Gaunt, and of his son, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV.; and the birthplace, in 1387, of Henry V., who was thence called Harry of Monmouth. Tradition points to the spot, part of an upper storey in ruins; a wooden oblong chest, swinging by links of iron, between two standards, surmounted by two ornamental birds, is commonly said to have been the cradle of Henry V., whereas it was the cradle of Edward II. It is shown at Troy House, half a mile from Monmouth, with the armour which Henry wore at the battle of Agincourt.

The Castle of Monmouth, as parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, was inherited by Henry VI. Edward IV., in the fifth year of his reign,

granted it to William, Lord Herbert, who afterwards became Earl of Pembroke; but it again reverted to the Crown, and was possessed by Henry VII., and several of his successors. At what time it was alienated from the Duchy of Lancaster and became private property, has not been precisely ascertained. The Duke of Beaufort is the present proprietor.

St. Mary's Church, Monmouth, is a relic of a Benedictine Priory, founded in the reign of Henry I., part of which, known by the name of Geoffry of Monmouth's House, or Study, is shown. Geoffry, who wrote a celebrated History of Britain, was created Archdeacon of Monmouth, A.D. 1251, and afterwards became Bishop of St. Asaph.

Chepstow Castle.

This noble fortress rises from a rock overhanging the Wye; the other parts were defended by a moat, and consist of massive walls, flanked with lofty towers. The grand entrance is a circular arch between two round towers, in the best style of Norman military architecture. The first court contains the shells of the great hall, kitchens, and numerous apartments retaining vestiges of baronial splendour. Then, passing through the garden-court, you enter that which contains the chapel, a very elegant structure. The western gateway was formerly strengthened by three portcullises, and separated by a draw-bridge from the main structure.

The Castle was originally founded by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, almost immediately after the Conquest, as that nobleman was killed in 1070. Soon after, his third son, Roger de Britolio, was deprived of his estates, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, of which Dugdale relates: "Though he frequently used many scornful expressions towards the King, yet was the King pleased with the celebration of the Feast of Easter, in a solemn manner, as was then usual, to send to this Earl Roger, at that time in prison, his royal robes, who so disdained the favour, that he forthwith caused a great fire to be made, and the mantle, the inner surcoat of silk, and the upper garment, lined with precious furs, to be suddenly burnt; which, being made known to the King, he became not a little displeased, and said: 'Certainly, he is a very proud man who hath thus abused me; but (adding an oath) by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison as long as I live!' This Roger died in prison, and his estates being forfeited, Chepstow Castle was transferred to the powerful family of

Clare, one of whom, Walter de Clare, founded the neighbouring Abbey of Tintern. Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, succeeded to the possession of this fortress in 1148. The Castle is now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort, whose ancestor, Sir Charles Somerset, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, whose grandfather, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, possessed the Castle and Manor of Chepstow by purchase.

The history of the Castle during the Civil War is stirring. Cromwell was repulsed here by a gallant Royalist officer, Sir Nicholas Kemys, who had a garrison of only 100 men. He then left Colonel Ewer, with a large force, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison defended themselves valiantly until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat, which they had provided for that purpose. A soldier of the Parliamentary army, however, swam across the river with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The fortress was at length forced, and Sir Nicholas Kemys, with 40 men, were slain in the assault.

The interest of this border fortress centres in the keep, in which Henry Marten, the regicide, was confined twenty years, and where he died in 1680, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was not immured in a cell, but with his wife had comfortable lodgings here, and made excursions and visits in the neighbourhood. Marten rejected Christianity, and added insult to hatred of loyalty. "He forced open a great iron chest (says Anthony Wood) within the college of Westminster, and thence took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre, belonging anciently to King Edward the Confessor, and used by all our Kings at their inaugurations, and with a scorn greater than his lusts, and the rest of his vices, he openly declared that there should be no longer any use of these toys and trifles; and in the jollity of that humour he invested George Wither, a Puritan satirist, in the royal habiliments; who being crowned and royally arrayed (as well right became him) did forthwith march about the room in a stately garb, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred raiments to contempt and laughter."

Marten was a member of the High Court of Justice; regularly attended the trial of Charles I.; was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the warrant of death. At the Restoration he surrendered, and was tried at the Old Bailey, as one of the Regicides. He was found guilty, but was respited, and ultimately received a reprieve, on condition of perpetual imprisonment. He was first confined

in the Tower, but was soon removed to Chepstow; in both which places he was treated with great lenity.

He was buried in the chancel of Chepstow Church; but one of the vicars of the parish, deeming it improper that the remains of the Regicide should be so near the altar, caused them to be removed to the south aisle. This aisle was subsequently destroyed, and the stone that covered his grave is now to be seen, on entering the church, in the first bay eastward of the tower, which is separated from the rest of the edifice, and used as a vestry-room. The inscription is:—

“ Here, September the 9th, in the year of our Lord 1680,
Was buried a true Englishman,
Who in Berkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But living immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear,

HIS EPITAPH.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me),
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostly dust;
N one knows how soon to be by fire set free.
R eader, if you an oft-try'd rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you must.
M y time was spent in serving you, and you
A nd death's my pay (it seems), and welcome, too;
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to the eye; care, then (mine says),
N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

Aged 78 years.

“ N.B.—The stone with the above original inscription being broken, and the letters obliterated; in order to perpetuate to posterity the event of the burial of the above Henry Marten, who sat as one of the Judges on King Charles, and died in his imprisonment in the castle of this town, a new stone was laid down in the year 1812.

“ GEORGE SMITH, }
“ WILLIAM MORRIS, } Churchwardens.”

Southey wrote an inscription for the room in which Marten the *Regicide* was imprisoned: it was admirably parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin*, in one “ for the cell of Newgate, in which Mrs. Brownrigg, the *Prenticide* was immured.” This savours of the humour of ‘the Doctor,’ for Brownrigg was hung, and Martin was reprieved.

South of Chepstow is CALDECOTE CASTLE, a magnificent stronghold, chiefly Norman, but with some Saxon work. Its history is obscure; but it was long in the hands of the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. Camden terms it “ a shell belonging to the Constables of England,” by whom it was held by the service of that office. It now

belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. The general design is oblong; round towers strengthen the angles; the entrance is grand; the baronial hall, keep, and other ruined structures, distinguish the interior. (See Cliff's excellent *Book of South Wales*).

Tintern Abbey.

These celebrated ruins are situated on the right bank of the Wye, about nine miles below Monmouth. The roof and tower have fallen, but the greater part of the rest of the Abbey is in tolerable preservation. Its style is a transition from Early English to Decorated, so that in beauty of composition and delicacy of execution, it yields to few edifices in the kingdom. Tintern was built on the spot where Theodoric, King of Glamorgan, was killed whilst fighting under the banner of the Cross against the Pagan Saxons, in the year 600. The Abbey was founded in 1131 for Cistercian monks, by Walter de Clare. The building of the church was commenced by Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, who bestowed great wealth on the foundation: the Abbot and monks first celebrated mass within it in 1268. The site was granted in the 28th Henry VIII., to Henry, the second Earl of Worcester, and the whole is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1847, in making an excavation in an orchard adjoining the Abbey, were discovered the remains of the Hospitium or smaller convent, in which the monks were wont to entertain strangers and travellers of their order, who, passing thence through the cloisters, entered on the more solemn duties of the Abbey; its extent suggests the scale of liberality at this once splendid monastic pile.

Tintern has ever been a favoured locality with poets and visitors of a poetic turn of mind. Wordsworth's lines, written a few miles above Tintern on revisiting the banks of the Wye, are a fine example of the poet's rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor, and exemplifying the author's doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight, is one of profound emotion, as well as profound composure; or, as Coleridge has expressed himself—

“ Deep self-possession, an intense repose.”

In Wordsworth's “ Lines ” he attributes to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of

daily life, and describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. "The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts."—(*Quarterly Review*, 1834.) How touchingly beautiful and how true are these lines:

" Though absent long,
 These forms of beauty have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love."

This digression may be pardoned in a work like the present, which seeks, though with conscious humility, to impart the holier influence of the beautiful scenes and objects which it describes.

Llanthony Abbey.

At the foot of the Black Mountain, in the vale of Ewias, are seen the ruins of this famous religious house, of which a Monk early in the thirteenth century wrote as follows: "There stands in a deep valley a conventual church, situated to promote true religion, beyond almost all the churches in England; quiet for contemplation, and retired for conversation with the Almighty; here the sorrowful complaints of the oppressed do not disquiet, nor the mad contentions of the froward do not disturb, but a calm peace and perfect charity invite to holy religion and banish discord." The tradition of its foundation runs thus: St. David, uncle of King Arthur, and titular Saint of Wales, finding a solitary place among woods and rocks, built a small chapel on the banks of the little river Honddy, and passed many years in this hermitage, where—

" He did only drink what crystal Honddney yields,
 And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields,
 In memory of whom in the revolving year,
 The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear."

Drayton.

On St. David's death it remained for centuries unfrequented. This chapel was called *Llan Derwi Nant Honddu*, which means the Church of David on the Honddy, and of which the present name is only a corruption. In the reign of William Rufus, Hugh de Laci, a great Norman baron, once followed the deer into this valley, and one of his retainers, named William, wearied with the chase, threw himself down on the grass to rest. Espying the remains of the old chapel, and suddenly urged by the impulse of religious feeling, he instantly devoted himself to the service of God. He laid aside his belt, and girded himself with a rope; instead of fine linen, he put on hair-cloth, and instead of his soldier's robe, he loaded himself with weighty irons. The suit of armour which before defended him from the darts of his enemies, he still wore, as a garment to harden him against the temptations of Satan; and he continued to wear it, till it was worn out with rust and age. This man's reputation for sanctity led to the foundation of a priory; and large donations in money and lands were repeatedly offered, but were declined; the hermits choosing, as they said, to live poor in the house of God. The resolution was at length overcome, if we may believe the tradition, in rather a whimsical manner. Maud, Queen of Henry I., once desired permission to put her hand into William's bosom, and when he, with great modesty, permitted her, she conveyed a large purse of gold between his coarse shirt and iron boddice. The spell of poverty being thus once broken, riches poured in from every side, and a more magnificent church was built.

But peace and contemplation did not long dwell in Llanthony. A Welshman sought refuge in the sacred asylum, and was followed by his enemies. The monastery was speedily converted into a rendezvous of lawless men and women. "In this distress," says the Monk, "what could the soldiers of Christ do? They are encompassed without by the weapons of their enemies, and frights are within; they cannot procure food, nor perform their religious office with reverence." In this emergency they applied to Betun, Bishop of Hereford, who was their Prior. He invited them to Hereford, resigned his palace to them for two years, and maintained all who quitted the convent. His good offices then procured for them a spot of ground called Hyde, near Gloucester, where they built a church, and establishing themselves on the spot as a temporary residence, called it Llanthony. The ruins are visible there now.

The house was to be only a cell to the Abbey in Monmouthshire, whither the monks were bound to return on the restoration of peace; but by many large endowments, this Llanthony the Second rose in

opulence and splendour; the monks, courted by the great, and living in every kind of ease and luxury, forgot their original tabernacle in the wilderness; they not only refused to return, but claimed for the daughter pre-eminence over the mother-church. The few who continued to reside in this valley were oppressed and pillaged. The Monk thus pours forth his doleful complaints: "When the storm subsided, and peace was restored, then did the sons of Llanthony tear up the bonds of their mother-church, and refuse to serve God, as their duty required; for they used to say there was much difference between the city of Gloucester and the wild rocks of Hartyvel (a range of mountains near the parent monastery); between the rich Severn and the brook Honddy; between the wealthy English and the beggarly Welsh. *There* fertile meadows, *here* barren heaths. I have heard it said, and I partly believe it (I hope it did not proceed from the rancour of their hearts), they wished every stone of this ancient foundation a stout hare. They have usurped, and lavished, all the revenues of the church; *there* they have built lofty and stately offices, *here* they have suffered our venerable buildings to fall to ruin. And to avoid the scandal of deserting an ancient monastery, they send hither their old and useless members. They permitted the monastery to be reduced to such poverty, that the friars were without surplices. Sometimes one day's bread must serve for two, while the monks of Gloucester enjoyed superfluities. If our remonstrances, which availed nothing, were repeated, they replied, 'Who would go and sing to the wolves? Do the whelps of wolves delight in loud music?' They even made sport, and when any person was sent hither, would ask, 'What fault has he committed? Why is he sent to prison?' Thus was the mistress and mother-house called a dungeon and a place of banishment for criminals." The Monk proceeds to lament that the library was despoiled of its books; the muniment-room of its deeds and charters; the silk vestments and relics embroidered with silver and gold were taken away; the treasury was spoiled of its precious goods. Whatever was valuable or ornamental, even the bells, notwithstanding their great weight, were carried off without the smallest opposition to Gloucester.

The desolate state of the Abbey induced King Edward IV. to unite the two houses by charter, making the church of Gloucester the principal, and obliging the monks to maintain a Prior and four canons in the original monastery. Whether this ever was carried into effect is uncertain. At the Dissolution of monasteries, the two were valued separately; the mother church, in the valley of Ewias, being only one-ninth part of the monastery at Gloucester.

The form of the Church of Llanthony was that of a Roman cross. At the Dissolution, the Church and manor were granted to Richard Arnold, in whose family they remained until Queen Anne's reign, when the property passed into the hands of the Oxford family, who retained it until Mr. Walter Savage Landor became the possessor. Part of the old Priory is converted into a romantic inn.

In addition to Tintern and Llanthony, Tanner mentions the following religious houses in Monmouthshire :

Abergavenny.—A Priory, which remained until the general Suppression.

Bassaleg.—A Benedictine Priory.

Caerleon.—A Cistercian Abbot and monks.

Goldcliff.—A Priory, founded in 1173, and afterwards united to Tewkesbury. It was granted to Eton College in the 29th of Henry VI. The college was deprived of it, but subsequently regained possession.

Gracedieu.—A small Cistercian Abbey.

St. Kynemark, or Kinmercy.—A Priory in existence before A.D. 1291.

Lankywan, or Llangwin.—Near Grosmont, a cell of Black Monks, subordinate to the Abbey of Lara, in Normandy.

Llanturnam.—A Cistercian Abbey.

Malpas.—Near Caerleon, a cell of Cluniac Monks, to the Priory of Montacute, in Somersetshire.

Monmouth.—A Priory of Black Monks, who came from Anjou in the reign of Henry I.; also, two Hospitals, one dedicated to St. John, the other to the Holy Trinity.

Newport.—Situated "by the key, beneath the bridge," was a house, probably of Friar Preachers, for such was granted in the 35th of Henry VIII.

Strigil.—An alien Priory of Benedictines to the Abbey of Corneilles in Normandy.

Usk.—An old Hospital and a Priory.

Ragland Castle.

Ragland Castle is situated about eight miles from Monmouth, near the road thence to Abergavenny : it gives name to one of the hundreds of the county, and the dignity of a baron to the honours of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, he being styled Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Lord of Ragland, Chepstow, and Gower.

This edifice, which, when in its splendour, was reckoned one of the finest in England, stands on a hill called, before the Castle was built, *Twyn-y-ciros*, which in Welsh signifies the Cherry Hill. The space of ground within the castle walls measured four acres two roods and one perch. Grose observes, that "this Castle is of no great antiquity; its foundations are said to have been laid about the time of Henry the Seventh (1485-1509)." Leland thus describes it:—"Ragland, yn middle Venseland, ys a fair and pleasant castel, eight miles from Chepstow and seven from Bergavenny, the towne by ys bare, there lye to goodly parkes adjacent to the castel." And in another place, "Morgan told me that one of the laste Lord Herbertes builded al the beste coffes of the castel of Ragland." Camden calls it "a fair house of the Earl of Worcester's, built castle ways." We know not on what authority Grose fixes so late a date as the reign of Henry VII., since Mr. Collins informs us, in the "Pedigree of Herbert," that Sir John Morley, Knt. Lord of Ragland Castle, resided here in the reign of Richard II. Mr. Jones says it was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury. Sir W. Thomas lived in the reign of Henry V., and was present with the king at the memorable battle of Agincourt, in defending whom, in company with Sir David Gam, he lost his life, his Majesty bestowing on him the honour of knighthood before he died. The Earl of Pembroke was beheaded in the 8th of Edward IV., 1469, so that both these testimonies contradict the above assertion.

In walking round this Castle every part of it may be distinctly traced, and its purposes immediately applied. In a direct line with the fortress were three gates: the first of brick, from which, at the distance of 180 feet, by the ascent of many steps, was the White gate, built of squared stones. At some distance, on the left side, stands the Tower Melin y Gwent, (the Yellow Tower of Gwent) which, for height, strength and neatness, surpassed most, if not every other tower in England or Wales. It was six-sided; the walls were ten feet thick, of square stones, in height five storeys, commanding a delightful view of the surrounding country. Its battlements being but eight inches thick, were soon broken by the shot of eight guns; but the tower itself received little or no damage from bullets of eighteen and twenty pounds weight, at the rate of sixty shots a day.

This tower was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, encompassed about with an out-wall, with six arched turrets with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining to a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial waterwork, which spouted up

water to the height of the Castle. Next to it was a pleasant walk, set forth with several figures of the Roman emperors, in shell-work. The Castle gate has a square tower on each side, with battlements. Within this gate was the pitched stone court, on the right hand side of which was the Closet Tower. Straight-forward was the way to the kitchen tower of six outsides. About the middle of this was the passage into the stately hall, sixty-six feet long and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof, built of Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top for light. The parlour was noted for the fair inside wainscots and curiously carved figures. There was a gallery, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many beautiful windows.

In a large court was a marble fountain, called the White Horse, continually running with clear water. Thence through a fine gate, under a large square tower, over a bridge, is the way to the bowling-green, much admired for its prospect westward by King Charles I., who visited this Castle several times. The park was planted thick with oaks and large beech trees, and richly stocked with deer.

This Castle was a garrison from the beginning of the Civil War, and kept by the Earl at his own charge. When created a Marquis, in 1642, he raised an army of 1500 foot and 500 horse, which he placed under the command of his son, the second Marquis, the discoverer of the steam-engine. Charles sought a refuge here in July, 1645, after the disastrous battle of Naseby, and remained until the 15th of September. The Castle being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief (being one of the last garrisons), it was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax on the 19th day of August, 1646. Fairfax's lieutenant, when he summoned the garrison to surrender in June, 1646, wrote thus:—"His Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, having now finished his work over the Kingdom, *except this castle*, has been pleased to spare his forces for this work." The Marquis, then 85, in reply stoutly said, that he "made choice (if it soe pleased God) rather to dye nobly than to live with infamy." The siege lasted from the 3rd of June until the 19th of August, when a capitulation was effected on honourable terms. The Marquis and his followers marched sorrowfully out, the former proceeding to London, where contrary to the articles of surrender, he was seized and imprisoned. His health failed, and shortly before his death, at the age of 86, when informed that Parliament would permit him to be buried in the family vault in Windsor Chapel, he cried out cheerfully, "Why, God bless us all, why then I shall have a better castle when I am dead than they took from me whilst I was alive." Afterwards, the woods in the three parks were destroyed; the lead and

timber were carried to Monmouth, and thence by water to Bristol, to rebuild the bridge there after the great fire. The lead alone that covered the Castle is stated to have been sold for 6000*l.*; the loss to the family in the house and woods was estimated at 100,000*l.*

The great tower, after tedious battering the top thereof with pick-axes, was undermined, and the weight of it propped with timber, whilst two sides of the six were cut through: the timber being burnt it fell down in a lump, and remains so to this day.

The artificial roof of the hall, as it could not well be taken down, remained whole twenty years after the siege. Above thirty vaults of all sorts of rooms and cellars, and three arched bridges, besides the tower bridge, are yet standing; but the most curious arch of the chapel and rooms above, with many others, are totally destroyed.

Many coins of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I., &c., have been found, but not one deserving preservation. Every reader of taste must regret the vandalism that destroyed the magnificent library at Ragland Castle, which was esteemed one of the finest in Europe.

In this Castle the second Marquis of Worcester, the inventor of the "Water-commanding Engine," (in which steam was employed as in our steam-engines,) pursued his experimental researches. In 1640, some rustics, in the interest of the Parliament, came to search the Castle for arms, from which, however they desisted; but the inventive Lord Herbert, afterwards Marquis, in the parley which ensued, "brought them over a high bridge that arched over the moat that was between the Castle and the great tower, wherein the Lord Herbert had newly contrived certain water-works, which, when the several engines and wheels were to be set a-going, much quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of the aqueducts was to be let down from the top of the high tower." These engines were set to work, and their noise and roar so frightened the Parliamentary searchers that they ran as fast as they could out of the grounds upon being told that "the lions had got loose." The position of these water-works, as described by a contemporary chaplain, exactly coincides with some remaining vestiges in the stonework of the Castle, the external wall of the keep, whereon are seen "certain strange mysterious grooves," on that side of the wall facing the moat, "which point like a hieroglyphic inscription to the precise place where once stood in active operation the first practical application in a primitive form of a means of employing steam as a mechanical agent." (*Mr. Dircks, C.E.*)

The Marquis died in London in 1667: his remains were interred in

Ragland Church, and he had expressed an intention that a model of his Water-commanding Engine should be buried with him; whether this was done is uncertain.

Abergavenny Castle.

Abergavenny, at the confluence of the Gavenny and merry Usk, (*Aber*, meaning confluence) is of Roman origin, and was, subsequently, a sort of Warder on the edge of the hill country. Owen Glendower burnt Abergavenny almost to ashes in 1403. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was "a fair waulled town;" the last, or Tudor's gate, was destroyed in our time. Churchyard the poet (1587) sings of "the most goodly towers" of the Castle; but as a ruin it is now uninteresting, hidden by ivy, and blended with a modern mansion, upon the site of the keep. It was long an important fortress, conferring a barony on its possessor by feudal tenure. It has been the scene of foul deeds. In 1172 Abergavenny Castle, under William de Braos, was taken by Sytsylt ap Dyferwald, a Welsh chieftain, but shortly afterwards restored to Braos, who invited Sytsylt and his son Geoffry to conclude a treaty of amity at this place, when they were both treacherously murdered. A similar act of sanguinary treachery had been before perpetrated within the same walls by William, son of Milo, Earl of Hereford. In 1215, the Castle was taken from the forces of King John by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. In the grounds is a celebrated avenue of Scotch firs, about a mile in length, but not more than 35 feet in width, and in some places only 10 feet.

Some miles east of Abergavenny, are situated the stately ruins of White or Llandillo Castle, a strong and important fortress in the early ages of English history. Grosmont, in the upper part of the romantic valley of the Monnow, exhibits a fine view of this ancient fortress.

Caerleon, a Roman and British City.

Caerleon, now an inconsiderable town, is stated to have once been the capital of Wales. It stands on the river Usk, in Monmouthshire, and was the Isca Silurum, one of the oldest Roman stations in Britain. It was the seat of an archbishop soon after the introduction of Christianity into this country. The remains of the former importance of the place are extremely scanty, and the chief part of the ancient city site is now occupied as fields and orchards. The site is impressive when

approached near sundown on a summer evening. Here, when the iron-hearted Roman became elegant and luxurious, he was wont to resort, and disport himself in the fair region of *Britannia Secunda*. It was a place of great note—"the City of the Legions." Giraldus Cambrensis, more than seven centuries after the Romans had left our island, gives this lively picture of Caerleon:—"Many remains of its former magnificence are still visible: splendid palaces, which once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the Roman princes, and adorned with stately edifices; a gigantic tower, numerous baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are partly standing. Here we still see, within and without the walls, subterranean buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted caverns; and, what appeared to me most remarkable, stoves, so excellently contrived as to diffuse their heat through secret and imperceptible pores."

There is altogether much to repay curiosity at Caerleon. There is the mound, 300 yards round at the base and 90 at the summit, on which stood "the gigantic tower;" ruins lie about it; the garden on which it stands is strewn with Roman antiquities. A space of ground, which it is believed was a Roman amphitheatre, may still be traced in the *Round Table* field. Its form is oval, 222 feet by 192. In the last century stone seats were discovered on opening the sides of the concavity, but they are now covered with turf. The walls near the amphitheatre are the most remarkable: none now exceed 13 feet high, but their thickness extends to 12 feet. The shape of the fortress is oblong; three of the sides are straight, the fourth curvilinear; they inclose a circumference of 1800 yards, with corners rounded, like most of the Roman stations in Britain. The mound is supposed to have been greatly enlarged by the Normans, who built here a fortress, the ruins of which were about 40 feet high in the middle of the last century.

Amongst the other features of Caerleon are the remains of the Castle, overhanging the Usk; ruins near the bridge, and a round tower. Many of the houses in the village are partly built with Roman bricks; the market-place is supported by four Tuscan columns—grim memorials of the ancient conqueror. About half way between Caerleon and Usk, in Tredonnec church, is a Roman inscription to the memory of a soldier of the second Augustan legion.

After the departure of the Romans, Caerleon became a British city—the capital of Gwent land—in the sixth century, one of the abodes of King Arthur.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Isle of Athelney and King Alfred's Monastery.

The Isle of Athelney, though it has ceased to be applicable, is retained by a rising ground in the county of Somerset; bounded on the south-east by the river Tune (a tributary of the Parret), over which is a wooden bridge, still called Athelney bridge. The whole "island" contains about 100 acres, and in 1791, formed a compact farm.

This spot was anciently surrounded by almost impassable marshes, and acquired celebrity as the place in which the great Alfred found temporary shelter while the Danes overran Wessex; and in his seclusion here, the sacred book which Alfred read—a selection from the Psalms, with the daily prayers, according to the ancient usage of the Church, and which he always treasured in his bosom—afforded him constant comfort and support.

Athelney is thus described by William of Malmesbury: "Athelney is not an island of the sea, but is so inaccessible on account of bogs and the inundations of the lakes, that it cannot be got to but in a boat. It has a very large wood of alders, which harbours stags, wild goats, and many beasts of that kind. The firm land, which is only two acres in breadth, contains a little monastery, and dwellings for monks. Its founder was King Alfred."

Sir John Spelman's account of it is nearly similar, except that he states, in the height of summer it could be reached by a man on foot. Here, he adds, the King made himself a secure hold or receptacle, from whence, issuing secretly, he often made sallies out upon the Danes. The Abbey appears to have been founded in 878 or 888. The buildings, judging from parts of them discovered at different times, are supposed to have been very magnificent. The conventual church was partly rebuilt in 1321; but not a vestige of the whole now remains, and the field on which the Abbey stood has been converted into tillage.

On the island is a stone pillar, inclosed by an iron railing, designed to point the traveller's eye to the spot so closely associated with Alfred's earliest historical studies—with the burnt cakes, the angry housewife, and the castigated King. The pillar bears the following inscription:—

“King Alfred the Great, in the year of our Lord 879, having been defeated by the Danes, fled for refuge to the forest of Athelney, where he lay concealed from his enemies for the space of a whole year. He soon after regained possession of his throne, and in grateful remembrance of the protection he had received, under the favour of Heaven, he erected a monastery on this spot, and endowed it with all the lands contained in the Isle of Athelney. To perpetuate the memorial of so remarkable an incident in the life of that illustrious prince, this edifice was founded by John Slade, Esq., of Marnsell, the proprietor of Athelney, and Lord of the Manor of North Petherton, A.D. 1801.”

The Tradition of Stanton Drew.

At the little village of Stanton Drew, in the county of Somerset, about seven miles east of the road between Bristol and Wells, stands a well-known Druidical monument, which, in the opinion of Dr. Stukeley, is more ancient than that at Abury. It consists of four groups of stones, forming (or rather having formed when complete) two circles, and two other figures, one an ellipse. Although the largest stones are much inferior in their dimensions to those at Stonehenge and Abury, they are by no means contemptible, some of them being nine feet in height, and twenty-two feet in girth. There is a curious tradition, very prevalent among the country-people, respecting the origin of these remains, which they designate the “Evil Wedding,” for the following good and substantial reasons:—Many hundred years ago (on a Saturday evening), a newly-married couple, with their relatives and friends, met on the spot now covered by these ruins, to celebrate their nuptials. Here they feasted and danced right merrily until the clock tolled the hour of midnight, when the piper (a pious man) refused to play any longer. This was much against the wish of the guests, and so exasperated the bride (who was fond of dancing) that she swore with an oath she would not be baulked of her enjoyment by a beggarly piper, but would find a substitute, if she went to the infernal regions to fetch one. She had scarcely uttered these words, when a venerable old man, with a long beard, made his appearance, and having listened to their request, proffered his services, which were right gladly accepted. The old gentleman (who was no other than the Arch-fiend himself) having taken the seat vacated by the godly piper, commenced playing a slow and solemn air, which, on the guests remonstrating, he changed into one more lively and rapid. The company now began to dance, but soon found themselves

impelled round the performer so rapidly and mysteriously, that they would all fain have rested. But when they essayed to retire, they found, to their consternation, that they were moving faster and faster round their diabolical musician, who had now resumed his original shape.

Their cries for mercy were unheeded, until the first glimmering of day warned the fiend that he must depart. With such rapidity had they moved, that the gay and sportive assembly were now reduced to a ghastly troop of skeletons. "I leave you," said the fiend, "a monument of my power and your wickedness, to the end of time;" which saying, he vanished. The villagers, on rising in the morning, found the meadow strewn with large pieces of stone, and the pious piper lying under a hedge half dead with fright, he having been a witness of the whole transaction.—(*Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 3.)

On the object and purpose of these stone circles and avenues other explanations have been offered. At the meeting of the Sussex Archæological Society, in 1869, Mr. W. Long, the president, submitted whether we may not reasonably assign their origin to Phœnician influence reaching these shores through that energetic maritime people, the Veneti, who inhabited a portion of the coasts of Armorican Gaul; who were still carrying on a brisk trade with Britain in the time of Cæsar; and in whose district were the remarkable stone structures of Karnac and its neighbourhood. The traces of the Belgic occupation of this district are to be seen in the camps, barrows, circles, hut circles, trackways, and cattle enclosures which abound on the Mendip and neighbouring hills. It is probable that, although the use of bronze, both in the East and on the Continent of Europe, had prevailed for a considerable previous period, the Belgic race was the first which introduced the bronze age into Britain. Even in the time of Cæsar, bronze was an imported article; and it is not likely that the Phœnicians, if they found it to their advantage to have settlements on these coasts, would allow the native population to possess any weapons of a more formidable character than their sling stones and arrow-heads of flint.

Bath Abbey.

Bath, the chief city of Somersetshire, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, in its name implies the circumstance to which, from the earliest ages, it owes its importance, which has been exaggerated by fable. Bladud, a legendary King of England, is storied to have discovered the *waters* 800 years B.C., and to have built the city, and de-

dedicated its medicinal springs to Minerva; and "Bladud's Well" has passed into a proverb of sparkling inexhaustibility. Leaving fiction,—the Romans, passionately attached to the luxury which the hot springs of Bath afforded them, made it one of their principal stations, and in the country round Bath, and in the city, foundations of extensive buildings have been traced, with the remains of the baths, altars with inscriptions, tessellated pavements, ornamented bricks, urns, vases, lachrymatories, coins, &c. No city in England can produce such a collection of local Roman remains. During the time of the Romans, A.D. 444, the city extended 12,000 feet in length, 1150 in breadth, and was surrounded by a wall 9 feet thick, and 20 feet high.

A community of Religious existed here from the earliest ages of Christianity in Britain, who had their house near to the springs and baths. The Abbey of Bath was built by King Offa, about 775, and re-founded in 970, by King Edgar. The constitution of the Society underwent several changes, and at last the house and all its possessions, which were extensive and valuable, were surrendered to the Crown by William Holloway, the last Prior, June 29th, 1539. What is now called the Abbey Church was the church of this community, and was connected on the south side with the conventual dwellings. An older church having fallen into decay, the building of the present edifice was begun by Bishop Oliver King, in the reign of Henry VII., at the time of whose death it was unfinished, and continued to be so when the Priory was dissolved.

The monks of the Abbey of Bath, even to the time of the Reformation, were accustomed to show to visitors certain manuscripts which they affirmed to be the gift of King Athelstan. Two very ancient manuscripts, which there is the strongest reason to believe once belonged to him, are preserved among the Cottonian Manuscripts in the British Museum; one of them is supposed to be the very copy of the Gospels on which the Saxon kings took the oath at their coronation.

Bristol: its Monastery and Castle.

Bristol has been traced to upwards of forty etymological origins; but the only modes of writing the name that are material are Bristuit, and Bristow. The Rev. Dr. Shaw derives Bristol from the Celtic words, "bras," quick, rapid, or "braos," a gap, chasm, or rent, and "tiule," a stream; a derivation entitled to some credit. Chatterton derives Bristow from Brictric, the last King of Wessex, who died by

poison, A.D. 800, supposing it to have been originally called Brictricestow. Bristow, or a very similar name, prevailed from 1064 to 1204; and a Brictric was Lord of Bristol at the earlier of these two dates. Still, there is a more probable origin: the Saxon word "bric" signifies a break, a breach; and bric would thus be a literal translation of Odor; dropping then the British prefix "caer," and substituting the Saxon suffix "stow," we arrive at once at Bristow, retaining the name which is most descriptive of the locality, and obtaining pure Saxon in exchange for pure British. (*Penny Cyclopædia*.) The Romans obtained early possession of Bristol, and invested it with a wall and gates, which enclosed the area now the most central portion of the town. When Cerdic, A.D. 495, first carried the Saxon arms into Western England, Bristol formed part of the dominions of the princes of Cornwall. It is recorded that "a vast army of Sarazens (pagans), from Denmark, made an attack on Bristol with 30,000 men, in which they were so completely defeated that not five of them escaped." Upon the ruins of the ancient government was founded the Saxon kingdom of Mercia, of which Bristol is presumed to have been the frontier city, bordering upon the neighbouring Saxon state of Wessex, and divided from it by the Avon. Caer Odor had now become Bric-stow; and in 596, Iordan, the companion of Augustine, in his mission for the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, preached on the spot now called College Green, which subsequently became the site of the monastery, of great magnificence, built 1140-1148, according to the inscription on the tomb of the founder, Robert Fitzharding, the first Lord of Berkeley. It is also mentioned by Leland as the monastery of the Black Canons of St. Augustine, within the city walls. Fitzharding is by some represented as an opulent citizen of Bristol; but generally as a younger son or grandson of the King of Denmark, and as the youthful companion of Henry II., and who betaking himself from the sunshine of royal friendship, became a canon of the monastery he himself had founded. In this congenial solitude he died in 1170, aged 75. The Cathedral church is of the time of Edward I.; but the great gateway is round-arched, with rich mouldings in the Saxon taste; this gateway and the chapter-house are all that remains of the ancient monastery. It suffered at the Dissolution; but in the Civil Wars, the ruthless soldiery violated the tombs of the dead by every indignity and profanation.

To the early part of the Norman period, the addition of the second wall around the town is ascribed: probably it was built, together with the Castle, by Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, and of Exeter, in England, who followed the Conqueror to this country. The

fortress is not mentioned by name in Domesday Book, compiled 1086; and the first historical notice of it occurs on the death of William I., when it was fortified and held by Godfrey on behalf of Robert, the Conqueror's eldest son. On the final success of Rufus, Godfrey retired into Normandy. The town was charged with the maintenance of the Castle, and in Domesday Book there is recorded 2*s*. as the precise salary annually paid by the town to the Constable of the Castle for several subsequent reigns. To Robert the first (Norman) Earl of Gloucester, after the capture of Robert Duke of Normandy, Henry confided his unfortunate brother, whom the Earl sometime confined in the fortress at Bristol. On the death of Henry, Earl Robert maintained Bristol and its Castle on behalf of his sister, Maud, against the usurpation of Stephen. The edifice he is said to have built; but as a castle was certainly in existence, he probably enlarged its site and added to its defences only; and this he appears to have done most effectually, for under him it became one of the largest and strongest fortresses in the kingdom. It occupied about six acres of ground, and William Botoner, surnamed Wycestre, states that the walls were 25 feet thick at the base, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ at the top. Stephen was brought to this fortress after his capture at the battle of Lincoln, 1140, and kept prisoner until the following year, when he was exchanged for Earl Robert. He was succeeded by his son, Earl William. Henry II., on his accession (1154), took the towns, castles, &c., which belonged to the Crown, into his own hands; but twenty years elapsed before he obtained possession of the Castle of Bristol, when (1175) the Earl surrendered it into the King's hands, constituting the King's son his heir, Henry at the same time contracting for the marriage of his son John with Isabel, the Earl's daughter.

In 1241, in Bristol Castle, died the Princess Eleanor, commonly called "the damsell of Britain," after a confinement of forty years. In 1326 the Castle was besieged by the forces of Queen Isabella, and Spenser was compelled to an unconditional surrender. In 1461 Edward IV., at Bristol, in September, saw Sir Baldwin Fulford pass to execution; the subject of "The Bristowe Tragedy," by Chatterton, in "Rowley's Poems."

During the Civil War the sufferings of Bristol between the Royalists and Parliament were severe: under the latter, the sum of 3000*l*. per month was raised for the defence of the city and Castle. In the year 1646 the Castle was demolished by order of Parliament, their last and best act with regard to Bristol under the Commonwealth.

Dunster Castle and Priory.

At Dunster, a town twenty-one miles west-north-west of Taunton, the West Saxon Kings had a fortress during the period of the Heptarchy. It was called Torre (tower), by which name it appears in Domesday, where the manor is said to belong to William de Mohun, who had a Castle here. This fortress afterwards obtained the name of Dunne's Torre (tower on the downs), now Dunster. The Mohuns, Earls of Somerset, supported the Empress Maud against Stephen. In the reign of Edward III. the Castle passed by sale, on the failure of the male line of the Mohuns, to the Luttrell family. It was a military post of the Royalists in the Civil War of Charles I., and was taken by the Marquis of Hertford in 1643. In 1644-5, March 20, the Parliamentarians from Taunton went to Sir Hugh Windham's house at Saundle, and pillaged it, without even respecting the women, whose clothes they tore off their backs. Sir Hugh escaped at the back door, and sent word to Colonel Windham, Governor of Dunster Castle, who, with only thirty horse, instantly marched after them. He overtook them in a field near Nettlecombe, full 250 horse strong, and defeated them, taking five prisoners and fourteen horses, besides ammunition.

In 1644-5 the siege of Dunster Castle was raised. The Parliamentarians sent this message to the Governor: "If you will deliver up the Castle, you shall have fair quarter: if not, expect no mercy, your Mother shall be in front to receive the first fury of your cannon. We expect your answer." The Governor returned the following brave refusal: "If you doe what you threaten, you doe the most barbarous and villanous act [that] was ever done. My Mother I honour, but the cause I fight for, and the masters I serve, are God and the King. Mother doe you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and lett the rebells answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own, if I had enough for both my master and your selfe." His mother replied: "Sonne, I forgive thee, and pray God to bless thee for this brave resolution. If I live, I shall love thee the better for it: God's will be done." Lord Wentworth, Sir Richard Grenvill, and Colonel Webbe, however, came to their relief, rescued the mother, relieved the fortress, took 1000 prisoners, and put the whole army to the rout. The Castle is a building of the Elizabethan period and style, having behind a richly-wooded park.—(Tymms's *Family Topographer*.) It appears, however, that the Royalists were compelled to surrender. The celebrated William Prynne was imprisoned for seven months in Dunster Castle in 1650, for writing against Cromwell and his party.

There was formerly a Benedictine Priory here, founded by the Mohuns, a cell of the Abbey of St. Peter at Bath. Before the suppression of the Priory (which was adjacent to the church, and of which some remains still exist), in consequence of a dispute between the parishioners and the monks, the eastern part of the church was separated for the use of the latter, since whose time it has been neglected. The church, a fine spacious building of Perpendicular architecture, was built by Henry VII. in gratitude for the aid of the inhabitants at Bosworth Field. Collinson says that "most of the churches in this county exhibit fine specimens of the Florid Gothic, so prevalent in the reign of Henry VII.; which makes it probable that they were rebuilt by order of that Prince, in gratitude for their attachment to his house."

"Hobby-horsing" prevails in this county. On the 1st of May, a number of persons, carrying grotesque figures of men and horses, sufficiently large to hide them, perambulate the town, and then go to Dunster Castle, where they are hospitably regaled and receive a present in money.

Taunton Castle.

Taunton, an ancient town in the south-western part of Somersetshire, is inferred to have been of Roman origin, from coins and other antiquities found on the site. It was certainly a place of considerable importance in the Anglo-Saxon period; and in the eighth century a Castle was built here by Ina, King of the West Saxons, in which he held his first great council. The building was destroyed by his Queen in expelling one of the Kings of the South Saxons. Another Castle was built by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, *temp.* Henry I.; an embattled gateway, erected by Bishop Langton, about 1487, remains. In 1417 Thomas Chaucer, a distinguished statesman, and son of the poet, was Constable of the Castle. Perkin Warbeck held possession of the Castle and town for a short time; but hearing that King Henry VII. was approaching, he quitted his partisans near Taunton, and took sanctuary at Beaulieu; the monastery was surrounded; Warbeck surrendered on a promise of life; he was brought to Henry at Taunton, and then sent prisoner to London: he does not seem to have been treated as an impostor; on the contrary, he was manifestly used as a prisoner of rank; but he was at length tried and executed for high treason, although no record of the trial is known to exist.

In the Civil Wars, Taunton sustained a long siege under Colonel (afterwards Admiral) Blake, against 10,000 Royalist troops, until re-

lieved by Fairfax. Within the Castle gate is the Free Grammar School, large and ancient; and the county courts and offices are within an irregular quadrangle, consisting of the remains of the Castle.

The Famous Abbey of Glastonbury.

"Ye sacred piles and venerable towers,
That once adorn'd fair Avalonia's Isle,
Where moral virtues and religious powers
Inspir'd the Fathers e'en on death to smile.
But though destroyed by devastation's hand,
By fury guided, or outrageous zeal;
Your ruins now, majestically grand,
Bid solemn contemplation there to dwell."

The remains of the once magnificent Abbey of Glastonbury are invested with a high degree of interest from various circumstances. As ruins they are very picturesque; and it should be remembered that these fragments are the last reminiscences of an Abbey, which, according to tradition, was the earliest of its kind in England,—which in different ages of the Church afforded to some of the most learned and pious of the day a retreat and asylum while living, and a resting-place for their mortal remains when they were no more,—and which enjoying, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, the most patronage and revenue of any similar establishments in Europe, for centuries held a distinguished place in the ecclesiastical annals of Britain. But the paramount attraction of the place is the probability that on this very spot stood the first Christian church erected in this country.

The glory of first evangelising England has been confidently ascribed to various individuals, and amongst others to Joseph or Arimathæa, of whom the following legends are narrated. When St. Philip the Apostle, after the death of our blessed Saviour, was in Gaul, promulgating the doctrine of the Christian Religion, he was informed by certain refugees, that all those horrid superstitions which he had observed in the inhabitants of the country, and which he found so much labour and difficulty in overcoming, originated from a little island, at no great distance from the Continent, named Britain. Thither he immediately resolved to extend the influence of his precepts, and in the place of barbarous and bloody rites, long exercised by bigoted and besotted Druïds, to introduce the meek and gentle system of Christianity. Accordingly he dispatched twelve of his companions and followers, and appointed Joseph of Arimathæa, who had not long before

taken his Saviour from the Cross, to superintend the sacred embassy. Britain was wild and uncultivated, its inhabitants were rude and inimical to strangers; yet withal its King Arviragus could foster a few itinerants, whom he knew not how to hate, nor wished to love. In consideration of their hard and laborious journey, he disposed their habitation in a small island, then waste and untilld, and surrounded by bogs and morasses; assigning to each of the twelve a certain portion of land called a *hide*, sufficient for one family to live upon, and comprising in all a territory denominated to this day, "The Twelve Hides of Glaston."

This spot was at that early period called by the natives Yniswytryn, or the Glassy Island, either because its surface represented a *glasten*, or blue-green colour; or because it abounded with the herb called *glast*, or woad, with which they were used to colour their bodies. Here, according to the monastic annals, St. Joseph erected to *the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary*, of wattles and wreathed twigs, the first Christian oratory in England. In after-times the site received the fanciful name of Avalon, or the Isle of Apples, or the land where Avallon, a British chief, first pitched his residence. The Saxons finally called it Glastonbury.

These statements are, however, regarded as the fabrication of after-times. What connexion there could possibly have been between Joseph of Arimathæa and our island, and what could have given rise to the idea of his having been the first to preach the Gospel amongst us, it is difficult to conjecture. Nor, indeed, would it have been worthy of serious notice, if it had not been more than once made use of as a fact of some weight in the history of the English church. But it is curious that the English bishops, at the Council of Basil, in the year 1434, claimed precedence before those of Castile in Spain, on the ground of "Britaines conversion by Joseph of Arimathæa." And what is infinitely more extraordinary, even our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, and Archbishop Parker, ventured to claim Joseph as the first preacher of Christianity in England. The tradition that the first Christian church was erected at Glastonbury seems the more deserving of credit, because it was not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it *profitable* to advance a similar pretension, and especially to assume such titles as those conferred on Glastonbury—"the first ground of God," "the first ground of the saints in England," and "the rise and foundation of all religion in England." It may also be observed, by the way, that the description here given of the character of the sacred edifice, being formed of wattles and wreathed twigs, agrees

well with the general nature of the buildings in this country at that rude period.

Next, a more substantial structure was erected in the place of this humble and primitive chapel, then fallen into decay. This is described as having taken place under the auspices of two Christian missionaries, whom Eleutherius, the twelfth Bishop of Rome, is represented as having sent over to this country, at the request of King Lucius, to reillumine the expiring embers of Christianity in the land. Lucius seems to have reigned, if, indeed, there were such a British King, about the year 180. These missionaries are said to have built another oratory on the summit of the hill now called the Tor, and dedicated it to St. Michael the Archangel.

In the year 439, we are told that St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, visited the holy spot, and that he repaired the two chapels before erected. It is added also, that he disciplined the body of the clergy into something of a monastic society, and became himself the first Abbot. About the year 530, St. David, Archbishop of Menevia, accompanied by seven of his suffragan bishops, took a journey to Avalon, and expended large sums of money in adding to the buildings of the church. St. David was uncle of the renowned King Arthur, who in his time (A.D. 543) having been mortally wounded in the rebellion of his cousin Murdred, at the battle of Camlan, was carried to this Abbey, that he might prepare himself for his departure out of this life in the society of the Religious, and be interred amongst such a number of saints as had reposed there from the beginning of Christianity; accordingly, on his death, his body here found a peaceful grave.*

* The following account of the grave of Arthur, in the reign of Henry II., 640 years after he was buried, is taken from Camden's *Britannia*, as he gives it on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis, "an eye-witness." "When Henry II., King of England, had learned from the songs of the British bards, that Arthur, the most noble heroe of the Britains, whose courage had so often shatter'd the Saxons, was buried at Glassenbury between two pyramids, he order'd search to be made for the body; and they had scarce digg'd seven foot deep, but they light upon a cross'd stone (*cippus*), or a stone in the back part whereof was fastened a rude leaden *cross*, something broad. This being pulled out, appeared to have an inscription upon it, and under it, almost nine foot deep, they found a coffin made of hollow'd oak, wherein were deposited the bones of the famous Arhur. The letters have a sort of barbarous and Gothic appearance, and are a plain evidence of the barbarity of the age, which was so involved in a fatal sort of mist, that no one was found to celebrate the name of King Arthur. That strong bulwark of the British government may justly reckon this amongst his greatest misfortunes, that the age did not afford a panegyric equal to his virtues."

In the year 605, this establishment was formed into a still more regular society, by the famous St. Augustine, who was sent into England by Pope Gregory the Great, to convert the heathen Anglo-Saxons of Britain. Twenty-five years after this, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Rochester, resided in the monastery; and was a great benefactor to the edifice, which he considerably enlarged. He also built the old church with timber, and we are told, covered it without, from the top to the bottom, with lead.

Cebrie, Ceolwulph, Kenwalch, Kentwine, Cedwalla, and other Kings, in their day enriched the establishment with valuable lands and possessions. But when King Ina ascended the throne of the West Saxons, he excelled all his predecessors in his munificence. He, in the year 708, pulled down the old ruinous buildings of the monastery, rebuilt it in the most sumptuous and magnificent manner, and dedicated it to the honour of Christ and of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, "adorning the edifice with a costly chapel, garnished and plated over with two thousand six hundred and forty pounds' weight of silver, and sixty-four pounds' weight of gold," besides many rich and valuable ornaments. He also bestowed on the Abbey a royal charter, dated 725, exempting it from all regal exactions and services, such as military expeditions, and the building of bridges and citadels. Large grants of land accompanied these extraordinary privileges. The Bishop of Wells was to go once a year with his clergy to the mother church at Glastonbury, and sing the Litany there. King Ina, moreover, strictly forbids his subjects of every degree from entering the precincts of the Abbey for the purpose of "pleading, searching, plundering, commanding, or interdicting;" and it was further ordered that "whatever causes shall arise concerning murder, sacrilege, witchcraft, robbery, &c.; concerning ecclesiastical discipline, the ordination of clerks, or synodal conventions; let them without prejudice to any man be defined by the judgment of the Abbot and Monks; and whoever shall presume to violate this grant, let him know that, being eternally damned, he will punish in the infinite torment of devouring flames."

Succeeding monarchs withheld not their benefactions, but were zealous in ratifying, confirming, and adding to, the grants before made. In short, "Kings and Queens, not only of the West Saxons, but of other kingdoms of the Heptarchy, several archbishops and bishops, many dukes, and the nobility of both sexes, thought themselves happy in increasing the revenues of this venerable house, to obtain them a place of sepulture therein."

During the incursions of the Danes, the Abbey of Glastonbury did not escape the violence of these rapacious plunderers, but was deprived by them of much of its splendour, and was soon doomed to exhibit a most melancholy picture of ruin and distress. Happily, they were checked by the bravery of King Alfred; and on the elevation of Edmund to the throne, he restored this religious house to its ancient dignity. He appointed over it an Abbot, and permitted him to make free use of the royal treasury to rebuild the Abbey.

At the period of the Norman Conquest, however, the Abbey suffered a reverse of fortune: its Abbot, Egelnoth, one of the principal men of the nation, was for this reason deposed from his office, and carried over into Normandy by King William, who was jealous of his newly acquired subjects. The Abbey was deprived by the Conqueror of a very considerable portion of its endowments; but even after this spoliation its possessions were magnificent.

Soon after the Conquest, about the year 1101, an entirely new fabric was raised by Abbot Herlewin, who spent 480*l.* solely on the foundation. Henry de Blois, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, erected a belfry, chapter-house, and cloister. But, in the reign of Henry II., nearly the whole of the Abbey being consumed by fire, it was rebuilt with great expedition; and this appears to be the very building the remains of which now exist.

We gather from Leland that the church contained the monuments of King Arthur and Guinevera, his Queen; King Edmund the Elder, Edward de la Zouch, and others. It was the burial-place of several other Kings and great personages; as King Edgar, Edmund Ironside, Coel King of Great Britain, the father of Helen, mother to Constantine the Great; also of saints and holy men not a few, as St. Joseph of Arimathæa; St. Patrick, with two of his disciples; St. Idractus, with his seven companions, martyrs; St. David, St. Dunstan, Gildas the British historian, and several of the early Bishops.

Glastonbury surpassed in revenues all the Abbeyes in England, except Westminster, and exceeded in size all the cathedrals except Old Saint Paul's. Richard Whytyng was the last Abbot of Glastonbury. Upon the dissolution of the monastic establishments in 1540, this venerable person, refusing to surrender the Monastery, was condemned for high treason at Wells, drawn from that city to Glastonbury on a hurdle, and, despite his white hairs, hanged, with two of his monks, on the Tor Hill. His head was set upon the Abbey-gate, and the four quarters of his body sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. His apartment was a kind of well-disciplined court, where the sons of

noblemen and gentlemen were educated. In this manner he bred up nearly 200 pupils, besides others of a lower rank. His table, attendants, and officers were an honour to the nation. He is said to have entertained 500 persons of consideration at one time; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, weekly, all the poor of the country around were relieved by his peculiar charity.

From this date the noble monastery fell to decay. The foundation plot upon which this vast fabric and its immense range of offices were erected, included a space of not less than sixty acres, and was surrounded by a lofty stone wall. Of the great church and its five chapels there yet remain standing some walls, windows, pillars, and other fragments; besides the three large crypts, in which lay entombed the remains of many of the illustrious personages. Of the workmanship, sufficient remains in the arches of the windows to show that the edifice was in the best style of the later Norman. A little westward from the church stands the Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathæa, which has a large and handsome crypt, and is pretty entire; the arches of the windows are semicircular, and adorned with the lozenge, zigzag, and embattled mouldings; underneath are interlaced semicircular arches, springing from slender shafts, and ornamented with zigzag mouldings, and roses, crescents, and stars in the spandrels; the doors, north and south, elaborately enriched. Of the monastery there is left a fair edifice of stone, thought to be the Abbot's house. At some distance, amidst a heap of ruins, the Abbot's kitchen stands undemolished. Dr. Stukeley describes it as formed from an octagon, included in a square; four fireplaces fill the four angles, having chimneys over them in the flat part of the roof. Between these rises the arched octagonal pyramid, crowned with a double lantern, for the egress of the smoke. There are eight carved ribs within, which support the vaults; and eight funnels for letting out the steam through windows, within which, in a smaller pyramid, hung the bell to call the poor people to the adjacent almonry.

The origin of the kitchen, according to tradition, was this: King Henry VIII., having a dispute with one of the Abbots, threatened to burn his kitchen; when the latter said, he would build such an one that all the wood in the royal forests should not be sufficient to effect the purpose; indeed, he built a strong one. This story is more likely to be true of some other king; for, though this kitchen might be built since the Abbey, yet it appears of earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII.

Not far from hence stood the refectory, dormitory, and the great hall.

North-eastward of Glastonbury, on a very high hill (that on which Abbot Whytyng suffered), stands the Tor or Tower of St. Michael, probably erected in the fourteenth century, on the spot previously occupied by a more ancient building. It serves as a landmark to sailors in the Bristol Channel, and is seen in very clear weather to a very great distance in all directions.

On the south-west side of Glastonbury may be seen Weary-all Hill, which is supposed to have taken its name from a belief instilled into the minds of the ignorant in former days, that here St. Joseph and his companions sat down, *all weary* with their journey. From the stick also which stuck in the ground on that occasion, though then only a dry hawthorn staff, they say sprang the famous *Glastonbury Thorn*, which blossoms every year at Christmas. The tree, which was considered the original stock, had in the time of Queen Elizabeth, two trunks or bodies, when a Puritan exterminated one of them. The other, which was the size of a common man, was still an object of wonder and attraction; and the blossoms were esteemed such curiosities by the people of all nations, that the Bristol merchants made a traffic of them, in exporting them to foreign parts. In the Great Rebellion, during the time of Charles I., the remaining trunk of this tree was also cut down, but others derived from it then existed. Absurd as is the account of the origin of this Thorn, it is a fact that the shrub here flowers two or three months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas-day, o.s., whence it is conjectured to be at least a *variety* of the species which may have been originally introduced by some pilgrim from the East. A Correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* writes from Glastonbury, "The Popish legend about the staff of Joseph of Arimathæa I may be permitted to pass over in silence, and, therefore, come at once to the Thorn-tree now standing within the precincts of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury; for there can be no doubt that from this tree and its forefathers (the present one being of great age) all others had been propagated by budding or grafting. The most remarkable peculiarity of this tree, and in those descended from the same stock, is the time of flowering: it is now (December 31, 1832) in blossom; it will again blossom in the month of May, and from these latter flowers fruit will be produced."

Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, gives the following record of the flowering of the Glastonbury Thorn at Christmas: "Mr. Anthony Hinton, one of the officers of the Earl of Pembroke, did inoculate, not long before the late Civill Warres (ten yeares or more), a bud of Glastonbury Thorne, on a thorne at his farm-house, at Wilton, which blos-

soms at Christmas as the other did. My mother has had branches of them for a flower-pott several Christmasses, which I have seen. Elias Ashmole, Esq., in his notes upon *Theatrum Chymicum*, saies that in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a wallnutt tree that did putt out young leaves at Christmas, as doth the King's Oake in the New Forest. In Parham Park, in Suffolk (Mr. Boutele's) is a pretty ancient thorne that blossomes like that at Glastonbury; the people flock hither to see it on Christmas-day. But in the rode that leades from Worcester to Droitwiche is a blackthorne hedge at Claves, half a mile long or more, that blossoms about Christmas-day for a week or more together. The ground is called Longland. Dr. Ezerel Tong sayd that about Rumly-marsh, in Kent [Romney-marsh?] are thornes naturally like that at Glastonbury. The soldiers did cutt downe that near Glastonbury; the stump remaines."

There is yet another marvel to be noted of this interesting locality. At the foot of the lofty Tor, on the north side, rises the Blood or Chalice Well; and somewhat higher on the Hill, south-westward, rises another spring, both springs possessing mineral properties,—“strongly impregnated with iron and fixed air.” Holinshed says that, “King Arthur being wounded in battle, was brought to Glastonbury to be healed of his wounds by the healing waters of Glastonbury.” In a small tract, printed in 1805, we find several testimonials of cures by drinking these waters: they date from the year 1751: asthma and dropsy, scrofula and leprosy, are the diseases from which the patients were relieved or cured.

A few years since there was brought from Glastonbury a portion of an Easter Sepulchre, which, though barely half the base, is of considerable interest, not merely as a relic of the glorious old Abbey, but as a faithful delineation of the military habits of the early part of the fifteenth century; for to this period the sculpture must undoubtedly be referred. One of the two figures here remaining is seated on a bank, the other sleeps in a reclining posture on the ground, and supports his head on his right hand. Both wear high-pointed basinets, with large camails covering the chest and shoulders; the nether limbs are incased in cuissarts, and greaves or jambs, with long-toed sollerets, the genouilleres, or knee-plates, having very strongly-marked rims. Over the body-armour is belted a short plaited jupon, with the wide hanging sleeve so characteristic of the knightly costume of the era of our fifth Henry. The second soldier holds a spear and shield of oval form, once probably blazoned with some heraldic insignia. By the side of the sleeping figure is laid an axe, a novelty in such a situation. On the left arm,

and partly on the side of the reclining guard, is placed a right naked foot, and if it be that of the resuscitated Saviour, the effigy must have differed materially from others, and may perhaps have appeared as if descending from the ledge of the tomb. Slight traces of colour are seen on the imagery, and the ground is painted green, and powdered with little white flowers with red eyes, calling to mind one of the Good Friday ceremonies described by Naogeorgus :

" With tapers all the people come, and at the barriers stay,
There downe upon their knees they fall, and night and day they pray,
And violets and every kinde of floweres about the grave
They strow, and bring in all their giftes and presents that they have."*

In King's Weston Church is a chair which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey. It is of oak, with the back divided into two compartments : on one side is a shield bearing a crozier, and the initials R. W. [Richard Whiting, the last Abbot], and on the other a coat of arms. Horace Walpole possessed one at Strawberry Hill, which had the reputation of being a genuine relic of Glastonbury.

Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, constructed the very curious clock of Wells Cathedral : it has an astronomical dial, surmounted by small figures on horseback, representing knights at tilts and tournaments, who, by a movement of the machinery, are ludicrously hurried round in rapid circumvolutions.

The following Legend of Glastonbury is written in the Somerset dialect of the present time : it is not made up from books, but from the oral traditions once very prevalent, and possibly still so, in and near Glastonbury :

A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

" Who hath not hir'd of Avalon?
'Twas talk'd of much and long agon :—
The wonders of the *Holy thorn*,
The which, zoon Ater Christ was born,
Here a planted war by Arimathé,
Thie *Joseph* that com'd over sea,
And planted Christianity.
'Thà zà that whun a landed vust,
(Zieh plazen war in God's own trust)
A stuck his staff into the groun,
And over his shoulder lookin roun,
Whativer mid his lot beváll,
He cried aloud now, 'weary all !'
The staff het budded and het grew,
And at Christmas bloom'd the whol dâ droo.
And still het blooms at Christmas bright,
But best thà zà at dork midnight.

* Mr. Syer Cuming, F.S.A. : *Proc. British Archaeological Association*.

A pruf o' this, if pruf you will,
 Is voun in the name o' *Weary-all Hill!*
 Let tell *Pumparles* or lazy *Brue*
 That what is told is vor sertain true!"

This story of the *Holy Thorn* was a long time credited by the vulgar, and even yet survives among the credulous. That there is a species of the white thorn which blossoms about Christmas, is now so well known to naturalists as to excite very little, if any, surprise. The stories of Joseph of Arimathæa, of his staff, and his landing at Weary-all Hill, are equally absurd. There is, however, as already stated, a hill between Street and Glastonbury, called *Weary-all*. *Pumparles* is supposed to be a corruption of *Pons perilous*, that is, dangerous bridge, a bridge over the river *Brue*, near Weary-all Hill.

It may be added in defence of Glastonbury being called the *Island of Avalon*, with its *Tor Hill*, &c., that before the moors were drained and "tined in" (that is, divided into separate allotments) to the extent or completeness they now are, much of the low land about Glastonbury was, to a considerable extent, covered with water in the winter season, so as very probably to constitute it an island; indeed, within memory, many square miles of low land between Glastonbury and the sea were covered during the winter, for a time more or less long, with water.

In the latter half of the twelfth century, (writers disagree as to the year,) in digging a grave for an obscure monk in the Abbey of Glastonbury, the diggers came upon that of a stalwart man, in whose grave a yellow-haired woman lay sleeping her last sleep. Some words on the coffin of the male showed that it contained all that could die of King Arthur. Ten marks of wounds on his body were as good warrant of identity as the words. The mute companion was taken to be Guinevera. Malmesbury, before the remains were discovered, speaks of the King's burial at Glastonbury, and later writers allude to the discovery as a well-known fact. The find is suspected by some to have been a pious fraud for the greater glory of the monastery. Others think that the monks could not have forged a story that could be easily put to the proof at the very time.

WILTSHIRE.

Sarum Castle.

About a mile and a half north of Salisbury lie the earthworks of Old Sarum, generally regarded as the *Sorbiodunum* of the Romans; its name being derived from the Celtic words *sorbio*, dry, and *dun*, a city or fortress, leads to the conclusion that it was a British post. Sir R. C. Hoare describes it to have been a city of high note in the remotest periods by the several barrows near it; and its proximity to the two largest Druidical temples in England, namely, Stonehenge and Abury. The number of Roman roads which met at Old Sarum show that the place was occupied by the Romans. The entrenchments are formed upon a conical shaped hill, in two parts, circular or rather oval; the outer wall and ditch, and the keep or citadel. In digging the outer ditch, the workmen heaped the earth partly inside and partly outside, so that a lofty mound defended the approach to it; whilst a rampart, still more lofty, and surrounded by a wall 12 feet thick, and of proportional height, arose inside of it. This wall was strengthened by twelve towers, placed at intervals, and the entrances on the east and west sides were commanded by lunettes, or half moons. It is curious to observe that the very same species of outwork is still employed in fortification to command the entrances to citadels. The whole outer work is 1600 feet in diameter, and about 4800 in circumference. In the centre of this vast entrenchment was the citadel or keep, considerably higher than the rest of the city, and into which, the outwork being forced, the garrison and inhabitants might retire for safety. A well of immense depth supplied them with water; and the wall, also 12 feet thick, and inclosing 500 feet in diameter, and 1500 in circumference, would afford protection to a considerable multitude. Between the exterior wall and the citadel was built the city, of which the foundations can be traced; of the buildings, the towers, walls, and ancient cathedral, only two fragments remain—built of flint imbedded in rubble, and coated with masonry in square stones.

In the Saxon times, Sarum is frequently mentioned. Kenric, son of Cerdic, defeated the Britons in this neighbourhood, A.D., 552, and

established himself at Sarum; in 960, Edgar held a great Council here; and in 1003 the place was taken and burned by Sweyn, King of Denmark, who pillaged the city, and returned to his ships laden with wealth. In 1085 or 1086, William I., attended by his nobles, received at Sarum the homage of the principal landowners, who then became his vassals. In 1095, William II. held a great Council here; Henry I. held his Court and Council here; and in 1142, Sarum was taken by the Empress Maud. A castle or fortress here is mentioned as early as the time of Alfred, and may be regarded as the citadel.

The decline of Sarum originated in a disagreement between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of Sarum was entrusted with the keys of the fortress; but he fell into disgrace, and the King resumed the command of the Castle, and the military openly insulted the disgraced prelate and the clergy. New animosities increasing, the Empress Maud bestowed many gifts upon the cathedral, and added much land to its grants. Herbert, a subsequent Bishop of the See, attempted to remove the establishment; but this was done by his brother and successor, Richard Poor, about the year 1217, from which time many or most of the citizens also removed, and the rise of New Sarum (Salisbury) led to the decay of the older place, the inhabitants pulling down their dwellings, and with the materials constructing their new habitations. Old Sarum returned members to Parliament 23 Edward I. and again 34 Edward III., from which latter period it continued to return them until it was disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832.

Old Sarum used always to be quoted as one of the most flagrant examples of the absurdity of the old system. But till about 120 years ago, there was not even one inhabitant of Old Sarum; and it was puzzling at first how to reconcile this fact with the record of "contested elections" which occurred there in the reign of Charles II., and again in the reign of Queen Anne. Still, on examining the point one sees that these were cases rather of disputed returns than of contests in the modern sense. Not but what there were materials for even these. It did not follow in those days that because there were no residents, therefore there were no voters. And on the site of Old Sarum still flourished fourteen freeholders, who were likewise "burgage holders," and who met periodically under the "Election Elm" to choose their representatives in Parliament. Sarum *had* once been a place of great importance. Its castle was one of the chief barriers of the south-west against the incursions of the Welsh; and before the removal of its cathedral into the valley where it now stands, it must have been one of

the finest cities in the kingdom. But when no longer required as a military post, it is easy to see that its inaccessible position, on the summit of a very steep and very lofty hill, would soon lead to its desertion. As early as the reign of Henry VIII., the old town was in ruins, and not a single house in it inhabited. And we may suppose that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become just the bare mound that it is at present.

Bishop Seth Ward gave Aubrey a curious account of Old Sarum: he told him that the cathedral stood so high and "obnoxious to the weather," that when the wind blew, the priests could not be heard saying mass. But this was not the only inconvenience: the soldiers of the Castle and the priests could never agree; and, one day, when they had gone out of the fortress in procession, the soldiers kept them out all night, or longer. The Bishop was much troubled, and cheered them up, and told them he would accommodate them better; and he rode several times to the Lady Abbess at Wilton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground of her Ladyship to build a church and houses for the priests. The Bishop did not conclude about the land; and the Bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him, and brought him to or told him of Merrifield; she would have him build his church there, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great field or meadow, where New Sarum stands, and did belong to the Bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him. The first grant or diploma that ever King Henry III. signed was that for the building of Our Ladie's Church at Salisbury.

Wardour Castle.

The ancient Castle of Wardour, situate a short distance from Salisbury, was a baronial residence before the reign of Edward III., and was a possession of the Crown, until it came to Sir Thomas Arundel by gift of his father. Sir Thomas was created a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of Anne Boleyn; but, being convicted, *temp.* Edward VI., with Edward Duke of Somerset, with conspiring the murder of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, he was beheaded, 28 February, 1552. King Edward VI., in his Journal, states that Arundel was only condemned "after long controversy," the jury remaining near a day and a night shut up before they returned their verdict. Sir Thomas married Margaret, sister of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII. The most memorable event in the history of Wardour Castle took place in 1643, when it was besieged by Sir Edward

Hungerford and Edmund Ludlow. It was garrisoned by twenty-five men under the command of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, who, in the absence of her husband, made a gallant defence of five days, and surrendered on honourable terms. The learned and illustrious Chillingworth, the divine, was here when the Castle was taken. "The besiegers, however, violating the treaty, were dislodged by the determination of the noble proprietor, (Thomas, second Lord Arundel,) who directed, on his return, a mine to be sprung under the Castle, and thus sacrificed this noble and magnificent structure to his loyalty. His lordship died of wounds received at the battle of Lansdowne, 19 May, 1648." (Burke's *Peerage*.)

The ruins of the Castle remain to this day, a striking object in the surrounding scenery, and a sad memorial of civil war and the basest treachery. The noble family, however, had built a magnificent mansion on a gentle eminence adjoining; whence it rises to view in a picturesque manner from a thick grove: the new mansion, designed by Paine, is called Wardour House, where are a portrait of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, by Angelica Kauffmann; an exquisite carving in ivory, by Michael Angelo, of our Saviour on the Cross; the cross worn by Cardinal Pole; and the Grace Cup, or Wassail Bowl, brought from Glastonbury Abbey—of carved oak, and Saxon execution. Here is also the state bed in which Charles I. and II., and James II., lay when at Wardour. The chapel, fitted up for the Roman Catholic service, is very superb: near the altar is a monument to the memory of Lady Blanche and her husband.

Aubrey tells us, "Wardour Castle was very strongly built of freestone. I never saw it but when I was a youth; the day after part of it was blown up: and the mortar was so good that one of the little towers reclining on one side did hang together and not fall in peeces. It was called Wardour Castle from the conserving there the amunition of the West." Many of the old yews and hollies in the grounds were formerly cut into the forms of soldiers on guard.

The Castle and Abbey of Malmesbury.

The town of Malmesbury, on the north-western extremity of Wiltshire, was anciently rendered famous and flourishing by its Abbey, the most considerable monastic institution in the west of England, except that of Glastonbury. According to an anonymous history of Malmesbury Priory, compiled in the middle of the fourteenth century, and quoted by Leland, *temp.* Henry VIII., there was a town here with

a Castle, reputed to have been built by Dunwallo Malmutius, one of the British Kings, said to have reigned before the Roman invasion. The town was altogether destroyed by foreign invaders, but the Castle remained; and near its walls a Scottish monk, called Maildelph, who had been so plundered in his own country as to be induced to flee into England, established himself as a hermit, and afterwards founded a monastic community, which rose to the rank of a Benedictine Abbey. The chronicler gives to the Castle the British name of Bladon and the Saxon name of Ingleburn. He affirms that the neighbouring village had been the residence of Kings, both Pagan and Christian, but without distinguishing whether British or Saxon. This partly fabulous narrative may, perhaps, indicate that there were at Malmesbury, at a very ancient period, a Castle and a town. Maildelph founded his monastery in the seventh century, and from him the modern name Malmesbury, a corruption of Maildelphsbury, appears to have originated. It is probable that the Abbey suffered from the Danish invasions in the ninth and the tenth centuries, when the town was twice burnt; but it recovered; and being enriched by lands and rendered venerable by relics, became a most important monastery: its Abbot was mitred in the reign of Edward III. The borough had a charter as early as the reign of Athelstan, who in 939 defeated the Danes, when the men of Malmesbury contributed greatly to the victory. In the reign of King Stephen a Castle was built here, and the town was walled by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, who had, however, to surrender the Castle to the King. In the Civil War of Stephen and Maud the town and Castle were taken (1152) by Prince Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II.; and by some the Abbey is said to have been built by Bishop Roger, who, however, died as early as 1139. Sir Richard Colt Hoare referred the Abbey to the Saxons.

At the Dissolution, William Stumpe, the wealthy clothier of Malmesbury, bought many Abbey lands thereabout, and the Monastery. When King Henry VIII. hunted in Bradon forest, Stumpe gave his Majesty and the Court a great entertainment at his house (the Abbey). The King told him he was afraid he had undone himself; he replied that his own servants should only want their supper for it. At this time, most of the Abbey buildings were filled with weavers' looms; and Stumpe had liberally contributed to the purchase of the Abbey church, which was made parochial. Near it are the remains of the Abbot's house; and in the centre of the town a richly-ornamented Market Cross, supposed to be of the age of Henry VII.; it has been judiciously restored. West of the Abbey is the supposed chapel of a

Nunnery, which tradition fixes on this spot. There are traditions of two other Nunneries in or near the town.

Leland calls the Abbey church “a right magnificent thing;” but only a small portion remains, and this stands in the midst of ruins. The interior architecture is Anglo-Norman and the English or Pointed style; here, inclosed by a screen, is an altar tomb with an effigy, in royal robes, said to represent King Athelstan: but the tomb is of much later date than that prince, and is now far from the place of his interment, which was in the choir, under the high altar of the Abbey church: besides this there were in the Abbey churchyard two other churches.

Three writers of eminence in their respective ages were connected with Malmesbury: St. Adhelm, a Saxon writer, was Abbot; William of Malmesbury was a monk of the Abbey, and librarian; and Thomas Hobbes, “the Philosopher of Malmesbury,” was born here. Oliver, one of the monks, having affixed wings to his hands and feet, ascended a lofty tower, from whence he took his flight, and was borne upon the air for the space of a furlong, when, owing to the violence of the wind, or his own fear, he fell to the ground, and broke both his legs.

Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, gives this curious “digression” upon the dispersion of the Abbey MSS. in his time:—“Anno 1633, I entered into my grammar at the Latin school at Yatton-Keynel, in the church, where the curate, Mr. Hart, taught the eldest boys Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, &c. The fashion then was to save the forules of the bookes with a false cover of parchment, &c., old manuscript, which I [could not] was too young to understand; but I was pleased with the elegancy of the writing and the coloured initial letters. I remember the rector here, Mr. Wm. Stump, gr.-son of St. the cloathier of Malmesbury, had severall manuscripts of the Abbey. He was a proper man and a good fellow; and when he brewed a barrell of speciall ale, his use was to stop the bung-hole, under the clay, with a sheet of manuscript; he sayd nothing did it so well, which sore thought did grieve me then to see. Afterwards I went to schoole to Mr. Latimer at Leigh-delamer, the next parish, where was the like use of covering of books. In my grandfather’s dayes the manuscripts flew about like butterflies. All musick bookes, account bookes, copie bookes, &c., were covered with old manuscripts, as wee cover them now with blew paper or marbled paper; and the glover at Malmesbury made great havock of them, and gloves were wrapt up, no doubt, in many good pieces of antiquity. Before the late warres, a world of rare manuscripts perished hereabout; for within half a dozen miles of this place were the Abbey of Malmesbury, where it may be presumed the

library was as well furnished with choice copies as most libraries of England; and, perhaps, in this library we might have found a correct Plinie's *Naturall History*, which Camitus, a monk here, did abridge for King Henry the Second. . . . One may also perceive, by the binding of old bookes, how the old manuscripts went to wrack in those dayes. Anno 1647, I went to Parson Stump out of curiosity to see his manuscripts, whereof I had seen some in my childhood; but by that time they were lost and disperst. His sons were gunners and souldiers, and scoured their gunnes with them; but he showed me severall old deedes granted by the Lords Abbotts, with their seales annexed."

About six miles west of Malmesbury is Great Sheriton, the scene of an indecisive battle (1016), between Edmund II. (Ironside) and Canute, who engaged during the fight in personal conflict. The village is partly within the site of an ancient encampment. There is a local tradition of a conflict between the Saxons and the Danes, in which the Saxons were commanded by a warrior called "Rattlebone," of whom a gigantic figure is seen on the sign of an inn. Rattlebone is thought to be a popular traditional name of Edmund II.

Wilton Abbey and Wilton House.

Wilton, three miles north-west of Salisbury, is a place of great antiquity, and gave name to the county, which is called, in the Saxon Chronicle, Wiltunscire. Here, in 821 or 823, Egbert, King of Wessex, fought a successful battle against Beornwulf, the Mercian King, and thus established the West Saxon dynasty. In 854, at Wilton, Ethelwulf executed the charter by which he conveyed the whole of the tithes of the kingdom to the clergy. It was the scene of one of Alfred's earlier battles with the Danes, in 871, whom he defeated after a most sanguinary contest.

Wilton was the occasional residence of the West Saxon Kings; and an Abbey for nuns, which was originally, or soon after became of the Benedictine order, existed here at an early period, to which Alfred and his successors, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edmund, Edred, and Edgar, were great benefactors. Wilton was plundered and burnt by the Danish King, Sweyn, in the reign of Ethelred II. (1003), but it so far recovered as to be a place of importance at the time of the Conquest. It received a charter from Henry I. In the Civil War of Stephen, the King was about to fortify the nunnery, in order to check

the garrison which Maud, the Empress, had at Old Sarum, when Robert Earl of Gloucester, the Empress' chief supporter, unexpectedly set the town of Wilton on fire, and so frightened the King away. Here the first English carpet was manufactured by Anthony Duffory, brought from France by the Herberts, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The church was formerly the Abbey church. The Hospital of St. Giles was the gift of Queen Adelicia, wife to King Henry I. Adelicia was a leper; she had a window and a door from her lodging into the chapel, whence she heard prayers.

Wilton House, the magnificent seat of the Pembroke family, originated as follows: William Herbert married Anne, sister to Queen Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. He was knighted by that monarch in 1544, when the buildings and lands of the dissolved Abbey of Wilton, with many other estates, were conferred on him by the King. Being left executor, or "conservator" of Henry's will, he possessed considerable influence at the court of Edward VI., by whom he was created Earl of Pembroke. He immediately began to alter and adapt the conventual buildings at Wilton to a mansion suited to his rank and station, the porch designed by Hans Holbein. Solomon De Caus, Inigo Jones, and Webb and Vandyke, were employed by succeeding members of the family upon Wilton. Horace Walpole says: "The towers, the chambers, the scenes, which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyke had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with spoils of the best ages, received the best touches of beauty from Earl Henry's hand. He removed all that obstructed the views to or from his palace, and threw Palladio's theatric bridge over his river. The present Earl has crowned the summit of the hill with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and a handsome arch designed by Sir William Chambers." "King Charles I.," says Aubrey, "did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer. It was he that did put Philip, first Earle of Pembroke, upon making the magnificent garden and grotto, and to build that side of the house that fronts the garden, with two stately pavilions at each end." Again, Aubrey tells us that "in Edward VI.'s time, the great house of the Earls of Pembroke, at Wilton, was built with the ruins of Old Sarum."

Fonthill and Fonthill Abbey.

Near Hindon, a short distance from Salisbury, the famous Alderman Beckford possessed a large estate at Fonthill, with a fine old mansion,

of which we remember to have seen a large print. It possessed a collection of paintings of great value, and costly furniture, which made it a show-house. It was burnt down in 1755; the Alderman was then in London, and on being told of the catastrophe, he took out his pocket-book and began to write, when on being asked what he was doing, he coolly replied, "Only calculating the expense of rebuilding it. Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer; I will build it up again; it wont be above a thousand pounds each to my different children." The mansion was rebuilt. The alderman died in 1770, leaving his only son—a boy, ten years of age—with a million of ready money, and a revenue exceeding 100,000*l*. Young Beckford travelled and resided abroad until his twenty-second year, when he wrote his celebrated romance of *Vatbek*, of which he records:—

"Old Fonthill had a very ample loud echoing hall—one of the largest in the kingdom. Numerous doors led from it into different parts of the house through dim, winding passages. It was from that I introduced the Hall—the idea of the Hall of Eblis being generated by my own. My imagination magnified and coloured it with the Eastern character. All the females in *Vatbek* were portraits of those in the domestic establishment of old Fonthill, their fancied good or ill qualities being exaggerated to suit my purpose."

Mr. Beckford returned to England in 1795, and occupied himself with the embellishment of his house at Fonthill. Meanwhile, he had studied ecclesiastical architecture, which induced him to commence building the third house at Fonthill, wherein to place a much more magnificent collection of books, pictures, curiosities, rarities, bijouterie, and other products of art and ingenuity, in the new "Fonthill Abbey," built in a showy monastic style. Mr. Beckford shrouded his architectural proceedings in the profoundest mystery: he was haughty and reserved: and because some of his neighbours followed game into his grounds, he had a wall twelve feet high and seven miles long built round his home estate, in order to shut out the world. This was guarded by projecting rails on the top, in the manner of *chevaux-de-frise*. Large and strong double gates were provided in this wall at the different roads of entrance, and at these gates were stationed persons who had strict orders not to admit a stranger.

The building of "the Abbey" was a sort of romance. A vast number of mechanics and labourers were employed to advance the works with rapidity, and a new hamlet was built to accommodate the workmen. All around was activity and energy, whilst the growing edifice, as the scaffolding and walls were raised above the surrounding trees, excited

the curiosity of the passing tourist, as well as the villagers. Mr. Beckford pursued the objects of his wishes, whatever they were, not coolly and considerately like most other men, but with all the enthusiasm of passion. After the building was commenced, he was so impatient to get it finished, that he kept regular relays of men at work night and day, including Sundays, supplying them liberally with ale and spirits while they were at work; and when anything was completed which gave him particular pleasure, adding an extra 5*l.* or 10*l.* to be spent in drink. The first tower, the height of which from the ground was 400 feet, was built of wood, in order to see its effect; this was then taken down, and the same form put up in wood covered with cement. This fell down, and the tower was built a third time on the same foundation with brick and stone. Mr. Beckford was making additions to a small summer-house when the idea of the Abbey occurred to him. He would not wait to remove the summer-house to make a proper foundation for the tower, but carried it up on the walls already standing, and this with the worst description of materials and workmanship, while it was mostly built by men in a state of intoxication.

In the winter of 1800, in November and December, nearly 500 men were employed day and night to expedite the works, by torch and lamp-light, in time for the reception of Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who were entertained here by Mr. Beckford with extraordinary magnificence on December 20, 1800. On one occasion, while the tower was building, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed; the sight was sublime, and was enjoyed by Mr. Beckford. This was soon rebuilt. At one period every cart and waggon in the district was pressed into his service; at another, the works at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 400 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter it was a strange sight to see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and the torch being associated for that purpose, and their capricious employer was fond of feasting his senses with such displays of almost superhuman exertion.

Mr. Beckford led almost the life of a hermit within the walls of the Fonthill estate: here he could luxuriate within his sumptuous home, or ride for miles on his lawns, and through forest and mountain woods,—amid dressed parterres of the pleasure-garden, or the wild scenery of nature. A widower and without any family at home, Mr. Beckford resided at the Abbey for more than twenty years, ever active, and constantly occupied in reading, music, and the converse of a choice circle

of friends, or in directing workmen in the erection of the Abbey, which had been in progress since the year 1798.

About the year 1822 his restless spirit required a change; besides which his fortunes received a shock from which they never recovered. He now purchased two houses in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, with a large tract of land adjoining, and removed hither. The property at Fonthill, the Abbey, and its gorgeous contents, were to be sold. The place was made an exhibition of in the summer of 1822: the price of admission was one guinea for each person, and 7200 tickets were sold: thousands flocked to Fonthill; but at the close of the summer, instead of a sale on the premises, the whole was bought in one lot by Mr. Farquhar, it was understood, for the sum of 350,000*l.*

In the following year another exhibition was made of Fonthill and its treasures, to which articles were added, and the whole sold as genuine property; the tickets of admission were half a guinea each, the price of the catalogue 12*s.*, and the sale lasted thirty-seven days.

In December, 1825, the tower at Fonthill, which had been hastily built and not long finished, fell with a tremendous crash, destroying the hall, the octagon, and other parts of the buildings. Mr. Farquhar, with his nephew's family, had taken the precaution of removing to the northern wing. The tower was above 260 feet high: it had given indications of insecurity for some time; the warning was taken, and the more valuable parts of the windows and other articles were removed. Mr. Farquhar, however, who then resided in one angle of the building, and who was in a very infirm state of health, could not be brought to believe there was any danger. He was wheeled out in his chair on the front lawn about half an hour before the tower fell; and though he had seen the cracks and the deviation of the centre from the perpendicular, he treated the idea of its coming down as ridiculous. He was carried back to his room, and the tower fell almost immediately.

Mr. Farquhar sold the estate about 1825, and died in the following year. The "Abbey" was then taken down, merely enough of its ruins being left to show where it had stood.

Castles of Marlborough, Great Bedwin, and Trowbridge.

Marlborough is supposed to have been a Roman station, from evidences at Folly Farm. There was a Castle here in the time of Richard I., which was seized during his imprisonment by his brother

John; but on Richard's return it was reduced under the King's power. A Parliament or assembly was held here in the time of Henry III., the laws enacted in which were called the Statutes of Malbridge, one of the older forms of the name, which in Domesday is written Malberge. The site of the Castle is covered by a large house, which was a seat of the Dukes of Somerset, and was afterwards the Castle Inn: it is now a Clergy School. The mound of the ancient Castle keep is in the garden.

Great Bedwin was a place of note in the Anglo-Saxon period, and has in its neighbourhood an earthwork called Chisbury Castle, said to have been formed or strengthened by Cissa, a Saxon chieftain; though some think Cissa's fortification was on Castle Hill, south of the town, where foundations of walls have been discovered.

Trowbridge had a Castle, or some fortification, in the reign of Stephen, which was garrisoned by the supporters of the Empress Maud, and taken by the King's forces. John of Gaunt either repaired this Castle, or built another; but it was in ruins in Leland's time, when of seven great towers there was only a part of two. The Castle stood on the south side of the town, near the river Were: there are no remains now, and the site is built over.

Longleat.

On the immediate confines of Somersetshire, to the west of Warminster, was built a stately Priory, the site of which was granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir John Horsey and Edward, Earl of Hertford, from whom it was purchased by Sir John Thynne, ancestor of its present possessor, the Marquis of Bath. Upon this site Sir John Thynne laid the foundation, in January, 1567, of the magnificent mansion of Longleat, which, some writers assert, was designed by the celebrated John of Padua; from which time the works were carried on during the next twelve years, and completed by the two succeeding owners of the property. Sir John Thynne married Christian, daughter of Sir Richard Gresham, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, and sister and heir of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the first Royal Exchange. His eldest son, Sir John Thynne, Knt., married Joan, youngest daughter of Sir Rowland Hayward, Knt., twice Lord Mayor of London.

Longleat is in the mixed style of the end of the sixteenth century, but principally Roman; and with respect to magnitude, grandeur, and variety of decoration, it has always been regarded as the pride of this part of the country; it was even said to have been "the first well-built house in the kingdom." Aubrey describes it "as high as the Ban-

queting House at Whitehall, outwardly adorned with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars." In 1663, King Charles II. was magnificently entertained at Longleat by Sir James Thynne. The ancient baronial hall, of very elaborately carved work, is most appropriately decorated with armorial escutcheons, hunting-pieces, and stags' horns. The picture-gallery contains portraits of the Thynnes, and other distinguished characters of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successors. The grounds were originally laid out in the most elaborate style of artificial ornament, but have been remodelled by Brown. The whole domain comprises a circumference of fifteen miles.

The venerable Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, passed much of his time in this palatial house, which is a more interesting incident than any of the royal visits here. Ken was one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower for refusing to read James's declaration in favour of Romanism; and he was suspended and deprived by William III. for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. But he found an asylum in Lord Weymouth's mansion of Longleat; and here he walked, and read, and hymned, and prayed, and slept, to do the same again. The only property he brought from Wells Palace was his library, part of which is to this day preserved at Longleat. In an upper chamber he composed most of his poems of fervid piety. He died in 1711, in his seventy-fourth year, and was carried to his grave in Frome churchyard by six of the poorest men of the parish, and buried under the eastern window of the church, at *sunrise*, in reference to the words of his *Morning Hymn*:

"Awake, my soul, and *with the sun*."

It has been erroneously stated that there is not a stone to mark where Ken lies; whereas there is a monument near the spot, probably erected at the time of his death by the noble family at Longleat, where the Bishop died. Many years ago the sculpture was decayed, and the epigraph had disappeared: let us hope this memorial has been restored.

Lacock Abbey.

The ancient forest of Chippenham has long been destroyed, and the Abbeyes of Stanley and Lacock, within three miles of the town, are changed in their appropriation: the former is converted into a farmhouse; the latter has fallen into the hands of the Talbot family, who have preserved it, and made it their family seat.

The Nunnery of Lacock, situate in a level meadow watered by the Avon, has a chivalrous origin besides its holier history. It was founded in the year 1232 by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in her widowhood, in pious remembrance of her husband, William Longspé (in her right Earl of Sarum), who was the eldest natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. Ela was reared in her childhood in princely state: her father, Earl William, held a place of honour under Richard the Lion-hearted, and licensed tournaments, one of the appointed fields for which is to this day pointed out in front of the site of Sarum Castle. At a very early age after the death of her father, Ela was secretly taken into Normandy, and there reared in close custody. An English knight, William Talbot, in the garb of a pilgrim, during two years sought for the Lady Ela; in the guise of a harper, or troubadour, he found the rich heiress, and presented her to King Richard, who gave her hand in marriage to his brother, William Longspé, Earl of Salisbury, she being then only ten years old. The Earl was in frequent attendance upon King John, and was present at the signing of Magna Charta. After the death of John, the Earl returned to his Castle at Salisbury, and assisted in founding the Cathedral. Here he died in 1226, it was suspected by poison. Six years after, Ela, directed by visions, founded the monastery at Lacock, and in 1238 took the veil as abbess of her own establishment. Five years before her death she retired from monastic life: she died in 1261, aged seventy-four, and was buried in the choir of the monastery. Aubrey states that she was above a hundred years old, and outlived her understanding, which account is disproved. Of her family we have only space to relate that her second son perished in battle in the Holy Land, and the monkish legend adds that his mother, seated in her abbatial stall at Lacock, saw, at the same moment, the mailed form of her child admitted into heaven, surrounded by a radius of glory.

Lacock was surrendered in 1539: the church was then wholly destroyed, and the bones of the foundress and her family scattered; but her epitaph in stone was preserved, with the cloisters and cells of the nuns, and the ivied walls. Lacock was sold in 1544: thirty years later it was visited by Queen Elizabeth. Aubrey relates that "Dame Olave, a daughter and co-heir of Sir [Henry] Sherington of Lacock, being in love with [John] Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and her father not consenting that she should marry him, discoursing with him one night from the battlements of the Abbey church, said she, 'I will leap down to you.' Her sweetheart replied he would catch her then, but he did not believe she would have done it. She leapt downe;

and the wind, which was then high, came under her coates, and did something break the fall. Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms, but she struck him dead. She cried out for help, and he was with great difficulty brought to life again. Her father told her that, since she had made such a leap, she should e'en marrie him."

We do not find this romantic story in the Rev. Canon Bowles's exhaustive History of Lacock; but it is thought to be authentic, and an old tradition lingers about the place, that "one of the nuns jumped from a gallery on the top of a turret into the arms of her lover." Mr. Britton notes, in Aubrey's *Natural History of Wilts*, the heroine of the anecdote, Olave, or Olivia Sherington (one of the family who bought the Abbey), married John Talbot, Esq., of Salwarpe, in the county of Worcester, fourth in descent from John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. She inherited the Lacock estate from her father, and it has ever since remained the property of the branch of the family* now represented by the scientific Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., the discoverer of photography, to which beautiful science we are indebted for some charming Talbotypes of Lacock Abbey, whereat the discovery was matured. Here is preserved "The Nuns' Boiler," from the Abbey kitchen: it was made at Mechlin in the year 1500, and will contain sixty-seven gallons.

Amesbury Monastery.

At Amesbury, seven miles north of Salisbury, says Bishop Tanner, "there is *said* to have been an ancient British monastery for 300 monkes, founded, as some say, by the famous Prince Ambrosius, who lived at the time of the Saxon invasion, and who was therein buried, destroyed by that cruel Pagan, Gurmehdus, who overran all this country in the sixth century. (*Geoffrey of Monmouth*, lib. iv. c. 4.) The foundation is also attributed to one Ambri, a monk. This Abbey appears to have been destroyed by the Danes, about the time of Alfred. About the year 980, Alfrida, or Ethelfrida, the Queen Dowager of the Saxon King Edgar, erected here a monastery for nuns, and commended it to the patronage of St. Mary, and St. Melarius a Cornish saint whose relics were preserved here. Alfrida is said to have erected both this and Wherwell

* Sir John Talbot, of Lacock, was the person who received King Charles II. in his arms upon his landing in England at the Restoration. In the Civil War, Lacock Abbey was taken possession of by the Parliamentary Colonel Devereux, September, 1645.

monastery, in atonement for the murder of her son-in-law, King Edward. The house was of the Benedictine order, and continued an independent monastery till the time of Henry II., in 1177. The evil lives of the Abbess and nuns drew upon them the royal displeasure.

The Abbess was more particularly charged with immoral conduct, insomuch that it was thought proper to dissolve the community; the nuns, about 30 in number, were dispersed in other monasteries. The Abbess was allowed to go where she chose, with a pension of ten marks, and the house was made a cell to the Abbey of Fontevault, in Anjou; whence a Prioress and 24 nuns were brought and established at Amesbury. Elfrida's nunnery, notwithstanding some changes, lasted till the general Dissolution of the religious houses. Eleanor, commonly called the Damsel of Bretagne, sole daughter of Gcoffrey, Earl of Bretagne, and sister of Earl Arthur, who was imprisoned in Bristol Castle, first by King John, and afterwards by King Henry III., on account of her title to the Crown, was buried, according to her own request, at Amesbury, in 1241. From this time the nunnery of Amesbury appears to have been one of the select retreats for females in the higher ranks of life. Mary, the sixth daughter of King Edward I., took the religious habit in the monastery of Amesbury in 1285, together with thirteen young ladies of noble families. Two years after this, Eleanor, the Queen of Henry III. and the mother of Edward I., herself took the veil at Amesbury, where she died, and was buried in 1292. She had previously given to the monastery the estate of Chadelsworth, in Berkshire, to support the state of Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Bretagne, who had also become a nun there. Amesbury finally became one of the richest nunneries in England: how long it remained subject to the monastery of Fontevault we are not told. Bishop Tanner says, it was at length made denizen, and again became an Abbey. Isabella of Lancaster, fourth daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, granddaughter to E. Crouchback, son of Henry II., was Prioress in 1292. (Communication to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 213.) Aubrey tells us that the last Lady Abbess of Amesbury "was 140 yeares old when she dyed."

Cranbourn Chase: King John's Hunting-seat.

In the Chase of Cranbourn, within a mile of the county of Dorset, in the parish of Tollard Royal, Wilts, is an ancient farm-house, known as King John's Hunting-seat. Cranbourn Chase formerly extended over no less than five hundred thousand acres of land, and was the sole

property of George, Lord Rivers. There is an ancient custom kept up until our time—that on the first Monday in September, the steward of the Lord of the Manor holds a Court in the Chase, and after the Court break up they hunt and kill a brace of fat bucks. A writer in the *London Magazine*, who was present at the hunt in the year 1823, after pleasantly describing the opening of the Court, the fair in the forest, the assemblage of country lads and lasses, sportsmen, foot and horse, and ladies on horseback, the buck breaking cover, who steals out, dashes over the vale, bounds up the summit of an opposite hill, where he is fairly surrounded by the hounds and his pursuers, informs us that the two bucks, having been divided, are hung up; and next day the steward presents the several parts to gentlemen who were present at the hunt. The hunting-box is nearly in the same state as when King John was present there as Earl Moreton: it is now a farm-house; the walls are of great thickness, and the rooms are large and lofty, and there is a carved oak chimney-piece in one of them. There is a legendary story of the Chase, as follows:—"Once upon a time, King John, being equipped for hunting, issued forth with the gay pageantry and state of his day. There were dames mounted upon high-bred steeds, that were champing and foaming on the bit, and whose prancing shook the ground; and Knights, whose plumes were dancing in the wind, while borne by fiery chargers, swift as the deer they followed; the yeomen dressed in green, with girdles round their waists; and to add to the brilliancy of the scene, the morning was as unclouded as the good-humoured faces of the party."

The King appeared overjoyed, and during the time all heads were uncovered as he rode along, he overheard a gallant youth address a lady nearly in these words:

"We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction."

The happy couple left Tollard Royal on horseback. As they took leave of the King, the moon was sinking below the horizon. The King had observed before they left—

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick:
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

But they rode on, too happy to remember that the moon would soon leave them.

They were missing for several days, until the King, while hunting with his courtiers, found their lifeless remains. It appeared that when

the moon descended, the faithful pair must have mistaken their road, and had fallen into a hideous pit, where both were killed, as likewise the Knight's horse, close beside them. The lady's horse, a dapple grey, was running wild as the mountain-deer: he was soon caught, and became the King's, who rode him as a charger.

King James I. often hunted in Cranbourn Chase. In a copy of Barker's Bible, printed in 1594, which formerly belonged to the family of the Cokers of Woodcotes, in the Chase, are entries of the King's visits: "The 24th day of August, our Kinge James was in Mr. Butler's Walke, and found the bucke, and killed him in Venedich, in Sir Walter Vahen's walk; and from thence came to Mr. Horole's walk, and hunted ther, and killed a buck under Hanging Copes. And sometime after that, and (*sic* in MS.) came to our Mrs. Carrens, and ther dined; and after dinner he took his choch, and came to the Quene at Tarande. Anno Dni. 1607." "In our dayes," says Mr. Collier, in his Survey, Cranborne gave the honourable title of Viscount unto Robert Cicell, whom King James for his approved wisdom created first Baron Cicell of Essendon: and the year after, viz., 1604, Viscount Cranborne; and 1605, Earle of Sarum; whose son William nowe enjoys his honours and this place, where he hath a convenient house, at which the King, as often as hee comes his Westerne progresse, resides some dayes, to take his pleasure of hunting both in the Park and Chase."

In May, 1828, an Act of Parliament was passed for disfranchising Cranbourn Chase; and Lord Rivers's franchise thereon, which was seriously curtailed in 1816, expired on the 10th of October, 1830. The gradual destruction or removal of the deer (about 12,000 head) was commenced by the Chase-keepers shooting nearly 2000 fawns, many of which were taken for sale to the neighbouring towns in Dorset, Wilts, Hants, &c., and disposed of at the low price of 5s. or 6s. apiece. The Committee and other proprietors of lands who formed the agreement with Lord Rivers, framed a very judicious mode of assessing the yearly payments to be made to that nobleman, his heirs, &c., by the several landowners, by which means the uncertain question of boundary was avoided.

There is also in Wiltshire, at Aldbourne, near Marlborough, a farmhouse, supposed to have been a hunting-seat of King John. Aldbourne Chase, an extensive waste, with a large rabbit-warren, was formerly well wooded and stocked with deer.

Devizes Castle.

In ancient records this place is called Divisæ, De Vies, Divisis, &c. The origin of the name seems to be a supposition that the place was divided by the King and the Bishop of Salisbury. In the reign of Henry I. a spacious and strong fortress was erected here by Roger, the wealthy Bishop of Salisbury, which his nephew, Nigel, Bishop of Ely, garrisoned with troops and prepared to defend until the expected arrival of the Empress Maud; but Stephen having besieged it, he declared that, in the event of its not surrendering, he would hang the son of Bishop Roger on a gallows which he had erected in front of the Castle. On this being made known to Nigel, he surrendered the fortress, together with all the Bishop's treasures, amounting to the sum of 40,000 marks. The Castle was afterwards (1141) seized by Robert Fitzherbert, on pretence of holding it for Maud, but on her arrival he refused to deliver it up, and was subsequently hanged as a traitor to both parties. In 1233, Hubert de Burgh was confined in Devizes Castle, whence he escaped to the high altar of the parish church, but was seized and reconducted to the fortress. The guards who took him were excommunicated, and he himself was soon afterwards released. About the end of the reign of Edward III. the Castle was dismantled; the site has been converted into pleasure-grounds.

Richard of Devizes, a Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who wrote a Chronicle of English History, was a native of this place. In the reign of Henry VIII. Devizes was celebrated for its market. A large cross, which is said to have cost nearly 2000*l.*, was erected, in 1815, in the market-place by Lord Sidmouth, for many years Member for and Recorder of the borough: it bears an inscription recording a singular mark of divine vengeance, by the sudden death of a woman detected in an attempt to cheat another, in the year 1753.



BERKSHIRE.

Windsor Castle, and its Romances.

Windsor, as a royal Castle and domain, has existed from the Saxon era of our history. It has also been a place of considerable resort for nearly six centuries; or from the period when Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., came hither by water, the roads being impassable for waggons, the only vehicular conveyance then in use—to our own railway times, when the journey from London occupies little more than half an hour. The picturesque beauty of the country, as well as the royal fame of the locality, have doubtless aided this enduring popularity.

The name is from *Windlesofra*, or *Windlesbora*, from the winding course of the Thames in this part.* This, however, was Old Windsor, a distinct parish, where the Saxon Kings had a palace, about two miles south-east of New Windsor. Edward the Confessor occasionally kept his court here: by him it was granted to the monks of Westminster, who subsequently exchanged it with the Conqueror for Wokendom and other lands in Essex. William immediately commenced the erection of a fortress near the site of the Round Tower of the present Castle, which, from its commanding situation, was admirably adapted for a military post; and it is doubtful whether it was ever used as a residence. It is mentioned in Domesday as covering half a hide of land (30 or 50 acres). The tenure is "Allodial," *i.e.*, being held by the Sovereign, subject to no chief lord, and therefore not strictly in "fee." Henry I. enlarged the Castle in 1109, and added a chapel; and in the following year he formally removed from the old Saxon palace to the new Castle, and there solemnized the feast of Whitsuntide.

Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, often visited the fortress-palace, which frequently became the scene of chivalric spectacle; and in the sixth year of the King's reign a grand tournament was held in the park by 38 knightly competitors.

* This is Camden's statement; but Stow gives two other etymologies—from *Wind us over*, from the ferry-boat, rope and pole; and from the *Wynd is sore*, because it lies high and open to the weather.—Harl. MS. 367, fol. 13, "Of the Castell of Wyndsore," in Stow's handwriting.

In the treaty terminating the Civil War between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), by which the former gives assurance to his successors of the Castles and strengths which he holds in England, Windsor appears as second in importance only to the Tower of London. That it was at this time, therefore, a stronghold of strength, there can be but little doubt. In the treaty it is coupled with The Tower, and described as the *Mota de Windsor*. A few fragments of Norman architecture were brought to light during the excavations made in our time, by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

King John lay at Windsor during the conferences at Runnymede. Henry III. made considerable alterations and enlargements in the Lower Ward, and added a chapel 70 feet long and 28 feet high, of which "the roof was of wood, lined and painted like stone, and covered with lead." This Chapel would appear to have stood where the Tomb-house stands. But Windsor Castle owes all its glory to King Edward III.; for it had been but little more than a rude fortress, with an adjacent chapel, till Edward of Windsor (it was his native place) gave it grandeur, extent, and durability. "The two Higher Wards" were built with the ransoms of the captive Kings; the Upper Ward with the French King's (John), the Middle Ward, or Keep, with the Scotch King (David's) ransom. Edward's architect was William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Edward began, it would appear, with the Round Tower in 1315, when he was in his 18th year. Wykeham built a Castle on the site for its royal owner, worthy of Edward, of Philippa, his queen, and of his warlike son, the hero of Poitiers.

Froissart's story of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, tells of the unhallowed love of the King, and the constancy of the noble lady, when she welcomed him in the Castle that she had been bravely defending against her enemies! "As soon as the lady knew of the King's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the King, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the Castle, to make him cheer and honour as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the King himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the Castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber,

nobly apparelled. The King regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the King with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the King said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the Castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times ere (ere) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the King, 'other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' Then the lady said, 'Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered.' Herewith the lady departed from the King, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the King, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.' Then the King went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords and lady also. The King ate little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his

knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be ; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the King tarried there, and wist not what to do : sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him ; on the other part, love so constrained him that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the King debated to himself all that day and all that night : in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, ‘ My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.’ ‘ Noble prince,’ quoth the lady, ‘ God the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service to your honour and to mine.’ Therewith the King departed all abashed.”

To carry on the legend, it may be believed that the King subdued his passions, and afterwards met the noble woman in all honour and courtesy ; then we may understand the motto of the Garter—“ Evil be to him that evil thinks.”

Such is the legend of the old chronicler that has been long connected with the Institution of the Order of the Garter—a legend of virtue subduing passion, and therefore not unfit to be associated with the honour and self-denial of chivalry. Touching it is to read that the “ fresh beauty and goodly demeanour ” of the lady of Salisbury was ever in Edward’s remembrance ; but that at a great feast in London, “ all ladies and damsels were freshly beseen, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the King should not set his regards on her.”

Henry VI. was born at Windsor ; but “ Holy Henry ” did little for his native place beyond adding “ a distant prospect of Eton College ” to the fine natural view of the lofty keep. To Edward IV. we owe St. George’s Chapel as we now see it ; to Henry VII. the adjoining Tomb-house ; and to Henry VIII. the Gateway still standing, with his arms upon it, at the foot of the Lower Ward.

When the Protector Somerset was outnumbered by the conspirators leagued against him, he, for his own safety’s sake, hurried the boy-king, Edward VI., from Hampton Court, in the middle of the night, to the stronghold of Windsor Castle, where he was heard to say, “ Methinks I am in prison : here be no galleries nor no gardens to walk in.” A gallery was added by Elizabeth : it ran east and west along the

North Terrace, between "the Privy Lodgings," and "the Deanes Terras, or Grene Walk." After the Restoration, the fortress-like character of the Castle was reduced to the taste of a French palace; and thus it mostly remained until, in 1824, King George IV. began a thorough restoration of the Castle, with the directing taste of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, which eventually cost a million and a half of money.

The great Gateways without the Castle are King Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s; and one within, called the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's Gate. The Round Tower, or Keep, was built for the assembling of a fraternity of knights who should sit together on a footing of equality, as the knights sat in romance at the Round Table of King Arthur, which King Edward designed to revive at a solemn festival annually; but in this he was thwarted by the jealousy of Philip de Valois, King of France. This induced King Edward to establish the memorable Order of the Garter. For the construction of the famous Round Table, fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which was paid 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

When King Edward III. held the great feast of St. George at Windsor, "there was a noble company of earls, barons, ladies and damsels, knights and squires, and great triumph, justing, and tournaments." Of his unhappy grandson, Froissart thus describes the last pageants: "King Richard caused a joust to be cried and published throughout his realm, to Scotland, to be at Windsor, of forty knights and forty squires, against all comers, and they to be apparelled in green with a white falcon, and the Queen to be there, well accompanied with ladies and damsels. This feast was thus holden, the Queen being there in great nobleness; but there were but few lords or noblemen, for more than two parts of the lords and knights, and other of the realm of England, had the King in such hatred, what for the banishing of the Earl of Derby and the injuries that he had done to his children, and for the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was slain in the Castle of Calais, and for the death of the Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded at London: the kindred of these lords came not to this feast, nor but few other."

The Round Tower stands on an artificial mound, surrounded by a deep fosse, or dry ditch, now a sunk garden. "The compass of the Tower," says Stow, "is one hundred and fifty paces." Wyatville added thirty-three feet to the Tower, exclusive of the Flag Tower, giving an elevation of twenty-five feet more.

The interior is approached by a covered flight of one hundred steps; a second flight leads to the battlements of the proud Keep, from which

twelve counties may be seen. The Prince of Wales is Constable of this Tower, and indeed of Windsor Castle.

This fine old Keep was the prison of the Castle from the reign of Edward III. to the Restoration in 1660.

The first great prisoner of note confined here was the poet-king of Scotland, James I., who, in the tenth year of his age, on his way to France to complete his education, was taken prisoner by the English, and confined by King Henry IV., first at Pevensey, in Sussex, and then at Windsor. The period of his imprisonment was nineteen years. The romantic love of King James for the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, is beautifully told in *The King's Qubair*, a poem of the King's own composing. The Tower, he informs us, wherein he was confined, looked over "a garden faire," in there was

" Ane herbere green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none, walkyng there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espye.

And on the smalle greene iwis issat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Whereas I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
The fairest and the frest younge flower
That ever I saw (me thought) before that hour :
For which sudden abate anon astert
The blood of all my body to my heart."

How beautifully he describes the Lady Jane Beaufort:

" In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report;
Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning lure,
In every poynt so guided her mesure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance."

The Lady Jane became the wife of the poet-king, and they lived long in mutual love and sincere affection.

The next great prisoner of note at Windsor was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last victim brought to the block by King Henry VIII. Here Surrey felt "the sacred rage of song," and his

"childish years" were passed pleasantly; but the latter portion of his too short life was spent in imprisonment. He had the King's son for his companion—ill-exchanged for the warder and the lieutenant, the gaoler and his man; which exchange he thus felt and sung:

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
 As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
 With a king's son my childish years did pass,
 In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour!
 The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
 With eyes upcast unto the Maiden's Tower,
 And easy sighs such as folks draw in love:
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight,
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
 When each of us did plead the other's right:
 The palm-play, where, desported for the game,
 With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
 To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above;
 The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 To pleasant plaint and of our ladies praise;
 Recording o't what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins avail'd, and swiftly breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 When we did chase the fearful hart of force.
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
 . . . And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
 And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue."

He calls for the noble companion of his boyhood, but Richmond was no more. How touching is his plaint:

"Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

The walls of the prison house bear names, and dates, and badges, and even the cause of the captivity here of other prisoners. "From this Tower," says Stow, "when ye wethar is cleare, may easily be descryed Poll's steple." This was the steeple of old St. Paul's. The dome and lantern of the new Cathedral may be descried in clear weather.

Henry VIII. often resided at the Castle, and held his Court there.

The Tomb-house east of St. George's Chapel was built by Henry VII. for his own remains, but he erected a more stately tomb for himself at Westminster; and Henry VIII. granted his father's first mausoleum to Cardinal Wolsey, who commenced his own tomb within it, employing a Florentine sculptor on brazen columns and brazen candlesticks; after Wolsey's fall, that which remained in 1646 of the ornaments of this tomb was sold for 600*l.* as defaced brass. James II. converted the tomb-house into a Romish chapel, which was defaced by a Protestant rabble. In 1742 it was appropriated as a free school-house. Next George III. converted it into a tomb-house for himself and his descendants. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with mosaic work (the finest modern work extant), and the windows filled with stained glass,—as a sepulchral chapel in memory of the late Prince Consort.

The west wall is covered with mosaic pictures of the sovereigns, churchmen, and architects more intimately connected with the Castle and its ancient and Royal Chapel of St. George. Here are the portraits of Henry III., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. Beneath are pictures of Wolsey, Beauchamp, and William of Wykeham, in enamel mosaics. On the north side the windows are filled with portraits of German princes, ancestors of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Queen Elizabeth first caused the terraces to be formed, and annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself, and called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; the state beds, "shining with gold and silver," were her additions. In the Civil War the Castle was mercilessly plundered, until Cromwell stopped the spoliation. Charles II. made it his summer residence. In Prince Rupert's constabship, the Keep was restored: here, says Mr. Eliot Warburton, he established a seclusion for himself, which he soon furnished after his own peculiar taste. In one set of apartments, forges, laboratory instruments, retorts, and crucibles, with all sorts of metals, fluids, and crude ores, lay strewn in the luxurious confusion of a bachelor's domain; in other rooms, armour and arms of all sorts, from that which had blunted the Damascus blade of the Holy War to those which had lately clashed at Marston Moor and Naseby. In another was a library stored with strange books, a list of which may be seen in the *Harleian Miscellany*. In 1670, Evelyn described the Castle as "exceedingly ragged and ruinous." Wren spoiled the exterior, but added Star Buildings, 17 state-rooms and grand staircase. Gibbons was much employed, and Verrio painted the ceilings, to be satirized by Pope and Walpole. Thus the Castle mostly remained until our time.

There are three divisions in the palatial part of Windsor Castle: 1. The Queen's Private Apartments, looking to the east. 2. The State Apartments, to the north. 3. The Visitors' Apartments, to the south. We shall not be expected to describe the relative position and magnitude of the buildings and towers composing the Castle. It has been principally enlarged within the quadrangle, on the exterior facing the north terrace, to which the Brunswick Tower has been added; and by converting what were two open courts, into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery. The corridor, a general communication along the whole extent of the Private Apartments, is an adaptation of the old French *boiserie* of the age of Louis XV. The south and east sides of the quadrangle contain upwards of 369 rooms.

It is gratifying to add, that as the attractiveness of the Castle has been increased, has been the desire of our excellent Sovereign that all classes of her subjects should have free access to the State Apartments of this truly majestic abode.

Southward of Windsor Castle lies the Great Park, a part of Windsor Forest, which, in the reign of Queen Anne, was cut off from the Castle by the intervening private property; and it was, therefore, determined to buy as much land as might be required to complete an avenue from the Castle to the Forest. This is the present Long Walk, generally considered the finest thing of the kind in Europe. It is a perfectly straight line, above three miles in length, running from the principal entrance to the Castle to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, called Snow Hill.

On each side of the Long Walk, which is slightly raised, there is a double row of stately elms, now in their maturity. The view from Snow Hill is very fine; on its highest point, in 1832, was placed a colossal equestrian statue of George the Third, in bronze, by Sir Richard Westmacott; it occupies a pedestal formed of huge blocks of granite: the total elevation of the statue and pedestal exceeds fifty feet, and the statue (man and horse) is twenty-six feet in height. The statue was raised by George the Fourth: we are not aware of its cost, but the expense of the pedestal was 8000*l*.

Curious accounts are preserved of the building of the Castle by Edward III., for which purpose writs were issued to sheriffs, mayors, and bailiffs of the several counties to impress labourers, who were imprisoned on refusal. William of Wykeham was clerk of the works, with a salary of one shilling a day. In 1360 there were 360 workmen employed there; in 1362 many died of the plague, when new writs were issued. The works were not completed at the time of King Edward's

death, and were continued by Richard II.; they included the mews for the falcons, a large and important establishment not within the walls. Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works in this reign, and he impressed carpenters, masons, and other artisans.

In the reign of Edward IV. (1474), St. George's Chapel, one of the finest Perpendicular Gothic buildings in this country, was commenced, Bishop Beauchamp and Sir Reginald Bray being the architects. The first chapel was built here by King Henry I.; the second by King Edward III. upon the site of the present chapel: built when 1*s.* 6*d.* per day was high wages; and built by Freemasons. The Choir is fitted up with the stalls and banners of the Order of the Garter, each knight having his banner, helmet, lambrequin, crest, and sword; the dead have mementoes only in their armorial bearings. The very large Perpendicular window has 15 lights. In this Chapel is the tomb of King Edward IV., inclosed by "a range of steel gilt, cut excellently well in church-work," not by Quintin Matsys, but by Master John Tresilian, smith. On the arch above hung this King's coat of mail, covered over with crimson velvet, and thereon the arms of France and Eng'and embroidered with pearl and gold interwoven with rubies. This trophy of honour was plundered thence by Captain Fogg in 1642, when also he robbed the Treasury of the Chapel of all the rich altar plate. In 1789, more than 300 years after its interment, the leaden coffin of King Edward IV. was discovered in laying down a new pavement. The skeleton is said to have measured seven feet in length! A lock of the King's hair was procured by Horace Walpole for his Strawberry Hill collection. Here also are the graves of Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Queen Jane Seymour; the loyal Marquis of Worcester; and the grave of King Charles I.:

"Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies."—*Byron*.

In 1813 the coffin of King Charles I. was opened by Sir Henry Halford, when the remains were found just as the faithful Herbert had described them, thus negating the statement that the King lay in a nameless and unknown grave.

We have a few additions to the Romances. Froissart, adopting the common belief of his age, relates that King Arthur instituted his Order of the Knights of the Round Table at Windsor; but the existence of such a British King as Arthur is at least a matter of doubt, and that part of his history which assigns Windsor as one of his residences, may be certainly regarded as fabulous. Harrison, in his description of England, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, says the

Castle was "builded in times past by King Arthur, or before him by Arviragus, as it is thought."

Froissart, who lived at the Court of Edward III., probably had in his recollection some current traditions of the day, which have not descended to our age, or at least have not yet been brought to light.

Lambard, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, says: "It would make greatly (I know) as wel for the illustration of the glorie, as for the extending of the antiquitie of this place, to alledge out of Frozard that King Arthur accustomed to hold the solemnities of his Round Table at Wyndsore: but as I dare not over bouldly avouche at King Arthure's antiquities, the rather bycause it hath bene thought a disputable question wheather theare weare ever any suche Kinge or no; so like I not to joine with Frozard in this part of that stoarie, bycause he is but a forrein writer, and (so farre as I see) the only man that hath delivered it unto us; and therefore, supposing it more sare to follow our owne hystorians, especially in our owne historie, I thinke good to leave the tyme of the Brytons, and to descend to the raygne of the Saxon Kings, to the end that they may have the first honour of the place, as they were indede the first authors of the name."

The tradition of "Herne the hunter," which Shakspeare has employed in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is that Herne, one of the Keepers of the Forest, was to be seen, after his death, with horns on his head, walking by night, "round about an oak," in the vicinity of Windsor Castle. It is said that, "having committed some great offence, for which he feared to lose his situation and fall into disgrace, he hung himself upon the oak which his ghost afterwards haunted." In the first sketch of the play, the tradition is briefly narrated, without any mention of the tree in connexion with it:

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their little children
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge."

No allusion to the legend has ever been discovered in any other writer of Shakspeare's time, and the period when Herne or Horne lived is unknown. In a manuscript, however, of the time of Henry VIII., in the British Museum, Mr. Halliwell has discovered, "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," among the names of the "*bunters* whiche be examyned and have confessed for hunting in his Majesty's forests;" and he suggests that this may have been the person to whom the tale related by Mrs. page alludes, observing that "it is only convicting our great dramatist of an additional anachronism to those already known of a similar character, in attributing to him the introduction of a tale of the time

of Henry the Eighth into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century."

The Abbey of Abingdon.

In Berkshire, during the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, thirty-five religious houses were built and endowed, three of which were numbered at the Reformation among the "greater monasteries." The most important of these were the Benedictine Abbeys of Abingdon and Reading.

Abingdon Abbey appears to have been originally founded upon a hill called Abendune, about ten miles from the present town, nearer Oxford, by Cissa, King of Wessex, and his nephew, Heane, Viceroy of Wiltshire, in 605, begun at Bagley Wood, now Chilswell Farm. Five years after, its foundation was removed to a place then called Sevekisham, and since then Abbendon, or Abingdon, and enriched by the munificence of Ceadwalla and Ina, Kings of Wessex, and other benefactors. This Abbey was destroyed by the Danes, and the monks were deprived of their possessions by Alfred the Great, but their property was restored and the rebuilding of the Abbey commenced at least by Edred, grandson and one of the successors of Alfred. It became richly endowed, and the Abbot was mitred. At the Suppression the revenues of this Monastery amounted to nearly 2000*l.* per annum; a gateway is nearly all that remains. At the Abbey was educated Henry I., and with such fidelity as to procure him the name of Beauclerc. Here was buried Cissa, the founder; St. Edward, king and martyr; Robert D'Oyley, builder of Oxford Castle, tutor to Henry I.; and the Abbot, the historian Geoffrey of Monmouth. Here, in 1107, Egelwinus, Bishop of Durham, was imprisoned and starved to death.

The *Chronicle of Abingdon* gives a trustworthy record of this great Benedictine establishment during a period of 500 years. It was written at a time when the monks were still secure of the affections of the people, and when, therefore, there was no temptation either to suppress or pervert the truth; the *Chronicle* is an unvarnished narrative, strung together by an honest compiler of materials, and truthful recorder of events. It may be useful as well as interesting here to quote from an able review of a translation of the *Chronicle of Abingdon*, by Mr. Stevenson, inasmuch as it will show the interest and value attached to the sketches of Abbeys in the present work.

"The history of an establishment like that of Abingdon is not merely the narrative of a brotherhood, isolated from the outer world by their

peculiar aims and occupations, as might be the case with the description of a modern religious fraternity; it is the narrative of the social condition of the whole English people. Most persons who have bestowed any attention to our early annals will admit, however strong may be their Protestant prejudices, that the best features of our modern civilization are due to the social organization introduced by the monks. Agriculture, for example, the parent of all the other arts, was despised and neglected by the pagan tribes of German origin, whereas the rule of St. Benedict, which was of primary authority with every monastic establishment, proclaimed the 'nobility of labour' as a religious duty, inferior in its responsibility only to prayer and study.

"Benedict thought it good that men should be daily reminded that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, and day by day they toiled in the field as well as prayed in the church. After having been present at the service of Prime, the monks assembled in the Chapter-house, each individual received his allotted share of work, a brief prayer was offered up, tools were served out, and the brethren marched two and two, and in silence, to their task in the field. From Easter until the beginning of October they were thus occupied from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10, sometimes until noon. The more widely the system was diffused the more extensive were its benefits. Besides the monks lay brethren and servants were engaged, who received payment in coin, and as by degrees more land was brought into tillage than the monastery needed, the surplus was leased out to lay occupiers. Thus, each monastery became a centre of civilization, and while the rude chieftain, intent on war or the chase, cared little for the comfort either of himself or his retainers, the monks became the source, not only of intellectual and spiritual light, but of physical warmth and comfort, and household blessings.

"The boundaries, which are incorporated with the Saxon charters, supply us with many characteristics of Anglo-Saxon social life, and throw considerable light on the topographical history of Berkshire and the adjoining portion of Oxfordshire. The absence of any remark about the earlier Celtic population is noteworthy. Not only do they seem to have been exterminated, but every trace of their occupancy, except in the names of brooks and rivers, had vanished. Our ancestors at that period were chiefly occupied with the breeding of sheep, swine, horses, and horned cattle. They had made little progress in agriculture; wheat and oats are not mentioned; barley and beans rarely. The indigenous trees were the oak, the hazel, the ash, the birch, and the beech. The willow, alder, maple, apple, and linden are also occasionally

named. The Berkshire hills and woods abounded with wolves, wild cats, stags, foxes, and badgers; beavers and wild boars were also numerous, while in the marshes were to be found geese, snipe, and swans."

Wallingford Castle.

Wallingford is a place of great antiquity, on the west bank of the Thames, and is thought to have existed in the time of the Romans, their coins having been dug up here; the form of the ramparts (not of the Castle, which is of later origin) indicating that they had been traced by the Romans. The first historical notice of Wallingford is A.D. 1006, when it was taken by the Danes; but it was rebuilt in 1013. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was a royal borough, containing 276 houses paying a tax to the King.

There was a Castle here at the time of the Conquest belonging to Wigod, a Saxon noble, who invited William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, to come to Wallingford, where William received the homage of Archbishop Stigand, and the principal nobles, before marching to London. About a year after, 1067, Robert D'Oyley, a Norman baron, who had married Wigod's only daughter, built a strong Castle at Wallingford, but whether on the site of Wigod's Castle is not clear. In the Civil War of Stephen, this Castle was held for the Empress Maud. Stephen besieged it without success several times, and here the Empress Maud found refuge after her escape from Oxford. In 1153, Henry, son of Maud, besieged a fort, which Stephen had erected at Crowmarsh on the opposite side of the Thames; and Stephen coming to its relief, a peace was concluded. During the imprisonment of Richard I., Wallingford Castle was occupied by his brother John, but was taken from him by the King's party. In the troubles of John's reign, one or two of the meetings of King and Barons were held at Wallingford; and in those of Henry III. (A.D. 1264), Prince Edward, the King's son (afterwards Edward I.), Prince Henry, his nephew, and Richard, King of the Romans, his brother, were confined for a time in this Castle. It was twice besieged in the troubles of the reign of Edward II. Leland and Camden describe the fortress as having a double wall; and Camden speaks of the citadel, or keep, as standing on a high mound. In the Civil War of Charles I., it was repaired and garrisoned for the King; and it was a post of importance. Towards the close of the war it was besieged by Fairfax, and was afterwards demolished, except part of the wall towards the river. The mound is overgrown with trees, but in our time balls have been dug up here.

Within the Castle was a college ; and connected with it was a school for the instruction of singing-boys, in which Tusser, the author of *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, was educated, as he records in his *Life*, prefixed to the black-letter edition of his works. Here he describes the "quiraster's miserie" as hard to bear :

" O painful time, for every crime
 What toosed eares ! like baited beares !
 What bobbed lips ! what yerks, what nips !
 What hellish toies !
 What robes how bare ! what colledge fare !
 What bred how stale ! what pennie ale !
 Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhor'd
 Of sillie boies !"

There was a Benedictine Priory at Wallingford, founded in the reign of William the Conqueror ; and there was a Mint in the town in the reign of Henry III.

Wallingford had anciently fourteen churches ; it has now three.

Reading Abbey.

As the railway traveller approaches Reading, the county town of Berkshire, an interesting relic of the architecture of seven hundred years since can scarcely fail to arrest his attention, among the modern buildings of the town. This relic is the Hall of one of the richest religious houses in the kingdom, and of the class called Mitred Abbeyes, or, in other words, whose Abbots sat in Parliament : the Abbot of Reading took precedency in the House of Peers, next after the Abbots of St. Albans and Glastonbury.

It appears that in the year 1006, when Reading was burnt by the Danes, they also destroyed an Abbey of nuns, said to have been founded, amongst others, by Elfrida, first the wife of Earl Athelwold, and afterwards of King Edgar ; the foundation being in atonement for the murder of that Prince's son, Edward, which was perpetrated by her command, when she was queen-mother. Upon the site of this nunnery, King Henry I. laid the foundation of another edifice in the year 1121, and endowed the same for the support of 200 monks of the Benedictine order, and bestowed on it various important privileges. Among them were those of conferring knighthood, coining money, holding fairs, trying and punishing criminals, &c. The founder also gave a relic, assumed to be the head of the Apostle James. The new monastery was completely finished within the space of four years. It was dedicated to the

Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin, St. James, and St. John the Evangelist. At Reading, it was commonly known as St. Mary's. Henry authorized the Abbey to coin in London, and keep there a resident master or moneyer. The body of King Henry was interred here, as well as those of his two queens, Matilda and Adeliza; though it seems that the King's bowels, brains, heart, eyes, and tongue, by a strange fancy of dissection, were buried at Rouen; and here, probably, was interred their daughter Maud, the wife of the Emperor Henry IV., and mother of Henry II. of England. Her epitaph, recorded by Camden, has been deservedly admired:

"Magna ortu, majorque viro, sed maxima partu;
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens."

William, eldest son of Henry II., was buried at his grandfather's feet. Constance, the daughter of Edmund Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick, and a son and daughter of Richard Earl of Cornwall, certainly here found their latest abiding-place in this world. There was an image of the royal founder placed over his tomb; but that, and probably many other monuments, either suffered demolition or removal, when this religious house was changed into a royal dwelling. Camden says: "The monastery wherein King Henry I. was interred, was converted into a royal seat, adjoining to which stands a fair stable, stored with horses of the King's, &c.;" but this does not justify Sandford in asserting that the bones of the persons buried were thrown out, and the Abbey converted into a stable; nor does such a circumstance seem likely to have taken place at this time, or on such an occasion; though such indignities afterwards characterized the days of Cromwell.

A well-known trial by battle occurred here in 1163, at which Henry II. sat as judge. It was the appeal of Robert de Montfort against Henry of Essex, the King's standard-bearer, for cowardice and treachery, in having in a skirmish in Wales, at which the King was present, cast away the royal standard and fled, upon a report of his Sovereign being killed. Essex pleaded that at the time he believed the report to be true. The combat took place, it is supposed, on an island by Caversham Bridge. Montfort was the victor, and the body of Essex, who was apparently killed, was given to the monks of the Abbey for burial. He recovered, however, from his wounds, and being permitted to assume the habit of a monk, was received into the monastery. His estates were, of course, forfeited.

The Abbey provided for the poor, and necessary entertainment for travellers. William of Malmesbury, who, however, died about 1142, says, there was always more spent by the monks on strangers than on

themselves. One Amherius, the second Abbot of this house, had already founded an hospital for the reception of twelve leprous persons, where they were maintained comfortably. Hugo, the eighth Abbot, founded another hospital near the gate, for the reception of certain poor persons and pilgrims, who were not admitted into the Abbey. To this hospital the Church of St. Lawrence is given in the grant for ever, for the purpose of maintaining thirteen poor persons; allowing for the keeping of thirteen more out of the usual alms. The reason assigned by the Abbot was that (though we are told more money was laid out on hospitality than expended on the monks), yet, he had observed and lamented a partiality in entertaining the rich, in preference to the poor. But some have suspected that this was a mere pretence whereby to exclude the meaner sort entirely from the Abbot's table.

At the Dissolution, in 1539, the Abbot, Hugh Cook, alias Hugh Farrington, whom Hall, in his *Chronicle*, calls a stubborn monk, and absolutely without learning, was, with two of his monks, hanged, drawn, and quartered, for refusing to deliver up the Abbey to the Visitors, and immediate possession was taken. The clear revenues at this period, Lysons, writing in 1806, considered equivalent to at least 20,000*l*. The Commissioners found here considerable quantities of plate, jewels, and other valuable articles. Henry VIII. and his successors for some time kept a portion of the Abbey reserved for their occasional residence. No record exists of the time when the buildings were first dismantled, but it is evident that they were in ruins in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for when the church of St. Mary in the town of Reading was rebuilt, the Queen granted two hundred loads of stones from the old Abbey, to be used as materials. But after the reign of James I. it does not appear to have been long occupied as a royal residence. The buildings generally began to decay, and immense quantities of the materials were carried off. Some of these were used in the construction of the Hospital for poor Knights at Windsor, as well as in the rebuilding of St. Mary's Church; and large masses were used by General Conway in the construction of a bridge at Henley. The Abbey appears to have been surrounded by a wall, with four arched and battlemented gateways, the ruins of some of which are still visible. There was also an inner court, with a gateway, which still exists. The north front has a beautiful Saxon arch, with an obtuse point at the top, rising from three clustered pillars without capitals. Among the chief remains is a portion of the great hall, now used as a school-room. The dimensions of the hall, were 80 feet by 40. Here it is supposed were held the numerous parliaments which sat here. What remained

of the Abbey church up to the period of the Civil War was then further dilapidated; the ruins of the north transept, in particular, are then recorded to have been blown up. The Abbey mills are still remaining in excellent preservation, and exhibit arches evidently coeval with the Abbey itself. Over the mill race is a large Norman arch, with a zig-zag moulding. In 1815 a fragment of a stone sarcophagus in two pieces, was found about the centre of the choir, supposed, with some probability, to be the coffin of King Henry I.

In those ages, when a belief existed in the efficacy of real or fancied relics of saints, a most singular object of this kind was presented to the Abbey by the Empress Maud, who brought it from Germany in the reign of Henry II. It was the hand of St. James the Apostle, and in such high estimation was this relic held, that it was carefully inclosed in a case of gold, of which it was afterwards stripped by Richard I. This monarch, however, granted an additional charter, and gave one mark of gold to cover the hand, in lieu of the precious metal he had taken away. His brother, King John, confirmed this charter, and presented to the Abbey another equally wonderful relic, namely, the head of St. Philip the Apostle. The relic of St. James's hand is at present in existence: it was discovered about 80 years ago by some workmen, in digging, and after passing through various hands, at last found its way into the Museum of the Philosophical Society of Reading. The relic consists of the left hand of a human being half closed, with the flesh dried on the bones. Among other relics were a quantity of glazed tiles on the floor of the church. These were covered with various ornaments, and appeared originally to have formed a kind of cross of mosaic work, but the greater portion was missing. Fragments of stained glass of beautiful colours were found; in one place a kind of coffin, or excavation, was discovered, just capable of receiving a human body: it contained bones, but had no covering. The steps leading down to what is supposed to have been the cellar have been laid open, while the fragments of carved stones which have been found show that the building, in its pristine state, must have been as beautiful as it was extensive.

Prynne, in his *History of the Papal Usurpation*, tells us that the Abbot of Reading was one of the Pope's delegates, together with the legate Randolph, and the Bishop of Winchester, commissioned for the excommunication of the Barons that opposed King John, in 1215, and the succeeding year. The maintenance of two Jewish female converts was imposed on this House by King Henry III. The same prince, desiring to borrow a considerable sum of money of the greater abbeys, the Abbot of Reading positively refused to comply with the requisition.

There is in existence a letter of Edward, the first Prince of Wales, written in 1304, to Adam de Poleter, of Reading, commanding him to lodge four tuns of good wines in the Abbey of Reading, against the arrival of the Prince's servants at the Tournament about to be held there.

Of the ancient glory of the Abbey, but a few walls, or a ragged, broken skeleton, remain; though, in recent excavations, the plan of the building has been traced; and "there have been brought to the surface, from the neighbourhood of the high altar, the relics of kings, and warriors, and holy men, the fathers and founders of a church, which they probably trusted would have confined their bones till doomsday."

The Franciscan Friars settled here in 1233. Their convent stood near the west end of Friar-street. On its Dissolution, the warden petitioned that he and his brethren, being aged men, might be permitted to occupy their lodgings during life; but even that humble request was denied. According to Leland, there was also on the north side of Castle-street "a fair house of Grey Friars."

Among the Curiosities shown to the stranger in Reading is a stratum of sand in Catsgrove-lane, which is filled with oyster-shells and other marine fossils. In Dr. Plot's amusing *Natural History of Oxfordshire* (in which the wonders of any other county are, however, gladly laid under contribution), their situation is proposed to be accounted for by an hypothesis as good in its way as Voltaire's pilgrims' cockle-shells, and for which it might have afforded a hint. When the Danes were besieged in Reading by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, they endeavoured to secure themselves by cutting a trench across the meadows. Now, says Dr. Plot, "the Saxons having in all probability removed their cattle, it is likely that they might be supplied by their navy with oysters, which, during the time of the abode of their army on land, might be very suitable employment for it. Which conjecture allowed, there is nothing more required to make out the possibility of the bed of oysters coming thither, without a deluge, but that Catsgrove was the place appointed for the army's repast."

Cumnor Place, and the Fate of Amy Robsart.

Cumnor, about three miles west of Oxford, has an old manor house, which formerly belonged to the Abbots of Abingdon, but after the Reformation was granted to the last Abbot for life, and on his death came into the possession of Anthony Forster, whose epitaph in Cumnor church, speaks of him as an amiable and accomplished person. But, in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, he is represented as one of the parties to the murder of Anne Dudley, under very mysterious circumstances. This unfortunate lady, who became the first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, was the daughter of Sir John Robsart. Her marriage took place June 4, 1550; and the event is thus recorded by King Edward in his Diary: "S. Robert dudeley, third sonne to th' erle of warwic, married S. John Robsarte's daughter, after whose marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a gose's heade, which was hanged alive on tow crose postes." Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, when Dudley's ambitious views of a royal alliance had opened upon him, his wife mysteriously died; and Ashmole thus relates the melancholy story:—

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband: to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering entreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid Manor-house (Cumnor-place); and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney (a prompter to this design), at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to despatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace him from the Court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off), began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy, and other humours, &c. And therefore

would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst: whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would get the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the Doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic; and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported) lest if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the Doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Sir Richard Varney aforesaid (the chief projector in this design), who by the earl's order remained that day of death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, they, I say, whether first stifling her or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but yet, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head. Yet the inhabitants will tell you there that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her downstairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villany. But, behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who has related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and being affected with much melancholy (some say with madness) pined and drooped away. The wife, too, of Bald Butler, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are the following passages to be for-

gotten:—That as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly), which her father, Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bore to her while alive—what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart—caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's Church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable when Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain."

We need scarcely add that these circumstances, with considerable anachronisms, have been woven by Sir Walter Scott into his delightful romance of *Kenilworth*. "Of the gose and poste" this explanation has been given: the gose was intended for poor Amy, and the crosse posts for the Protector Somerset and his rival, Dudley Duke of Northumberland, both of whom were bred to the wicked trade of ambition. Dudley did not, however, escape suspicion. The lady and gentleman were so fully assured of the evil treatment of the lady, that they sought to get an inquiry made into the circumstances. We also find Burghley, presenting, among the reasons why it was inexpedient for the Queen to marry Leicester, "that he is infamed by the murder of his wife." Mr. Froude, in his *History of England*, gives the following summary of the proceedings taken to inquire into the cause of the lady's sad fate.

"In deference to the general outcry, either the inquiry was protracted, or a second jury, as Dudley suggested, was chosen. Lord Robert himself was profoundly anxious, although his anxiety may have been as much for his own reputation as for the discovery of the truth. Yet the exertions to unravel the mystery still failed of their effect. No one could be found who had seen Lady Dudley fall, and she was dead when she was discovered. Eventually, after an investigation apparently without precedent for the strictness with which it had been conducted, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death; and Lord Robert was thus formally acquitted. Yet the conclusion was evidently of a kind which would not silence suspicion; it was not proved that Lady Dudley had been murdered;

but the cause of the death was still left to conjecture; and were there nothing more—were Cecil's words to De Quadra proved to be a forgery—a cloud would still rest over Dudley's fame. Cecil might well have written of him, as he did in later years, that he 'was infamed by his wife's death;' and the shadow which hung over his name in the popular belief would be intelligible even if it was undeserved. A paper remains, however, among Cecil's MSS., which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered. That there should be a universal impression that a particular person was about to be made away with, that this person should die in a mysterious violent manner, and yet that there should have been no foul play after all, would have been a combination of coincidences which would not easily find credence in a well-constituted court of justice. The strongest point in Dudley's favour was that he sent his wife's half-brother, John Appleyard, to the inquest. Appleyard, some years after, in a fit of irritation, 'let fall words of anger, and said that for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister.' Being examined by Cecil, he admitted that the investigation at Cumnor had, after all, been inadequately conducted. He said 'that he had oftentimes moved the Lord Robert to give him leave, and to countenance him in the prosecuting of the trial of the murder of his sister—adding that he did take the Lord Robert to be innocent thereof; but yet he thought it an easy matter to find out the offenders—affirming thereunto, and showing certain circumstances which moved him to think surely that she was murdered—whereunto he said that the Lord Robert always assured him that he thought it was not fit to deal any further in the matter, considering that by order of law it was already found otherwise, and that it was so presented by a jury. Nevertheless the said Appleyard in his speech said upon examination, that the jury had not as yet given up their verdict.' If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although Dudley was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself—aware that if the murder could be proved public feeling would forbid his marriage with the Queen—used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far. But seven years had passed before Appleyard spoke, while the world in the interval was silenced by the verdict; and those

who wished to be convinced perhaps believed Dudley innocent. It is necessary to remember this to understand the conduct of Cecil."

Donnington Castle, and the Battles of Newbury.

About a mile from the town of Newbury, on an eminence thickly wooded, at the base of which runs the river Kennet, are the remains of Donnington Castle, understood to have been erected by Sir Richard Abberbury, the guardian of Richard II. during his minority, and who was expelled the Court in 1388 by the Barons, for his adherence to the cause of that monarch. It has been asserted that Chaucer, the poet, was possessor and inhabitant of this place, but the assertion is not borne out by evidence, more than a supposition that the Castle was purchased about this time by his son, Thomas, who had married a rich heiress. After Thomas Chaucer's death, the estate was settled upon his daughter, Alice, through whom William de la Pole Duke of Suffolk, the lady's third husband, obtained possession of it, and enlarged the buildings. Upon the attainder of the above Duke, Henry VIII. granted the estate, with the title of Duke of Suffolk, to Charles Brandon. Camden describes the Castle as a small but neat structure. It was garrisoned for the King in the beginning of the Civil War, being a place of considerable importance as commanding the road from Newbury to Oxford. It was first attacked by the Parliamentarians under Major-General Middleton, who, to a summons of surrender, received a spirited reply from Captain John Boys, the King's officer. The place was accordingly assaulted, but the besiegers were driven back with great loss. On the 29th September, 1644, Colonel Horton invaded Donnington, and having raised a battery at the foot of the hill near Newbury, continued for twelve days so incessant a fire, that he reduced the Castle almost to a heap of ruins; three of the towers and a part of the wall being knocked down. A second summons was now sent, but still in vain; and, although the Earl of Manchester came to join in the attack, and the Castle was again battered for two or three days, every effort to take the place failed, and ultimately the Parliamentarians raised the siege. Captain Boys was knighted for his services on this occasion.

After the second battle of Newbury, the same gallant officer secured the King's artillery under the walls, while the latter retired towards Oxford; upon which the Castle was once more attacked, the Earl of Essex being the leader, but as fruitlessly as ever. In a few days, the

King was allowed to revictual the garrison without opposition. The only part of the Castle now remaining is the entrance gateway, with its two towers, and a small portion of the walls. The principal entrance was to the east. The western part of the building terminated in a semi-octagon shape, and the walls were defended by round towers at the angles. The gateway is in good preservation, and the place for the portcullis is still visible. Round the Castle, occupying nearly the whole eminence, are the remains of entrenchments thrown up during the Civil War, and the evident strength of which helps to explain the successful defence of Donnington.

It is related in *Knight's Journey: a book of Berkshire*, that in the second battle of Newbury, the King's troops were posted at Shlaw Place, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Page, who, being attacked by a large body of foot, repulsed them with great loss. A basket-full of cannon-balls thrown either during the battle of Newbury or in the siege of Donnington Castle, and picked up from different parts of the grounds, is still preserved. In the old oak wainscot of a bow-window is a small hole about the height of a man's head, which, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the King whilst dressing at the window, and which very narrowly missed.

Lady Place.

In a sheltered and well-wooded valley, near Maidenhead, is Hurley House, better known as Lady Place; originally a monastery, stated in Domesday-book to have belonged to Edgar, but then the property of Geoffrey de Mandeville, who received it from William the Conqueror, as a reward for his gallant conduct at the battle of Hastings; and who, in the year 1068, founded a monastery here for Benedictines, and annexed it as a cell to Westminster Abbey, where the original charter is still preserved. The monastery was dedicated to the Virgin; hence the house, which was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century, was termed Lady Place. The manor came into the possession of the Lovelace family in the sixteenth century, and the house was built by Sir Richard Lovelace, who was "knighted in the wars," as his epitaph declares, and who was reputed to have acquired a large sum of money on a sea expedition with Sir Francis Drake. His son was made Baron Lovelace of Hurley.

The remains of the monastery may be traced in the numerous apartments which occupy the west end of the house; and in a vault beneath the hail some bodies in monkish habits have been found buried. Part

of the chapel, or refectory, may also be seen in the stables. The hall occupied nearly half the extent of the house, and had two entrances; one from the garden, and one from the grounds leading to the Thames. The panels of the rooms were painted with landscapes, about 50 in number, attributed to Salvator Rosa, but believed to be the work of Antonio Tempesta. They were executed with "a kind of silver lacquer," the receipt for which was long in the possession of a resident of Lady Place.

In the reign of James II., John, Lord Lovelace, "kept house here with profuse hospitality, under cover of which the principal nobility held frequent meetings in the vault already mentioned as beneath the house, and from their meetings resulted the Revolution of 1688, as recorded in the following inscription:—

"Dust and Ashes.
Mortality and Vicissitude to all.

"Be it remembered that the Monastery of Lady Place (of which this vault was the *Burial Cavern*) was founded at the time of the great Norman *Revolution*; by which *Revolution* the state of England was changed.

"Hi motus animorum; atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

"Be it also remembered, that in this place, six hundred years afterwards, the *Revolution* of 1688 was begun. This House was then in the Possession of the Family of Lord Lovelace; by whom private meetings of the Nobility were Assembled in the Vault; and it is said that several consultations for calling in the Prince of Orange were held in this recess. On which account this Vault was visited by that powerful Prince after he had ascended the Throne."

The inscription further recorded the visit of General Paoli in 1780; and of George III. and his Queen in 1785.

Lord Lovelace wasted his fortune here. The property was then sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery; when a portion was purchased by Mrs. Williams, sister to Dr. Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester. This lady was enabled to make the purchase by gaining two prizes in a lottery—one of 500*l.*, the other of 20,000*l.* In 1837 the buildings on the estate, in a very dilapidated condition, were taken down.



SURREY.

Guildford Castle.

It is a remarkable fact that the first mention of a Castle at Guildford, in Surrey, in our historical records, is of the time of King John; although the masonry of the *Keep*, which is the principal part now remaining, appears to indicate a far more remote origin than the era of that reign. From this evidence it has been inferred that "this was one of the identical Palaces and Castles of the earliest Saxon Kings;" and that "Alfred the Great sometimes dwelt here." Again, the statement that Prince Alfred, after his courteous reception at Guildown by Earl Godwin, was conducted to Guildford Castle, under pretence of refreshment, prior to his seizure,* is apparently as erroneous as the above deductions from some features of the architecture of the fortress; for neither of our ancient chroniclers makes any mention of a Castle in Guildford in their accounts of the above transaction; nor is it mentioned in Domesday record, so that we may reasonably conclude that the Castle had not been erected at the time of the survey.

There can be little doubt, however, that from the Castle assimilating with most of the Norman fortresses in this country, it was built either at the end of the eleventh century or soon afterwards. It is first mentioned in history under the year 1216; when, as Matthew Paris states, Guildford Castle was taken by Prince Louis of France, who had invaded England on the invitation of the Barons in arms against King John. In the *Annals of Waverley* it is stated that the Prince having landed at Sandwich on the 31st of May, in the above year, possessed himself of this fortress on the 19th of June following.

In the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III. the custody of this fortress was entrusted to William de Aguillon, then Sheriff of Surrey;

* Guildford is mentioned first in the will of Alfred the Great, by whom, as being a royal demesne, it was bequeathed to his nephew, Ethelwald, on whose rebellion or death, a few years after, it reverted to the Crown. It was here that Alfred, the son of Ethelred II., was treacherously seized in the reign of Harold I. (A.D. 1066), and here his Norman attendants were massacred to the number of nearly 600.

probably in order that it might be used as a prison. In the second year of Edward I., an inquiry was made into the encroachments upon the fosse of the Castle; and in the twenty-seventh of the same reign, the issues and profits of the fortress, with those of the town and part of Guildford (being then of the annual value of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*), were assigned to Margaret of France, second wife of King Edward, as part of her dowry. At or about this period the fortress became the common gaol of the county; for Henry de Sey, keeper of the King's prisoners here, petitioned for a gaol delivery, or that the prisoners might be transferred to more secure custody, the Castle not being strong enough. In answer to which the keeper was informed that he might strengthen or enlarge the Castle; but he must, at all events, keep the prisoners securely, as the King did not see fit to provide any other place for their detention. Probably this was a feint of the keeper; for in the fifteenth of Edward II., during the insurrection of the Earl of Lancaster and others, a writ was addressed to Oliver de Bourdeaux, the Constable of the Castle, directing him to furnish it with provisions and other requisites for the King's service, the costs of which were to be allowed in the account of the Sheriff. In the 41st year of Edward III. the custody of this fortress was given to the Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex for a common gaol, and also for his own residence. In the beginning of the reign of Richard II., Sir Simon Burley, K.G., who had been tutor to that Prince, held the office of Constable here. The fortress continued to be used as the common gaol of Surrey and Sussex until the reign of Henry VII., when the inhabitants of the latter county petitioned Parliament that the gaol of Lewes should be the common prison, on account of escapes and rescues being common, and the removal was made. The Castle was granted by James I. to Francis Carter, of Guildford, whose descendants retained it until, in 1813, it was purchased by Charles Duke of Norfolk, and was, by his successor, alienated to Fletcher, Lord Grantley.

Guildford Castle originally consisted of an inner and outer ballium, occupying between four and five acres of ground, on the south side of the town, on the acclivity of a considerable height, and in former ages a station of importance, as it fully commanded the ancient ford of the river Wey. The outer walls of the Castle may yet be traced; the Keep still remains, but in much dilapidation. Its form is quadrangular, height about 70 feet, lower walls 10 feet thick; the exterior casing of chalk, flint, sandstone, and ragstone, the middle filled with coarse rubble and strong cement. The courses of herring-bone work are striking. The Tower is of three stories, and probably a vault

or dungeon in the basement below the ground; the floor and the roof have long been destroyed. The Norman arches and columns of the interior are very characteristic. There are galleries in the thickness of the walls, as at Rochester, for the more speedy conveyance of orders in the case of a siege. On the south side is a mock entrance, or sally-port, to mislead the besiegers, with machicolations over it, as if to defend it from attacks. Over the door of the dungeon are two overhanging machicolations designed to guard it, either by means of stones cast down or molten lead, arrows, or lances, should any escape from the dungeon, or any attack on its door be attempted. On the wall of a room in the second story of the Castle are several rude figures cut in the chalk, as St. Christopher, with the infant Jesus; a Bishop with his mitre, and over him an antique crown; the Crucifixion; a square pillar, the capital with Saxon ornaments. Tradition makes these figures the work of some captive. Here are the remains of the ancient gate of the fortress, which was defended by a portcullis, as appears by the grooves.

In the chalky ridge on which the Castle stands there is a series of caverns or excavations, which have been vaguely supposed to have had a communication with this fortress. In 1869 this notion was revived, with traditional tales of horrible cruelties practised in the so-called dungeons, suspected to communicate with the Castle, where six chambers were discovered in the chalk, at about 220 yards from the fortress, in a direct line with the arch of a passage communicating with a vaulted chamber 75 feet long, 60 wide, and 15 in height, at about 100 feet deep from the surface. On the walls are inscribed many ancient dates; curious bottles, shoe-buckles, and pieces of old iron have been discovered; but the connexion of these excavations with the Castle has not been traced.

Waverley Abbey.

About two miles south-east of Farnham, on the borders of Moor Park, are the remains of the celebrated Waverley Abbey, still interesting from the associations connected with them, although the fragments which that "very valiant trencherman Time" is wont, as old Fuller tells us, to leave in the dish for manners sake, are in this instance but slender. They stand on a broad green meadow, round which the river Wey, overlooked by low wooded hills, winds on three sides, thus completely forming one of those valleys which the followers of the "divus Bernardus" are said to have preferred to the rocky heights loved

of their Benedictine brothers. Waverley was the first house of the White Monks, the Cistercians, founded in England, and was established in 1128 (29th of Henry I.) by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought twelve monks (the proper number, with their Abbot, for a new settlement,—“for thirteen is a convent, as I guess,” says Chaucer) from the Abbey of Eleemosyna, in Normandy, itself an offshoot from Citeaux. One after another, granges and manors were bestowed on the new-comers. In 1187 the Abbey contained seventy monks, 120 “conversi” or lay brethren, often troublesome enough, and kept about thirty ploughs constantly at work. But during the troubles of John’s reign, who at no time hesitated “to shake the bags of hoarding abbots,” and who kept an especial eye on the wool-trading Cistercians, monks and lay brethren were all dispersed, and Abbot John himself “fled away secretly by night.” They returned, however, as the times became more favourable, and their buildings increased in stateliness, until on St. Thomas’s Day, 1230, with solemn procession *et magnæ devotionis gaudio*, they entered their new church, which had been thirty years in building, under the auspices of their benefactor, Nicholas, parson of Broadwater, in Sussex, who, however, had not lived to see its completion. The *Annales Waverlienses*, one of those chronicles which were kept with more or less minuteness in every great Abbey, were published by Gale in the second volume of his *Hist. Anglicanæ Scriptores*. They begin in 1066 (the portion before the foundation of Waverley being a compilation), and end in 1291. There can be no doubt but that it was in turning over their pages that the graceful name of the Abbey approved itself to the ear of Sir Walter Scott. Little did the good monk think, as he laboriously filled his sheet of parchment, what a “household word” Waverley was hereafter destined to become.

Waverley, although the “mother of the Cistercians” in Southern England, where she colonized numerous Abbeys, from Kent to Devonshire, was exceeded in worldly advantages by many of her daughters. The clear income of the Abbey at the suppression was 174*l.* 8*s.* 3½*d.* It was then granted to Sir W. Fitzwilliam, the King’s Treasurer, and, after passing through many hands, was sold in 1796 to W. Thomson, Esq., whose son, C. E. Poulett Thomson, created Lord Sydenham, was born here; from his family the estate was purchased by G. T. Nicholson, Esq. (*Murray’s Handbook of Surrey; abridged.*)

In the *Annales* we find a remarkable instance of the assertion of the privilege of sanctuary in this convent. It was during the Abbacy of Bishop Giffard that, in 1240, about Easter, a young man was received into the house as shoemaker to the fraternity; and in August following,

officers of justice, with the King's warrant, were sent to Waverley to arrest this person on a charge of murder. Notwithstanding the remonstrances and threats of the Religious, they secured their prisoner. The monks, astonished at this violation of their privileges, and foreseeing that if such proceedings were permitted, there would be an end of all distinction between religious and secular persons, first agreed to suspend divine services in the Abbey until they obtained satisfaction, and then despatch their Abbot to the Pope's legate, then in England, with a representation of their case. The legate listened, but declined to interfere. The Abbot then addressed himself to the King, Henry III., demanding, in strong terms, vengeance on his officers for having thus insulted God and the Holy Church; and craved the immediate restoration of the prisoner. The King would, probably, have complied, but his lords and councillors interfered, and the Abbot only obtained a promise that he should be heard and receive satisfaction on his petition, if he would remove the interdict which he had laid upon his convent. Accordingly the charters and muniments of the order having been exhibited before the King and Council, and it appearing that the precincts of the Abbey and the estates were to be considered as sanctuaries as inviolable as the altars of churches, the Abbot's petition was granted in its full extent. The shoemaker was sent back to the Abbey; and the officers who had taken him were condemned to ask pardon of God and of the monks at the gate of the convent, and afterwards to be publicly whipped. This sentence was duly executed by the Dean of the house and the Vicar of Farnham. The offenders were then formally absolved, and due penance having been enjoined on them, they were dismissed.

The situation of Waverley Abbey, on the bank of the Wey, is very delightful. Aubrey describes the monastic buildings as they existed in 1673: a fine rivulet *running under the house*; 60 acres within the walls, which were ten feet high; walls of a fine church, and of the cloisters; a handsome chapel (now a stable); in the parlour and chamber over it (built not long since) are some roundels of painted glass—one, St. Michael fighting with the Devil; St. Dunstan holding the Devil by the nose with his pincers; his retorts, crucibles, and chemical instruments about him. The Hall was very spacious and noble, with a row of pillars in the middle, and vaulted overhead. The remains were greatly mutilated by Sir Robert Rich, who chiefly employed the materials in annexing wings to Waverley House, of which the central part was built in the reign of George II.

Of the existing remains, the most perfect is a vaulted crypt, which, according to an old print of the ruins (about 1736), formed the under

story of the dormitory. Like the rest of the ruins, it is of Early English character. Adjoining is the east wall of an apartment with three good lancet windows, perhaps the refectory. Of the church nothing is traceable but portions of the walls, and those but indistinctly. Oaks, thorns, and ivy overshadow and mingle with the ruins, which are so close to the river that we cannot wonder to find the annalist complaining of disastrous inundations and floods sweeping from time to time through the buildings, to the infinite loss and terror of the brethren. Traditions of concealed wealth linger about the ruins. Figures of the twelve Apostles in massive silver are said to be concealed at Waverley, and have sometimes displayed themselves to the chance passenger; but only, like all "fairy gold," to vanish again instantly.

Cobbett, in his *English Gardener*, has described the ancient kitchen-garden of the monks, which he says: "was the spot where I first began to learn to work, or, rather, where I first began to eat fine fruit in a garden; and though I have now seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley. Ten families, large as they might be, including troops of servants (who are no churls in this way), could not have consumed the fruit produced in that garden. The peaches, nectarines, apricots, and plums never failed; and, if the workmen had not lent a hand, a fourth part of the produce could never have been got rid of."

Moor Park.

Moor Park and House lie at the base of the hills which bound the heaths towards Farnham, and near to Waverley Abbey. This house is a spacious mansion of three stories: and near its east end is the sundial, beneath which was buried the heart of Sir William Temple, who died here in 1698: his body was interred in Westminster Abbey. The park and gardens were much altered early in the present century: the latter were in the formal Dutch style, and were the great delight of William Cobbett, who when a boy many a time walked over from Farnham to see the stately gardens. At the entrance of the Park, near the Waverley Gate, is a cottage, where Swift is said to have first seen Stella; and where, the people in the neighbourhood tell you, Swift used to sleep when he resided at Moor Park with Sir William Temple. The age of the cottage, however, scarcely supports this fame; and were it old enough, Swift is not likely to have slept there.

When Swift first solicited the patronage of Sir William Temple, he hired Jonathan to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board. At first he was neither treated with confidence nor affection; neither did Sir William favour him with his conversation, nor allow him to sit at table with him. Temple, an accomplished statesman and polite scholar, could scarcely tolerate the irritable habits and imperfect bearing of the new inmate; but Sir William's prejudices became gradually weaker as Swift's careless and idle habits were abandoned; he studied eight hours a day, and became useful to his patron as his private secretary. To a surfeit of stone fruit (it is also stated to have been twelve Shene pippins), Swift ascribed the giddiness with which he was so severely afflicted; and it brought on an ill state of health, for the removal of which, after he had been about two years with Sir William Temple, he went to Ireland, but soon returned to Moor Park. He was now treated with greater kindness than before. Temple permitted him to be present at his confidential interviews with King William, who was a frequent guest at Moor Park; and when Temple was laid up with gout, the duty of attending the King devolved upon Swift, who won so much on his Majesty's favour, that he not only taught him to eat asparagus in the Dutch manner (stalks as well as heads), but offered to make him captain of a troop of horse, which Swift, however, declined. There were long at Moor Park portraits of King William and Queen Mary, which were presented to Sir William Temple by the King.

Cobbett had a great predilection for Temple, whom he appears to have liked a great deal better than Bacon; he adds:—"Sir William Temple, while he was a man of the soundest judgment, employed in some of the greatest concerns of his country, so ardently and yet so rationally and unaffectedly praises the pursuits of Gardening, in which he delighted from his youth to his old age; and of his taste, in which he gave such delightful proofs in those gardens and grounds at Moor Park, in Surrey, beneath the turf of one spot of which he caused, by his will, his heart to be buried; and which spot, together with all the rest of the beautiful arrangement, has been torn about and disfigured within the last fifty years by a succession of wine merchants, spirit merchants, West Indians, and God knows what besides; I like a great deal better the sentiments of this really wise and excellent man."

Sir William Temple had a canal of his own constructing in Moor Park. On the outsides of the grass walks on the sides were borders of beautiful flowers. "I have stood for hours," says Cobbett, "to look at this canal, which the good-natured manners of those days had led the

proprietor to make an opening in the outer wall, in order that his neighbours might enjoy the sight as well as himself. I have stood for hours, when a little boy, looking at this object; I have travelled far since, and have seen a great deal; but I have never seen anything of the gardening kind so beautiful in the whole course of my life."

In the abrupt sand-rock that bounds the Park is the old cavern vulgarly called Mother Ludlam's Hole. Here, as traditionally stated, Mother Ludlam, a friendly witch, long took up her abode. Along the bottom of the cavern flows a small current from a hidden spring; the water is transparent and pure, and it was, doubtless, from this place that in ancient times, and under its name of *Ludezwell*, or *Ludzwell*, the monks of Waverley, as stated in the *Annales*, obtained their supply of water for domestic purposes. Above this cave is a deep fox-hole in the sand; within which a person named Foote, when soured by the world, sought a last retreat. He continued here until nearly starved to death; when, in the extremity of his thirst, he crawled down to the rivulet at the bottom of the hill, and was found upon its banks in a dying state. He was carried to the nearest cottage, and next to the poor-house of Farnham, where he died, January, 1840; his last words were, "Do take me to the cave again."



Farnham Castle.

The manor of Farnham was given by Ethelbald, King of the West Saxons, to the see of Winchester, to which it has ever since belonged. One of the bishops, Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, built himself, on the brow of a hill which rises rapidly from the northern side of the town of Farnham, a Castle as the palatial residence of the see, at the time when King Stephen was contending for the throne with the Empress Maud, and had granted leave to all his partisans "to build Castles." Becoming a "retreat for rebels," says Camden, "this Castle was razed by Henry III., but afterwards rebuilt by the Bishop of Winchester, to whom it still belongs." This allusion to rebels probably refers to the previous seizure of the Castle by Louis, the Dauphin of France, and the associated Barons, in June, 1216, during the contest with King John. It had, however, together with Guildford and other Castles of which Prince Louis had obtained possession, been removed in the following year.

About the year 1267, there was a certain outlawed knight of the neighbourhood of Winchester, named Adam Gurdun, who, with his

adherents, withdrew to a woody height near the road between the town of Alton and the Castle of Farnham, and there "infested the country with rapine," and especially preying on the lands of those who adhered to the King. The fame of his strength and courage reaching Prince Edward, he was desirous to make trial of him; and coming upon the outlaw with a strong body of men, the Prince commanded that no one should interfere to prevent a single combat. Meeting, they encountered each other, and, with redoubled blows and equal strength, fought a long time without either giving ground. At length, Edward, admiring the valour of the knight, and the fierceness with which he fought, advised him to yield, promising him his life and fortune. To this the knight agreed, and surrendered, having his inheritance restored; and Edward always esteemed him a dear and faithful subject.

Scarcely anything of historical interest is recorded of Farnham Castle until the reign of Elizabeth, when it is several times mentioned as having been visited by that Queen in her summer progresses. Thus, during the episcopate of Bishop Horn, she was at Farnham in 1567 and 1569. On the latter occasion, the Duke of Norfolk dined here with the Queen at her own invitation, and on rising from the table she "*pleasantly*" (as Camden informs us) advised him to be "careful on what pillow he laid his head." This ominous warning was spoken in reference to the Duke's projected marriage with Mary Queen of Scots; but, unfortunately, Norfolk's "ill-weaved ambition" induced him secretly to persist in his scheme, until his plans became treasonable; and within two years afterwards, he was decapitated on Tower Hill.

Elizabeth was again at Farnham in September, 1591, when Bishop Thomas Cooper had the honour of her company: at the time of the threatened invasion in 1588, this prelate addressed a letter to the Clergy of Surrey relative to the raising of troops for the defence of the kingdom, which possibly may have been written at the Castle. In 1601, Elizabeth once more visited the Castle, when Montagu held the See.

In the Civil War between King Charles I. and his Parliament, this Castle was garrisoned for the King by Sir John Denham, high sheriff of the county in 1642, who was appointed governor. He soon quitted it, and shortly afterwards the fortress surrendered to the Parliamentary General, Sir William Waller, by whom it is said to have been blown up, on December 29 in the same year. In the following year, however, it was again held as a stronghold, and its garrison comprised several companies of soldiers, which, in November, 1643, joined with Waller's army and its London auxiliaries in the fruitless attack on Basing House.

After keeping the field some days, Waller took up his head-quarters at Farnham, and began to fortify the town, and his forces were twice drawn up in Farnham Park, on a rumour of the King's approach to attack the Castle. They showed themselves, but made no assault, though they came so near that the ordnance from the Castle and Park killed about fifteen men and seventeen horses. Some slight skirmishes followed; and on December 13 Sir William Waller marched with the Londoners from Farnham to Alton, and attacking the Royalists under Lord Craford, took between 800 and 900 prisoners, who were brought into the town and secured in the Church and Castle. George Wither, the poet, was afterwards constituted Governor of Farnham Castle for the Parliament; but his office was rendered inefficient, and he had to leave the fortress to the possession of the enemy. In 1648 the fortifications were demolished by order of the then existing Government.

After the Restoration of Charles II., the remains of the Castle, with the manor of Farnham, were restored to the See of Winchester; and Bishop Morley, who presided over it from 1662 to 1684, is said to have expended 8000*l.* in the renovation and improvement of the Episcopal Palace erected within the precincts of the fortress, and including some portions of the original structure. There were formerly two parks* attached to the Castle. The Bishops had here various officers: as a constable of the fortress; keepers of the parks and chases; and of the Frensham ponds, with the swans in them; which offices were held by persons of distinction in the county.

The latter years of Bishop Richard Fox, who had been long afflicted with blindness, were chiefly spent in Farnham Castle; and from the initials of his name, and other memorials yet traceable among the ruins of the Keep, it is surmised that this division of the fortress was partially restored or built during his retirement here: he died in 1528. The lowest and oldest part of the Keep is, however, of an age long prior to the time of Bishop Fox.

The Castle buildings approach the quadrangular form, and enclose a large court, in connexion with the Keep. The outer walls still retain some square bastions, and are surrounded by a wide and deep fosse, in which, on the Park side, oak and beech trees are flourishing. The State apartments are elegantly fitted up, and there is a handsome chapel. The library is extensive, and there are some portraits. The

* From a document preserved at Losely, it appears that the Templars, in Elizabeth's reign, drank their ale or wine out of *green pots* manufactured from the clay dug in Farnham Park.

servants' hall formed a portion of the original structure, its round columns and pointed arches corresponding with the age of the fortress. The shattered Keep, apparently hexagonal in form, is entered from a high flight of steps, leading up an arched avenue of strong masonry. The Keep is entirely unroofed, and the enclosed ground has long been a fruit garden. On the eastern side of the great court was another avenue, leading down to the ancient sally-port. The kitchen and flower gardens, occupy a considerable space. Bishop the Hon. Brownlow North greatly improved the Park, through which the little river Lodden flows. Here is an avenue of elms, terminating at the distance of three-quarters of a mile in two noble trees, the bole of one being 19 feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground; the other 18 feet 6 inches.

It is most important that the people of Surrey should be reminded that Farnham has belonged to the church of Winchester for more than a thousand years. It is rumoured that, at the next vacancy of the See, the manor is to be sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But it will be a disgrace to the churchmen of Surrey and Hampshire if they allow this deeply interesting place to be alienated from the See, after a connexion with it which has lasted more than ten centuries. Such associations are far too precious to be lightly broken; and we are quite sure that if Farnham Castle is suffered to pass into other hands, the time will come when it will be deeply but unavailingly regretted. The place itself is full of ecclesiastical interest, and is quite unsuitable, as it stands, for a lay occupant. If the estate and house are of necessity to be sold, it will surely be easy for so wealthy a diocese to purchase it, and to hold it in trust for the use of the bishop for the time being.*

The Priory of Newark.

On a pleasant site, near the borders of the Wey, in Send parish, a Priory of the Canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine was founded in or before the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Ruald de Calva and his wife Beatrice de Sandes. They gave to the Canons land in Ockham, with its appurtenances of woods, waters, &c., to build a church to the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and

* *Saturday Review*, August 24, 1861. Bishop Sumner, who was translated to the See of Winchester in 1827, resigned in 1869; but it has been arranged that his lordship shall continue to occupy Farnham Castle. His prelaty has rendered him very popular among all classes; and the park forms a delightful place of recreation for the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood.

endowed it the same as did Godfrey de Lacy, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1204. In 1220, the Canons obtained from Henry III. the privilege of holding a fair at Ripley, on the eve of the day of St. Mary Magdalene; for which the Prior gave to the King a palfrey.

The remains appear to have formed part of the Priory Church, and the adjoining refectory; in the Early Pointed style, with lancet windows; the walls are roofless. Most of the Priory buildings, with great portions of the church, were pulled down, and the materials used in repairing the roads! In 1840, fragments of a tessellated pavement, with devices of animals, flowers, buildings, &c., with human bones and an entire skeleton, were excavated here.

Aubrey relates a tradition at Ockham Court, told him by the clerk, that his father remembered to have gone into a vault at Newark Abbey, which went under the river to a nunnery here; by which the poor deluded people would insinuate malpractices between the monks and nuns, a common slander thrown upon the Religious at the time of the Reformation. Upon this tale, Dr. Charles Mackay has founded the following cleverly humorous ballad:—

"The monks of the Wey seldom sung any psalms,
And little they thought of religious qualms;
Ranting, rollicking, frolicksome, gay,
Jolly old boys were the monks of the Wey.

Tralalala! lara la!

"To the sweet nuns of Ockham devoting their cares,
They had but short time for their beads and their prayers;
For the love of the maidens, they sighed night and day,
And neglected devotion, these monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

"And happy, i' faith, might these monks have been,
If the river had not rolled between
Their abbey dark and their convent grey,
That stood on the opposite side of the Wey,

Trala, &c.

"For daily they sighed and nightly they pined,
Little to anchorite rules inclined;
So smitten with beauty's charms were they,
These rollicking, frolicksome monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

"But the scandal was great in the county near—
They dared not row across for fear;
And they could not swim, so fat were they,
These oily, amorous monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

"Loudly they groaned for their fate so hard,
From the smiles of these beautiful maids debarred,
Till a brother hit on a plan to stay
The love of these heart-broken monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

- " 'Nothing,' quoth he, 'should true love sunder ;
 Since we cannot go over, let us go under ;
 Boats and bridges shall yield to-day—
 We'll dig a tunnel beneath the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- " To it they went with right good will,
 With spade and shovel, pike and bill ;
 And from evening's close to the dawn of day
 They worked like miners all under the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- " And every night as this work begun,
 Each sang of the charms of their favourite nun ;
 ' How surprised they will be, and how happy,' said they,
 ' When we pop in upon them from under the Wey.'
 Trala, &c.
- " And for months they kept grubbing and making no sound,
 Like other black moles, darkly under the ground ;
 And no one suspected such going astray,
 So sly were these amorous monks of the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- " At last, this fine work was brought near to a close,
 And early one morn from their pallets they rose,
 And met in their tunnel with lights to survey,
 If they'd scooped a free passage right under the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- " But, alas for their fate ! as they smirked and they smiled,
 To think how completely the world was beguiled,
 The river broke in, and it grieves me to say,
 It drowned all the frolicksome monks of the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- " O, Churchmen, beware of the lures of the flesh,
 The net of the devil hath many a mesh ;
 And remember, whenever you're tempted to stray,
 The fate that befel the poor monks of the Wey.
 Trala, &c."
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Reigate Castle.

On the north side of the town of Reigate are the earthworks of an ancient Castle, of the foundation and history of which little is positively known. It is ascribed to the Earls of Warren and Surrey, who, on acquiring estates in this county, made Reigate their principal residence. The ground-plot suggests the idea of its having been the site of a Roman fort ; and Brayley considers it not improbable that, in later times, it may have been one of a chain of forts commanding the vicinal or cross road which may be traced from Ightham, in Kent, to Farnham, in Surrey, and still known, in parts, by the name of the Pilgrims' Road. If the inhabitants of the district were so successful in repelling

the Danish plunderers as to have given rise to the proverbial distich attributed to them by Camden—

“ The vale of Holmesdale,
Never wonne, never shall,”

it is not unlikely, considering the importance of the situation, that their leaders had a strong fortress here. Be this as it may, it is certain that under the Earls of Warren, Reigate Castle was one of the capital seats of their barony in England. It is supposed to have been founded before the Norman Conquest: others (from the pointed character of the remaining subterraneous vaults), refuse to assign to it an earlier date than the termination of the twelfth or commencement of the thirteenth century. William, Earl of Warren, by whom it was held in the time of King John, is the first of his family mentioned by Dugdale as its owner, his title to it being derived from his earliest ancestors. The wavering policy of this nobleman, in the contest between King John and his Barons, is thought to have occasioned him the temporary loss of the Castle; which is also said to have been for a time (1216) in possession of Louis, Dauphin of France. Jettons, or French coins have been found among the ruins; and a spur of extraordinary size was, in 1802, found in the Castle butts, at the depth of three feet in the ground.

There is a tradition current that the insurgent Barons held their councils, previously to the congress at Runnymede, in the Castle of Reigate; and Gough, in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*, when speaking of a cavern there, under the Castle court, says: “It is called the *Barons' Cave*; and it is pretended that the Barons conferred here before they met King John, in Runnymede.” This is thought unworthy of credence; because William, Earl of Surrey, was one of those lords who were most firmly attached to the King; and as he did not join the Barons till all resistance to their claims appeared hopeless, it cannot be supposed that his Castle would be chosen as the place for their deliberation. It is not unlikely, however, that the Earl of Surrey and a few other lords, who, like him, for a while endeavoured to preserve their neutrality in the grand contest, may have held secret consultations in Reigate Castle, and even in the cavern to which the tradition refers; and which, hence, probably obtained the appellation of the *Barons' Cave*.

In 1265, John de Warren, Earl of Surrey, sullied his reputation by an act of violence in a private feud. He had a lawsuit with Alan, Baron de la Zouche, respecting a title to a certain manor. It was decided against the Earl, who became so highly exasperated that an

altercation arising between him and his competitor, from abusive language they proceeded to personal violence. Some of Surrey's domestics, or retainers, were on the spot, who were privately armed; and with his assent, if not by his order, they drew their swords, and assaulted the unarmed Baron and his son, who was with him. Thinking their lives in danger, they fled towards the King's chamber in the palace of Westminster; the assailants followed, and wounded both De la Zouche and his son; the former so severely that he never recovered. The Earl, becoming alarmed for the consequences of his violence, and fleeing with his servants to the river-side, where he had a boat waiting, they crossed the Thames, and took refuge in the Castle of Reigate. The King and Prince Edward, considering it impossible to overlook the conduct of the Earl (though they owed him so many obligations), had an order issued to compel the appearance of Surrey before the Court, to answer for his offence. The Earl refused obedience to the mandate, whereupon Prince Edward, accompanied by the Archbishop of York and other persons of rank, with an armed force, proceeded to Reigate, to take the culprit into custody. At first he seemed determined to defend the fortress, but he was induced to surrender himself. He was fined 10,000 marks to the King, and 2000 marks damages to the injured Baron; and having declared that the offence was not of malice-aforethought, but of sudden anger, on these terms the Earl received pardon. In the third year of Edward I. the Earl of Surrey entertained that sovereign at his Castle of Reigate, in a style of great splendour; and received the deduction of 1000 marks from the amount of the above fine then unliquidated.

The Castle was in a decayed state in the reign of King James, and in 1648 it was demolished; but some remains of the outer walls were standing within the last half century.

The site of the Castle comprises an eminence of about fifty feet above the level of the town, and nearly surrounded by a dry fosse of considerable breadth and depth; at some distance northward is a moat. The area, a lawn of very fine turf, is an oblong with rounded angles, about 160 paces from east to west, and 100 from north to south. Over a bold escarpment at the east end it is entered by a stone gateway, erected in the year 1777. On the lawn was formerly a summer apartment, corresponding with the ancient design of the fortress. In the centre of the area is the entrance to the caves by a flight of steps hewn out of the sandstone rock to the depth of 18 feet, and thence by a regular slope 26 feet more. The entire descent of 235 feet terminates in a cavern, or chamber, probably a dungeon for prisoners. A gallery, nearly 150

feet long, with a semicircular end, has a seat all round; this is the Barons' Cave, already mentioned. The pointed roof is 12 feet in height, and springs from a ledge. An arch, supposed to have formed a private communication with the town, fell in many years ago. An apartment near the entrance is supposed to have been occupied by the guard. The vaultings throughout the caverns assume the figure of the pointed arch, hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is soft and of fine texture.

William de Warren, who died in 1240, is said to have founded a Priory at the southern extremity of Reigate, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the Holy Cross, and to have endowed it for the support of a Prior and Canon of the order of St. Augustine. The mansion now called Reigate Priory, which occupies part of the old site and precincts, is the seat of Earl Somers.

Chertsey Abbey.

Shortly after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, a small monastery was founded at Chertsey, on the western side of the Thames, by Erkenwald, an ecclesiastic, afterwards Bishop of London, and Frithwald, Viceroy of Surrey, under Wulpher, King of Mercia, who, in confirmation of the foundation charter, "laid his hand on the altar, and made the sign of the cross." The charter is dated 727, probably several years after the death of those whose deed it purports to be; a forgery thought to be to frustrate the severe inquisition of the Norman Conqueror and his agents as to the mode of acquisition and tenure of monastic estates. Late in the ninth century, the Abbot of Chertsey, Beorca, a priest, and all the monks, 90 in number, were slaughtered; the church and conventual buildings were burnt, and the surrounding territory laid waste by the Danes. The monastery was not fully restored till the reign of Edgar, who, in 964, expelled the secular clerks, and placed Benedictine monks in their room.* About a century and a half later, the rebuilding of the Abbey was commenced; for we read in the *Saxon Chronicle*, 1110, "This year men first began to work at the new monastery of Chertsey."

The body of Henry VI., who died in the Tower of London, was buried in Chertsey Abbey, as Grafton asserts, "without priest or clerk,

* In the *Transactions of the Surrey Archaeological Society*, vol. i. pt. i., is a valuable paper by W. G. R. Corner, F.S.A., "On the Anglo-Saxon Charters of Frithwald, Ælfred, and Edward the Confessor, to Chertsey Abbey."

torch or taper, singing or saying;" but, in an Issue Roll, 11th Edward IV., there are disbursements for wax, linen, spices, &c., incurred for Henry's burial, and for wages and rewards to the men carrying the torches from the Tower to St. Paul's; and from thence, accompanying the body to Chertsey; also, for a reward to soldiers from Calais, guarding the body, and for the hire of barges with rowers on the river Thames to Chertsey; likewise payments to Brethren and Friars, and for obsequies and masses said at Chertsey on the burial.

The Abbots of Chertsey retained an uninterrupted possession of the manor from the time of the Domesday Survey until the Dissolution; when, in the deed of Surrender it is stated that the King, for the honour of God, and the health of his soul, purposed to refund the dissolved Priory of Bisham, in Berkshire, and to establish there the Abbot and Brethren of Chertsey, and endow them with the manors, &c., of Bisham, as well as the Chertsey estates. This was done, but in less than a year the newly-formed monastery was surrendered to the Crown.

The superior of Chertsey monastery was one of the Mitred Abbots, or those who were privileged to wear episcopal ornaments; and he was a baron, or military tenant of the Crown, doing duty by his knights. In a bull, dated 1258, there is reference to *vineyards* belonging to the monks. By charter the Abbot kept dogs for hunting hares and foxes. The Exchequer Leiger, which is of vellum, is a general plan of the demesne of the Abbey; the Leiger itself being a ponderous volume, 19 inches in length, and 13 in breadth. It exhibits the monastic church, an hospitium, two mills, a bridge, and a few buildings beyond the Thames, called the vill of Laleham. By the writing it seems to have been depicted about the reign of Henry VI.; parts of the original are coloured. The Abbey, though a large establishment, was completely destroyed; yet by whom commenced, or how carried on, nothing appears to be recorded. In Aubrey's time (1673), the out-walls only remained; the street-roads of Chertsey were made with the ruins. Dr. Stukeley visited the site in 1752; he writes: "So total a dissolution I scarcely ever saw. Of that noble and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground, and looked like a town, nothing remains." At the entrance of the kitchen-garden stood the church. "Human bones of the abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in great numbers in the church and cloisters, were spread thick all over the garden; so that one may pick up handfuls of bits of bones at a time everywhere among the garden stuff. Foundations of the religious building have been dug up, carved stones, slender pillars of Sapey marble, monumental stones, effigies, crosses, inscriptions, everywhere,"

Dr. Stukeley mentions the large orchard, many and long canals, or fishponds and preserves, and the great moat round the Abbey. "I left the ruins of this place," he adds, which had been consecrated to Religion ever since the year 666, "with a sigh for the loss of so much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was that storm which spared not, at least, the churches, libraries, painted glass, monuments, manuscripts; that spared not a little out of the abundant spoil to support them for the public honour and emolument." Figured tiles bearing crowned heads, abbots wearing mitres, grotesque heads, and fragments of tessellated pavements have been dug up in the Abbey-house garden and orchard. The walls of a large barn, an arched gateway, and adjoining wall, are nearly all that remains of this once venerated and extensive foundation of Chertsey Abbey.

Almners' Barns, near St. Anne's Hill, formerly belonged to the Almoners of Chertsey Abbey, and was for a long period occupied by the Wapshott family, who, it is said, "have continued to cultivate the same spot of earth from generation to generation ever since the reign of Alfred, by whom the farm in which they have lived was granted to Reginald Wapshott, their ancestor." That the Wapshotts were residents here some centuries ago is traditionally acknowledged; and a deed proves their occupation of Almners' Barns upwards of five hundred years since. Yet these worthy tenants were expelled the farm by the Duke of York exorbitantly increasing the rent — an act of much injustice.

In the old church of Chertsey the Curfew is still regularly tolled every evening in the winter months upon the Abbey bell, which bears a motto in Saxon characters. The late Albert Smith, who was a native of Chertsey, at his outset in literary life, wrote a pleasing drama, the action of which was laid in the town of Chertsey and its neighbourhood; and the climax of the piece is brought about by the agency of the bell. The performance proved very popular. In the opening chapter of the story, the bell is referred to as one of the few records extant of the noble monastery. "Its motto and quaint Saxon letters prove its antiquity. It probably swung, and clanged, and echoed from the turrets of the monastery centuries before the honest Abbot Rutherford's time — it might have assisted to chime for his birth, and it ushered him to the grave in company with the other prelates who went before or succeeded him. The kingdom changed its rulers; usurpers rose and fell; war followed inaction, and peace transplants war; yet still the old bell kept on its unchanging song, and rang for the conqueror as bravely and lustily as it had before welcomed the vanquished. The morning sounds

roused the hind from slumber to his daily toils ; and at evening it pealed out the solemn curfew, which carried its voice of rest far over the broad expanse of wooded hill and rich pasture that then surrounded the monastery." There is homely pathos in this passage.

Merton Priory.

In the village of Merton, seated on the river Wandle, a Priory was erected of timber by Gilbert Norman. This was in 1115 ; but about two years afterwards the founder was induced by its Prior, Bayle, to remove the establishment to another site, and when the new house was finished, the Prior and his brethren (fifteen in number) went thither in procession, singing "*Salve dies.*" In 1121, in consideration of one hundred pounds in silver, and six marks of gold, given by Gilbert Norman, the King granted the entire manor of *Meretone*, with all its customs and privileges, to the canons here, to enable them to construct a church in honour of the Virgin Mary, &c. About 1130, the Priory was first built of stone, the foundation being laid with great solemnity by Gilbert himself, the Prior, and 36 brethren: the buildings were completed in 1136.

When Hubert de Burgh, the principal minister of Henry III., lost the favour of his weak and prodigal master, and had been accused of high crimes and misdemeanours, he fled for sanctuary to Merton Abbey ; and having refused to quit his place of refuge, the church, after being ordered to attend at a great council or parliament held at Lambeth, the King sent letters to the Mayor of London, commanding him to proceed to Merton, with the armed citizens, and bring Hubert before him either alive or dead ; but Henry recalled the mandate, and in the sequel restored him to favour. Eventually, however, he was deprived of a considerable portion of his accumulated wealth, and passed the concluding years of his life at his manor of Banstead, in Surrey.

About four years after, in 1236, a Parliament or National Council was held at Merton Abbey, when the famous "*Statutes of Merton*" (the most ancient body of laws after *Magna Charta*) were enacted ; and the Prelacy having proposed to introduce the canon law, to supersede the common law of the realm, the Barons made the memorable reply, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare,*"—"We will not alter the laws of England."

The chronicles of Merton Abbey, which are in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, contain the Ordination of William of Wykeham, for the

government of this convent. One of the statutes prohibits the canons from hunting, or keeping dogs for that sport, within the walls of the Priory, "on pain of being restricted to a diet of bread and ale, during six holidays." The punishments are, in general, of a similar description; the severest being a compulsory abstinence from all food but bread and water: and the slightest, confinement to an allowance of bread, ale, and pulse. In a visitation of the Priory by Henry de Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester, the canons are censured for not attending mass, and for going about with bows and arrows; and they are menaced with punishment by restriction of food.

Charters of new donations, confirmations of grants of lands and privileges, were obtained by the canons of Merton from eleven sovereigns; the Prior sat in Parliament as a mitred Abbot. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was educated in the Priory school; as was also Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Chancellor of England, the illustrious founder of Merton College, Oxford, who was born in this village, and, dying in 1277, was buried in Rochester Cathedral.

During the Civil Wars, the Priory was used as a garrison; for the Derby House Committee, in July, 1648, were ordered by Parliament, "to make Farnham Castle indefensible, and to secure Merton Abbey, and other places of strength in the same county." Part of the outer walls, and the east window of the Abbey chapel remain; and several of its stalls are preserved in Beddington Church.*

* Merton became the residence of Lord Nelson, in compliance with whose wishes a small estate here was purchased by Lady Hamilton, in 1801, about which time the hero contemplated a final retirement from command. Nelson lived here from October, 1801, until May, 1803, when he quitted it to resume his command in the Mediterranean: prior to which he devised his capital messuage at Merton, with its gardens, pleasure-grounds, shrubbery, canal, mote, &c., to Lady Hamilton, who was then a widow. After the Admiral fell at Trafalgar, in 1805, Lady Hamilton continued to reside here, with Nelson's daughter, Horatia, until about 1808, when she was compelled by her necessities to dispose of the estate; subsequently the house was pulled down, and the site was built upon.

KENT.

Rochester Castle.

Rochester, which took its name after one "Hroffe," a Saxon, who built his "ceaster," or city, here, abolishing in the process the more expressive and appropriate British name of "Dourbryf," or "Swift Stream." The most important natural feature of the place is the Medway, which flows with great swiftness. The British name was Latinised by the Romans calling it *Durobrivis*, or *Durobrivum*. The extent of the old walls may be traced, and they remain picturesque ruins in many places, making flower gardens and walks for the adjoining houses. Its natural advantages made Rochester a great fighting place, giving it the name of "the Kentishmen's Castle," under all its masters—Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans. Until the time of Edward IV., its Castle and walls were constantly in need of repair, all his royal predecessors besieging or defending the city by turns.

Rochester Castle, one of the finest examples of Anglo-Norman architecture in the kingdom, stands on the banks of the Medway, being built on the brow of a hill with its principal tower so situated as to command both the river and adjacent country. It is attributed to Cæsar, but erroneously; but it is highly probable that the Britons, from their experience of the importance of this passage over the Medway, might erect some fortification to secure it after the Romans had retired to the Continent; and when the legions again arrived, in the time of Claudius, under the command of A. Pautius, they might improve it to a regular fort or Castle; for such a place there certainly was, since both *Durobrivis* (or Rochester) is mentioned as a Roman station, and the Roman way certainly led across the river Medway, near this place.

This appears more certain from the great variety of Roman coins which have frequently been found here—viz., of the Emperors Vespasian, Trajan, Adrianus, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Maximus, Aurelianus, Constantius, Constantine the Great, and others. All these have been found in the ruins of the Castle.

This fort or Castle might also have been rebuilt in the time of Uske,

King of Kent, about the year 480; for it is certain there was a fortress here in 765, when Egbert, King of Kent, gave a certain portion of land to the church lying within the walls of the Castle of Rochester; and in the year 855, Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, gave a house and lands to one Dunne (his minister), that were situate to the south of the Castle.

The Castle, of which there are fine remains, was built about the year 1088, by Gundulph, a monk of Bec, in Normandy, Bishop of Rochester, and the most celebrated architect of his age. The principal entrance was on the north-east, which was defended by a tower gateway, probably designed to command the passage of Rochester Bridge, with outworks at the sides, a remaining part of which has fallen. From this entrance is an easy descent into the city, formed of two arches turned over the Castle ditch. But the chief attraction is the noble tower which stands in the south-east angle of the Castle, and is so lofty as to be seen distinctly at twenty miles distance. This tower was re-built in the place of the original square one destroyed when King John besieged and took the fortress.

In the reign of William Rufus, Kent was the scene of Civil War, in which Rochester and its Castle were defended on behalf of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, to whom the fortress belonged. King Rufus, who was not deficient in courage, finding his subjects lukewarm in his support, proclaimed that whosoever would not be reported a *niding* (ninny, or fool), should repair to the siege of Rochester. This expedient had the desired effect; for the youth, abhorring the above reproachful name, flocked to the King's standard, and he soon took the town and closely besieged the Castle for six weeks, without making much progress, but a contagious distemper breaking out, the besieged offered to capitulate. Rufus, however, would grant them no terms for a time; at length, through the persuasion and entreaties of his nobles, he permitted the besieged to march out with their horses and arms, and to leave the kingdom with the forfeiture of their estates; but Odo he sent a prisoner to Tunbridge Castle, and afterwards, on condition of his leaving the country, gave him his liberty.

The Castle received considerable damage by this siege; and perhaps the Prior and Bishop Gundulph might have been somewhat tardy in their allegiance to Rufus; at least the King entertained suspicions of that nature, and made it a pretence to extort money from them, for he refused to confirm a grant of the manor of Hadenham, in Buckinghamshire, given to the see of Rochester by the then archbishop, Lanfranc: but being entreated by Robert Fitz Hamon and Henry Earl of Warwick,

the King consented, on condition that Gundulph should expend 60*l.* in repairing the injuries which the Castle had suffered by the siege, and make other necessary additions.

Gundulph accordingly repaired the walls, and laid the foundation of the great square tower. He died about twelve years after it was begun, leaving it unfinished; but it has ever since been called Gundulph's Tower. It is quadrangular, about seventy feet square at the base; the walls are in general twelve feet thick. Adjoining to the east angle of this tower is a small one, about two-thirds the height of the large tower, and about twenty-eight feet square. The grand entrance was into this small tower by a noble flight of steps, through an arched gateway, adorned with curious fretwork. At this entrance was a drawbridge, under which was the common entrance into the lower apartments of the great tower. These lower apartments are dark and gloomy. They are divided by a partition wall five feet thick, which partition is continued to the top. In the lower part of the walls are several narrow openings for light and air; there are also arches in the partition wall by which one room communicated with the other. These apartments were designed for store-rooms.

In the partition wall, in the centre of the building, is a well, neatly wrought in the walls; which well ascends through all the stories to the top of the tower, and has a communication with every floor.

On the north-east side within the tower is a small arched doorway, through which is a descent by steps into a vault under the small tower: here seems to have been the prison and melancholy abode of the state criminals confined in the fortress.

The top of the great tower is about ninety-three feet from the ground, round which is a battlement seven feet high, with embrasures. At each angle is a tower about twelve feet square, with floors and battlements above them: the whole height of these towers is about one hundred and twelve feet from the ground. There is in the tower of the Castle wall near the bridge a funnel or space in the wall, open from the bottom to the top, supposed to have been used for the secret conveyance of provisions from the river into the Castle.

There are fire-places to the rooms, which have semicircular chimney-pieces; the arches of which, in the principal rooms, are ornamented similarly. The smoke was not conveyed off through funnels ascending to the top of the tower, but through small holes left for that purpose in the outer wall near to each fire-place. About mid-way as you ascend to the next floor, there is a narrow arched passage or gallery in the main wall, quite round the tower.

The tower being finished, the first circumstance on record is the imprisonment of Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. This great man was general and counsellor to Matilda in her opposition to King Stephen; and in the year 1141 was taken prisoner at Winchester, after he had by his gallantry effected the escape of his sister Matilda. He was committed to the custody of William de Ypre, who probably was castellan of Rochester Castle at that time, for he sent him a close prisoner to this fortress. King Stephen, at the same time, was in confinement by Matilda: and very soon after the captivity of the Earl, the King was exchanged for him.

The Castle was given in custody to the Archbishops of Canterbury by Henry I. in 1126, but the clergy did not keep it long; for about the year 1163, Thomas Becket, among the many insults with which he treated his sovereign King Henry II., accused him with having unjustly deprived him of the Castle of Rochester, which had been formerly annexed to the archbishopric.

In the troubled reign of King John, William de Albini bravely defended Rochester Castle for three months against him: during the siege the garrison in the Castle were reduced to such extremities that they ate all their horses. At length the fortress surrendered, when all the soldiers, except the cross-bow men, were ordered by King John to be hung. In 1216, Louis, Dauphin of France, landed in the Isle of Thanet, near Sandwich, in order to assist the Barons, and took the Castle of Rochester, after a short siege; but after his retreat, and the death of King John, it again submitted to the Crown.

In the contest between Henry III. and his Barons, in 1264, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, made a furious assault on the Castle; after a siege of seven days he retired, leaving a few forces to continue the siege, but these were soon slain or put to flight.

Edward IV. repaired the walls of this Castle; from that period they were left to decay. In the next century, the fortress rested among the manors of the Crown, until James I., 1610, granted it with all its services annexed, to Sir Anthony Weldon, whose descendants demolished the interior for the sake of the timber; the walls defy destruction. It is now the property of the Earl of Jersey.

The points most observable are, the well, and its contrivances for supplying every floor; the ornamented arched gateway; the semicircular fire-places in almost every story; the columns and arches of the chapel on the second story; and the Titanesque massiveness of the walls, generally twelve feet in thickness, which make modern buildings mere doll-houses of pigmy children. From the floor, at one view, the

whole height of the interior, with its five stories, appears. The space enclosed by the walls of the Castle was about 300 feet square. A ditch, broad and deep, surrounded three sides, the Medway protecting the fourth. An ancient Castle was a sort of armed town on a small scale, with all kinds of provision for feasting, residence, fighting, praying; and Rochester still retains enough of its characteristic features to enable us to identify many of its parts.

In the venerable ruins of this fortress the inhabitants of Rochester have long felt an interest, in which the whole country may now be said to participate; since, under the shadow of those walls, in a house situate in the garden on which the tower abuts, was born a successor of Lanfranc, whose praise is now in all the churches.

Much land in Kent and other counties is held of this Castle, whose tenure is perfect Castle guard; for on St. Andrew's day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents; and every tenant who does not then discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled on the turn of every tide in the adjacent river, during the time it remains unpaid.

Richborough Castle.

This ancient maritime station, supposed to be the first that was formed in the island, is situate near Sandwich. It is one of the noblest Roman remains in the country. It was the usual place of communication with the Continent, and guarded one mouth of the Channel which then insulated Thanet. The site of the Castle is a kind of promontory of high ground, projecting into the marshes. "Time," says Camden, "has devoured every trace of it, and to teach us that cities are as perishable as men, it is now a corn-field, where, when the corn is grown up, one may see the traces of the streets intersecting each other; for, wherever the streets have run the corn grows thin. The site of the city discovers evidences of its antiquity in Roman coins of gold and silver."

The area within the walls is five acres. The walls (that eastward has disappeared) are flanked with projecting round towers at the angles, and by intermediate circular towers. There is a large opening in the west wall, and a narrower one in the north wall. The walls were built of blocks of chalk and stone, and faced on both sides with square blocks of stone, banded at intervals with double rows of large flat tiles. The walls, to the height of six feet, are 11 feet 3 inches thick, above that height they are 10 feet 8 inches. The greatest

height of the wall is 23 feet. Near the Castle are the remains of a Roman circular amphitheatre, of about 70 yards diameter. Such was part of the system adopted by our conquerors for the defence of the seaboard.

It is stated that there has been discovered under Richborough Castle a subterraneous passage, which has been cleared to a considerable distance, some six feet high and three feet broad, besides passages leading therefrom in other directions. The walls and roof of the excavated portion are described as lined with rough stones and flints.

Reculver.

The wide estuary which formerly separated the Isle of Thanet from the main land was, in the Roman times, an important haven, as well as the general passage for shipping between the Downs and the mouth of the Thames. The two stations, or Castles, which guarded the opposite entrances to this port were named Regulbium, now *Reculver*, and Rutupium, or *Richborough* (just described), near Sandwich. Reculver must have been the first watch-tower seen on the Kentish coast by ships sailing out of the Thames. The Castle also commands a view, not only of the open sea, but of the mouths of the Thames and Medway, on which account it was used as a watch-tower and a lighthouse. The antiquity of Reculver is attested by the variety and abundance of Roman remains discovered there. The northern station has been partly washed away by the sea. The Church of Reculver, which forms a well known sea-mark, occupied the centre of the station. Richborough, on the contrary, has been deserted by the waves, and is now considerably within the land.

On the subjugation of Kent by the Saxons, Regulbium (*Raculf-cestre*) became a principal seat of the Saxon Kings; and hither King Ethelbert retired with his Court after his conversion to Christianity by St. Augustine, when he granted his Palace at Canterbury to the monks for the site of the Priory of Christchurch. In the next century it obtained the name of *Raculf-minstre*, from a Benedictine Abbey, founded here by Bapa, a priest and noble, to whom some lands were given for the purpose by King Egbert, in atonement for the murder of his two nephews. Afterwards, in the year 949, Reculver was granted by King Edred, in the presence of Queen Edgiva, his mother, and Archbishop Odo, to the Monastery of Christchurch, Canterbury; but before the Norman Conquest the Society was dissolved or removed.

As the sea continued to encroach upon the shore, and the estuary to be filled up, there can be little doubt but that the once extensive and populous town, Reculver, was gradually deserted; and all that remain are the ruins of the Roman station, and the desecrated walls of the church. This was thought to have belonged to the Abbey, but the architecture is of a much earlier period. The spires, 136 feet high, were poetically termed "sisters," from a popular tradition of their having been built at the expense of two sisters. They are now deplorably dilapidated. The remains of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, were interred in the first church erected on the spot.

Of late years, Reculver Castle has been explored by Mr. Roach Smith, whose investigations have thrown a new light upon the inquiry. The work is manifestly Roman: the chancel arch was triple, resting upon two columns, and they were of Roman brick. It has been asked by an able critical writer, "Is it a church built out of some Roman building, which, even in its ruined state, was capable of being adapted to such a purpose; or was it simply a church built, after the conversion of the Kentishmen, by the Roman missionaries in the Roman manner? The work, though Roman, cannot be called classic. It may be work of the very latest Roman days, or even of Welshmen left to their own skill after Honorius had withdrawn his legions. Or it may be the work of the earliest Christian Englishmen and their instructors. In either case it bears witness to no continuous Roman traditions, such as meet the inquirer at every step of a journey through a Romance-speaking land."

Stutfall Castle.

This is the modern appellation of the remains, at Stutfall, of the Roman fortress *Lemanis*, between West Hythe and the village of Lymne, and having an area of about five acres. The high road, which appears to follow the Roman road from Canterbury, goes almost straight to Lymne. Suddenly you see the vast champaign of the Romney Marshes, the British Channel, and the coast of France. This tract of land in times past has been subject to many geological changes, but is now thoroughly subjugated by the hand of man; and is computed to contain about 56,000 acres, including the shingle banks at Dengeness and Hythe, which may be estimated at 10,000 acres. It is intersected with dykes and roads, and every part is in high cultivation as pasture or arable land, chiefly the former, upon which at least 300,000 sheep are sustained, and

numerous herds of cattle. The ocean itself is curbed by a strong mural defence, called the Dymchurch Wall. Immediately beneath the spot where the visitor is supposed to stand was the *Portus Lemanis*, one of the great harbours of Roman Britain; but the name and position are all that history has left us of a place through which for some centuries poured a stream of communication between Britain and Gaul, and which shared with *Rutupiæ* the honour of sheltering the Roman fleet. The port is now no more; but from the elevation of Lymne the eye can still trace the line of its sea margin. It is remarkable, that at the time of the former panic, at the apprehended invasion by Napoleon, when the military canal was cut, and Martello towers at an incredible expense were erected along the coast, the surveyors considered the site of the entrance of the *Portus Lemanis* as by far the most advantageous point for the enemy's landing. Opposite, and to the south-west of Lymne, at the time when the *Portus Lemanis* existed, the land must have stretched to a very considerable distance beyond the present sea boundary, probably a mile at least; and there is every reason to believe that the tract now submerged, as well as the entire district now known as the *Romney Marshes*, was cultivated and peopled by the Romans.

The destruction of the fortress has been assigned to land-slips, such as the coast of Kent is subject to, and subsidences of the earth, occasioned by land-springs acting upon the clay, which, being forced out from its bed, leaves the overlying sandstone without support, and, in consequence, it gives way, and slides down. Some attribute its overthrow to the Saxons; but it is more likely attributable to an earthquake. In 1728, a piece of land to the west of the *castrum* sank 40 feet. The subsidence took place in the night-time, and it was so imperceptible, that the inmates of a farm-house situate upon the sunken ground did not know what had happened until the morning. A penny of Eadgar, found at the depth of two feet, and also some iron prick-spurs, suggest that the *castrum* may have been partially tenanted for some centuries after the Romans had abandoned it. There is no record of the period when the great land-slip took place, but it has been suggested before the Conquest, since Lanfranc used the facing stones of the *castrum* for building the Castle and Church which stand upon the brow of the cliff.

The excavations of these curious remains were commenced in 1850, by Mr. Roach Smith, who has presented to the subscribers to the excavations a very interesting Report, with explanatory engravings, showing how portions of the wall, and tower, and gates fell, or overtoppled, and showing the house in the area of the fortress; also, fragments of inscribed tiles, an altar, bronze bracelet, fine red pottery, a Saxon pin,

ring, and chain, jewellery, variegated glass, and coins of Carausius and Allectus.

Hever Castle and Anne Boleyn.

At the distance of a tourist's walk from Edenbridge and Penshurst, in a pleasant nook of the county of Kent, stands Hever Castle—of little architectural extent or pretension, but in its associations one of the most popular and interesting of our historical houses. It was anciently the seat of a family of the same name, but is more endeared to memory as the paternal abode of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It is a curious specimen of the domestic fortress, and was erected by William de Hever, a Norman baron, who, under Edward III., obtained the King's licence to embattle his manor-house, and to have liberty of free warren within this demesne. His two daughters and co-heiresses conveyed it in marriage to the families of Cobham and Brocas; the former, who had acquired the whole by purchase, afterwards sold the entire estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a wealthy mercer of London, Lord Mayor of that city in the thirty-seventh of Henry VI., and great-grandfather to Anne Boleyn, a Queen of Henry VIII., and mother of Queen Elizabeth.

The family of Boleyn, or Bullen, originally of French extraction, was transplanted to England soon after the Norman Conquest, and settled in Norfolk, where they resided for three centuries, maintaining their rank and influence among the provincial gentry, till Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, amidst the conflicts of York and Lancaster, exchanged the pastimes of hawking and hunting for the pursuits of commerce, amassed great wealth, and was invested with the knighthood, whilst his children intermarried with noble families. Sir Geoffrey also purchased the manor of Blickling from Sir John Falstaff. His son, Sir William Boleyn, was equally fortunate with his father, and more aspiring: he proved a successful courtier, and his most sanguine expectations were more than realized by the subsequent union of his son Thomas with Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, a nobleman in whom high rank was exalted by chivalrous valour, munificent liberality, and refined taste. Sir Thomas did not, however, obtain preferment till the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and he appears to have passed that interval at Rochford Hall, in Essex, where, in 1507, his wife gave birth to the celebrated Anne, the scene of whose infancy is still shown to the curious inquirer, and many traditional stories are related. Such is Miss Benger's statement; but Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, also the seat of Sir Thomas Boleyn, is stated to have been the birthplace of Anne. A tradition was

related in the neighbourhood, that Sir Thomas Boleyn was believed by the vulgar to be doomed annually, on a certain night in the year, to drive for a period of 1000 years, a coach drawn by four headless horses, over a circuit of twelve bridges in that vicinity. These are Aylsham, Burgh, Oxnead, Buxton, Coltishall, the two Meyton bridges, Wrexham, and four others. Sir Thomas carries his head under his arm, and flames issue from his mouth. Few rustics were hardy enough to be found loitering on or near these bridges on that night; and an informant averred, that he himself was, on one occasion, hailed by this fiendish apparition, and asked to open a gate, but "he warn't such a fool as to turn his head; and well a' didn't, for Sir Thomas passed him full gallop like;" and he heard a voice which told him that he (Sir Thomas) had no power to hurt such as turned a deaf ear to his requests, but that had he stopped he would have carried him off. The informant adds, that he had never found but one person who had ever actually *seen* the phantom.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 29.

To return to Hever. On the death of Sir Thomas Boleyn, K.G., Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and father of Anne, Henry seized this estate in right of his own wife; and afterwards enlarged it by purchases from others of her family; or, as Miss Benger states, "Henry, with matchless cupidity, claimed it in right of a wife, for whom, previous to her wedding, he had been divorced." The next possessor was Lady Anne of Cleves, who, after her divorce, had settled on her this and other manors for life, so long as she should remain in the kingdom. She made Hever Castle her general place of residence, and died here in 1557, 3 and 4 year of the reign of Philip and Mary, at which time the estate was sold by Commissioners authorized by the Crown to Sir Edward Waldegrave, chamberlain to the Queen's household; who on the accession of Elizabeth was divested of all his employments and committed to the Tower, where he died in 1561. From his family the manors passed to the Humphreys, and finally, to the Malleys, in Sussex.*

The Castle, as we now see it, is a mass of buildings, with buttresses,

* Much of the property left by Alderman Boleyn (the Queen's grandfather), was situated in Kent, in the neighbourhood of which estates a worthy inn-keeper, indignant at the treatment of his old master's relative, altered his sign from "The Boleyn Arms" to "The Boleyn Butchered." Queen Elizabeth, they say, who took every means to hush up her mother's sorrows and end, induced the host to amend it into the "Bull and Butcher," which henceforth became a popular sign throughout all England.—*Historical Reminiscences of the City of London and its Livery Companies*. By Thomas Arundell, B.D. 1869.

square towers, embrasures, square headed windows, and a watered moat, the latter being supplied by the river Eden. The principal front consists of an entrance flanked by towers: it is embattled and strongly machicolated, and defended by a portcullis and two thick oaken doors, immediately behind which are two guard-rooms. A broad avenue of solid masonry leads straight to a second portcullis, and this again to a third, occupying altogether the whole depth of the Castle. These gates lead into a spacious courtyard formed of three sides of the house built in the early Tudor style, and on the fourth by the Castle. The great dining-room, now used as a kitchen, contains a portion of the original Boleyn furniture; but the room visited with the greatest curiosity is that known as Anne Boleyn's bedchamber, beautifully panelled, and containing the original furniture, as chairs, tables, muniment-chest, and Anne's bed. Here, too, is a pair of elegant andirons, bearing the royal initials H.A., and surmounted with a royal crown. A door in one of the corners of the room opens into a strong dark cell. The great staircase communicates with various chambers, wainscoted with small oaken panelling, and a gallery the whole length of the building, with three recesses: in one of them it is said Henry, on one of his visits, received the congratulations of his gentry; and he is said to have used it as a council-chamber. This gallery has a curiously ornamented ceiling in stucco. The windows of the staircase display several heraldic shields in painted glass, collected from different parts of the Castle, charged with the arms and alliances of the Boleyns, &c. At the upper end of the gallery, part of the floor lifts up and discovers a narrow, gloomy descent, leading as far as the moat, and called the dungeon.

Presuming the reader to be familiar with the outline of the tragical story of Anne Boleyn, we may proceed to detail that period of her life which she passed at Hever. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was the representative of an ancient line in Norfolk, which had in three descents been allied to the noblest families in England; he was afterwards created Viscount Rochford and Earl of Wiltshire. Anne's mother was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Anne was born in the year 1507, and in her childhood accompanied Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., to France, where she remained in the court of that Queen and of her successor, the wife of Francis I., for many years. She was afterwards attached to the household of the Duchess of Alençon. Anne, to English beauty added the lively charms of foreign manner. Viscount Chateaubriand describes her as "rivalling Venus." It is most probable that she was present at the Field of the Cloth of

Gold, where Henry might have been smitten by her charms. The time of her return from France is doubtful, but is placed in 1527, when her father was sent in an embassy to France. At that time she became a maid of honour to Queen Katherine, the wife of Henry VIII., and was receiving the addresses of Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland. If the assertion of Henry VIII. is to be credited, he had long entertained scruples concerning the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow; and had attributed to the violation of God's law the premature death of all his children by Katherine, excepting the Princess Mary. The most charitable and credulous, however, cannot abstain from remarking that the moment of his proceeding openly to annul the marriage was identical with the commencement of his addresses to Anne Boleyn, and that a similar coincidence marks the catastrophe of this unhappy woman. A letter from the King to her in 1528 alludes to his having been one whole year struck with the dart of love, and her engagement with Lord Percy was at this time broken off by the intervention of Wolsey, in whose household that nobleman was brought up. After this malicious interference Anne retired to Hever, but she kept up a correspondence with Henry by letters: some of the King's letters to her are still extant in the library of the Vatican. Although not consistent with the delicacy of expression usual in these days, they show unquestionably that Anne Boleyn was the beloved, not the mistress of the King. The crafty Cardinal having first prevailed on the Earl of Northumberland to forbid his son's marriage with Anne, succeeded in persuading Sir Thomas Boleyn to withdraw her from the Court. Anne was little aware of the real source of her disappointment, which was, in truth, the unholy passion of Henry. She, on the other hand, attributed it exclusively to Wolsey's malice; and she protested, with an impetuosity which fatally for herself she never learnt to control, that she would some day find the means to requite the injury.

From the diary of Margaret, Sir Thomas More's eldest daughter, we gain a glimpse of Henry, as he was to be seen in 1524. Margaret More says her mother "calls him a fine man; he is, indeed, big enough, and like to become too big, with long slits of eyes that gaze freebie on all, as who should say, 'Who dare let or hinder us?' His brow betokens sense and frankness, his eyebrows are supercilious, and his cheeks puffy; a rolling, straddling gait, and abrupt speech." And, in 1528, "Mistress Anne is not there (at Court) at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about Court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripture injunction to Solomon's spouse—to forget her father's house. The King likes well enow to be compared with Solomon; but Mistress Anne is

not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habits have spoilt her, I trow."

Mistress Anne, however, drew the King deeper into danger by judicious encouragement, and keeping him in suspense. Here are two letters, in which her arts are plainly visible:—

Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

"MY MISTRESS AND MY FRIEND,—My heart and I surrender themselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affection may not be diminished to us, for that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more searching is the heat. Thus it is with our love; absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless, fervour increases, *at least on my part.* I hope *the same from you*, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great that it would be intolerable, were it not for *the firm hope I have* of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing that comes nearest that is possible—that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is the hand of

"Your servant and friend,

"H. R."

Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII.

"SIR,—It belongs only to the august mind of a great king to whom nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favours so extraordinary an artless and short conversation with a girl. Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your Majesty's bounties, I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity; for if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those *who are ready to consecrate their entire obedience to your desires?* How great soever may be the bounties I have received, the joy that I feel in being loved by a king *whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart, if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him,* will ever be infinitely greater.

"The warrant of maid of honour to the Queen induces me to think

that your Majesty has some regard for me, since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you, by my own lips (which I shall do on the first opportunity), that I am

“Your Majesty’s very obliged and very obedient

“Servant, *without any reserve*,

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

Anne’s seclusion at Hever Castle is touchingly referred to by Miss Benger: “The long gallery she so often traversed with impatience, still seems to re-echo her steps; and after the vicissitudes of three centuries, the impression of her youth, her beauty, and singular destiny, is still fresh and vivid to the imagination.”

While Anne Boleyn was repining in exile, Henry contrived the marriage of her lover, Lord Percy, to the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. At this moment there is no reason to believe her aware of the true source of her disappointment; even her father’s sagacity appears not to have penetrated the mystery; and he probably attributed the royal interposition solely to that spirit of domination which he had long remarked in his sovereign, of whom it was too justly predicted that he would not scruple to strike off even a favourite’s head if it obstructed his views of advantage.

According to tradition, however, the mist vanished from his eyes when he suddenly saw the King arrive by stealth at Hever on some frivolous pretext, which ill disguised his real errand, that he came but to steal a glimpse of the lovely Anne Boleyn. Alarmed by his delicate attention, Sir Thomas is said to have sedulously withdrawn his daughter from the King’s view, and during his visit, on the plea of indisposition, to have kept her confined to her chamber. Whatever credit be attached to this story, it is certain that a considerable time intervened before Anne received her place at Court; and that during her absence her father, created Lord Viscount Rochford, was advanced to the office of Treasurer of the Royal household.

In the meantime the King’s divorce from Katherine was retarded by various delays; and at the beginning of the year 1533 Henry married Anne Boleyn secretly, in the presence of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and of her father and mother—first secretly, in a garret of Whitehall Palace, and then publicly. A handsome little clock of brass (by mistake sometimes described as silver-gilt) was presented by Henry to Anne upon the day of the marriage. This clock fell into the possession of Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who gave it to Horace Walpole. At the Strawberry Hill sale, this famous clock was purchased for Queen

Victoria for 110*l.* 5*s.*, and it is now in Windsor Castle, and in going order. It is richly chased and engraved, and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*, &c., and surmounted with the arms of England. The weights are chased with the initials of Henry and Anne within true lovers' knots. One bears the inscription "The most happye," the other the Royal motto. Queen Anne was crowned at Whitehall with great pomp, on the 1st of June, and on the 13th of the following September the Princess Elizabeth was born. Poor unhappy Katherine, after having served Henry faithfully eighteen years, he willingly turned adrift, "and all," says Margaret More, "for love of a brown girl with a wen, or perthroat, and an extra finger." Henry was more concerned about the *wen* than any scruples of conscience, and in 1536 was pleased to prefer Lady Jane Seymour to either, upon which there followed a base accusation, a mockery of a trial, and the gleam of a bright axe.

There is a mysterious uncertainty about Anne's burial-place. There is a tradition at Salle, in Norfolk, that her remains were removed from the Tower and interred at midnight, with the rites of Christian burial, in Salle Church; and a plain black stone, without any inscription, was long supposed to indicate the spot where she was buried. The stone has been raised, but no remains were found underneath it. Holinshed, Stow, and Speed say that the body, with the head, was buried in the choir of the Chapel in the Tower; and Sandford that she was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower. Burnet, who is followed by Hume, Henry, and Lingard, says that Anne's body was thrown into an elm chest to put arrows in, and was buried in the Chapel in the Tower before twelve o'clock. In Crispin's description of the execution, written fourteen days after, is the following passage, cited by Mr. Sharon Turner:—"Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty, and though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapt in a white covering."

A Correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1815, describes "the headless remains of the departed queen as deposited in the arrow-chest, and buried in the Tower chapel, before the High Altar. Where that stood, the most sagacious antiquary, after a lapse of more than three hundred years, cannot now determine; nor is the circumstance, though related by eminent writers, clearly ascertained. In a cellar, the body of a person of short stature, without a head, not many years

since was found, and supposed to be the reliques of poor Anne; but soon after reinterred in the same place, and covered with earth."

The fall of the Boleyns must have been signally sudden; for Lambard, in his *Perambulations in Kent*, published about the middle of the seventeenth century, does not refer to the family. To the Boleyns no motto could have been so appropriate as that assumed by the House of Courteney: *Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?* (Where have I fallen? What have I done?) Their rise had been slow and gradual—their fall was rapid and irretrievable; and after the death of Anne, they never recovered dignity and importance. The Earl of Wiltshire survived his ill-fated daughter but two years, and died in 1538, at Hever, in whose parochial church his tomb is pointed out. For the Countess, contrary to her daughter's predictions, was reserved a longer term of existence; and eventually she lived to witness the death or disgrace of those peers who sat in judgment on her daughter. The Earl of Northumberland had soon followed the object of his juvenile affection to the grave, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow by the execution of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, who had been involved in Aske's rebellion. Cromwell and Surrey perished on the scaffold, and the Duke of Norfolk was immured in the Tower ere the remains of Anne's mother were consigned to the tomb of her ancestors in the chapel at Lambeth, with this brief monumental inscription: "Elizabeth Howard, sometime Countess of Wiltshire." Mary Boleyn, her younger daughter, died in 1546, at Rochford Hall, Essex, leaving two children, a daughter, afterwards married to Sir Francis Knollys; and a son, Henry Carey, created Baron Hunsdon by Queen Elizabeth, in whose brilliant circle he was distinguished as the honest courtier. His son enjoyed favour and consideration by James I., but the fortunes of their House declined, and the collateral branches of the Boleyns in Kent and Norfolk sank into quiet obscurity.



Tunbridge Castle.

Close to the railway station of "Tunbridge Town," there exists an architectural fragment, which may be often mistaken for an entire Castle, but was merely the entrance gateway to a fortress of very great extent. At the time of the Domesday Survey, lands were held here by Richard de Tonebridge, a Norman follower and uncle of the Conqueror, who created him Earl of Clare, and settled several lordships upon him. De Tonebridge exchanged his lands at Byon, in Normandy, with the

Archbishop of Canterbury for a tract of equal extent at Tunbridge. Here he erected a Castle, and assembled his retainers and vassals. These were called into active service soon after the death of William I., for Earl Richard espoused the cause of Robert Curthose, in opposition to William Rufus, who had seized the crown. The latter immediately marched an army to Tunbridge, to compel obedience and allegiance to his relative; and the Earl, after a short struggle, was compelled to submit. Frequent contests occurred between the lords of this Castle and the prelates of Canterbury, till the reign of Henry III., when it was agreed that the Earls of Clare should hold "Tunbridge and its Lowy," *i.e.*, liberty or certain district which had grown up under the protection of the Castle—"by the grand sergeantry of being chief butlers and high stewards at the instalments of the metropolitans, and grant them wardship of their children." On such occasions the butler was to receive seven robes of scarlet, 30 gallons of wine, 50 pounds of wax for his own lights at the feast, the livery of hay and corn for 80 horses for two nights, and the dishes and salts placed before the prelates at the first course of the feast, &c. These services and conditions remained in force till the fourteenth century, when they were compounded for by a sum of money, generally 200 marks. At the time of Henry VIII. this office was held by Edward Duke of Buckingham. The history of the fortress embraces accounts of sieges, burnings, sappings, and slaughter too numerous to relate. In the Civil troubles of Henry III. the Castle was besieged and taken from its owner, the Earl of Clare, by Prince Edward; and during the siege, the garrison burnt the town. There was also a Priory at Tunbridge, founded by Earl Richard, in the time of Henry I. for canons of St. Augustine, of which structure only a small fragment remains. King Edward I. was entertained at this Castle in a magnificent style for several days, in the second year of his reign. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Castle, together with the town, was forfeited to the Crown by the Duke of Buckingham; after which time, the fortress was suffered to fall into decay.

The remains of the Castle are on the northern bank of the Medway, which formerly was made to flow not only around the whole Castle in a broad moat, but also around the base of the keep. The exterior walls enclosed about six acres. Part of the outer walls remain; also the lower portion of the water-tower, the mound of the Keep, and the entrance gatehouse. The latter is flanked by two circular towers, and had a drawbridge in front, of the time of King John or Henry III. This Anglo Norman fortress, by the side of the railway of our times, is a very suggestive scene,

Tunbridge Wells, at a short distance from Tunbridge Town, dates from early in the 16th century, when persons of fashion began to "drink Tunbridge waters." Among the papers of Richardson, the novelist, was found a water-colour drawing by Loggan showing the principal walk at "The Wells," with portraits of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Mr. Pitt (the Earl of Chatham), Beau Nash, Miss Chudleigh (afterwards Duchess of Kingston), and Richardson himself. The date on the drawing is 1748; it was engraved and coloured as the frontispiece to Richardson's *Correspondence*, published in 1804.

Penshurst Place and the Sydneys.

About six miles north-west of Tunbridge Wells, in a picturesque district, towards the western verge of the county of Kent, lies Penshurst Place, the memorable and once splendid mansion of the Sydneys. In the Norman times, there was a building here occupied by a family named Penchester. One of this race, Sir Stephen de Penchester, was a famous Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. In the 15th of Edward II., Sir John de Poultney, then possessor of Penshurst, obtained a licence to embattle his mansion: he was four times Lord Mayor of London, and was noted for his public charities, magnificent housekeeping, and splendid buildings. In course of time the lands of Penshurst, as the place is now called, fell into the possession of females, one of whose descendants sold the property to the Regent, the Duke of Bedford. On his decease at Paris, in the 14th Henry VI., Penshurst came to his next brother, the good Duke of Gloucester, after whose death, in 1447, it descended to the King, and was in the same year granted to the Staffords. On the attainder of Edward Duke of Buckingham the possessions of this family fell to the Crown. Henry VIII. long kept the property, and greatly extended the park; and it has been presumed that during one of his visits here he first became acquainted with Anne Boleyn, then living with her father at Hever Castle, in the neighbourhood. King Edward VI. granted Penshurst to Sir Ralph Fane, who within two years afterwards was executed as an accomplice to the Protector Somerset. The property was then given by the youthful Sovereign to Sir William Sydney, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, whose connexion with the King is in part explained by the inscription on the square massive entrance-tower—"The most religious and renowned Prince Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this

house of Penchester, with the manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, unto his trustye and well-beloved servant, Syr William Sydney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of Chamberlayne and Stewarde of his Household, in commemoration of which most worthy and famous King, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heyre of the aforementioned Sir William, caused this tower to be erected, anno Domini 1585." Near this inscription is a hatchment, quartering the Royal arms with those of the Sydneys; below is carved the Royal arms of the period.

Dying in 1553, at the age of 70, Sir William's property descended to his son and heir, Sir Henry Sydney, a learned and accomplished knight, in whose arms the youthful King Edward VI. expired. Grieved at this sad event, Sir Henry retired to Penshurst, where he sheltered and protected his father-in-law, "the great and miserable" John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his family. Sir Henry enjoyed the confidence of Queen Elizabeth, and died at Ludlow Castle, while President of the Welsh Marches. His body was conveyed to Penshurst and by the Queen's order there buried. He left three sons and a daughter, of whom Sir Philip, Sir Robert, and Mary, are distinguished in our historic and poetic annals.

The great light of Penshurst was Sir Philip Sydney, one of the brightest gems of Queen Elizabeth's Court,—the eloquent poet, able statesman, and noble soldier. The house, the woods, gardens, and terraces around are full of delightful associations connected with this worthy and accomplished gentleman, the author of *Arcadia*, the *Defence of Poesy*, and *Astrophis and Stella*. Oldys could muster up 200 authors who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sydney. It is said of this famous Sydney that "Royalty would be honoured by his acceptance of it." Notwithstanding his high qualities, Sir Philip Sydney, in consequence of expressing a plain and honest objection to the proposed French marriage of Queen Elizabeth and certain State intrigues, became for a time under the Royal disfavour, and retired for a period to Wilton, and there wrote his most famous work. The following extract, so characteristic of the man, is worth quoting here:—"Let calamities be the exercise but not the overthrow of my virtue. Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their pretext, my pain be the sweetness of their revenge. Let them, if so it seems good unto thee, vex me with more

and more punishment; but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a head but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body." These words were in years after repeated by Charles I. shortly before his execution.

When only thirty-two years of age, Sir Philip Sydney was wounded at the battle of Zutphen. It was on this field that, being offered water, he desired that it might be given to a soldier, whose wants, said Sir Philip, were greater than his own. This happened on Sept. 22, 1576. He died twenty-five days after, and was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Robert, the brother of Sir Philip, afterwards became Earl of Leicester; and his sister, to whom the *Arcadia* is dedicated, Countess of Pembroke. The character of Sir Philip Sydney is one of the finest in the long line of English chivalry. He was "a gentleman finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character is capable of producing, when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sydney; and as such every Englishman has reason to be proud of him." Sir Walter Raleigh styled him "the English Petrarch." The chivalry of his character, his learning, generous patronage of talent, and his untimely fate, contribute to make him an object of great interest. "He trod," says the author of the *Effigies Poeticæ*, "from his cradle to the grave, amidst incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." Dr. Thornton, of Oxford, had it recorded on his tomb that he was "Tutor to Sir Philip Sydney;" and Lord Brooke in like manner commemorated his affection and esteem for his early friend by causing the following inscription to be placed upon his own monument:—"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney."

Sir Robert Sydney succeeded to the Penshurst property; he was succeeded by his son and heir, in 1626, and after spending some time at foreign courts, settled at Penshurst, where he died in 1677, in his 82nd year. Among his fourteen children was the celebrated Algernon Sydney, who, through the iniquitous Jeffreys, was implicated in the Rye House plot, and illegally put to death in 1683; for one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his attainder. One of Algernon's sisters, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, was the famed Saccharissa of the poet Waller.

Penshurst continued to be inhabited by the Sydneys to July, 1713,

when Jocelyn, the last Earl of Leicester of this family, died without legitimate issue, and disputes and litigation followed. The next possessor was William Perryng, by marriage with Elizabeth Sydney, niece of the above Earl of Leicester, and who left the estate in the hands of trustees for her grandson, the younger brother of Sir John Shelley, of Castle Goring, Sussex, who has since taken the ancient family name of Sydney. His only surviving son was Sir Philip Charles Sydney, son-in-law of King William IV., who, in 1835, conferred on him the barony of De Lisle and Dudley, not a new creation, but the revival of a title which had long been claimed by the Sydneys of Penshurst. His lordship, who married Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, became the occupier of Penshurst; and is understood to have been liberally aided by King William IV. in the reparation of the mansion. Kings had already contributed to its embellishment; and much beautiful tapestry and furniture were presented by Queen Elizabeth to its distinguished possessor. Lord De Lisle and Dudley died in 1851, and was succeeded by the present peer and possessor of Penshurst Place.

The house, originally a fine specimen of the embattled mansion of the 14th century, or, possibly, a castle, in later times expanded into a mixture of the castle and mansion, with its towers, courts, and spacious hall, retained much of its olden state until the middle of the last century. Inscriptions and armorial bearings on different parts of the building, point out their respective ages. In 1803, John Carter could recognise the architectural characteristics of the reigns of Henry II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Georges I. and II.; so that a portion of Penshurst Place is nearly seven centuries old. The fine old baronial hall 60 feet by 40 feet, and 60 in height, is open to the roof, where was originally an open *louvre*. Beneath it, on the floor, is the fire-hearth with large and-irons upwards of 3 feet 6 inches high; near the top of each is the double broad arrow of the Sydney arms; the "dogs" are connected by a massive bar of iron, which served the purpose of a rest for the fuel. This is nearly a yard and a half wide, and would allow the trunks and large portions of trees to blaze; the ribs of the roof and the walls are much discoloured by the wood-smoke. Near the entrance to the hall is the dinner-bell, of considerable size, and inscribed with the words: "Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649." The sills of the side windows are very near the floor, an unusual arrangement in such halls. The floor is composed of small bricks and tiles, and beneath is a very fine crypt or vault. Communicating with the hall is a state room, 70 feet long, with an Elizabethan

ceiling, and crimson velvet and gold screen, embroidered with mother-of-pearl by Elizabeth, who was here entertained with a masque. Next is the Queen's drawing-room, said to have been furnished by that monarch, and the embroidered satin which covers part of the walls to be the work of Elizabeth and her maidens. Amongst the most valuable of the portraits are those of Sir Philip, Algernon (another famed head of this house), and Mary Sydney (Countess of Pembroke), in the tapestry-room picture-closet; in the gallery there are choice portraits, landscapes and various subjects by Rubens and other great masters, cabinets, &c., presents from Royal and distinguished personages; including a large cabinet, with paintings and brass and gilt ornaments, said to be a present from James I. Among the curiosities is the black wooden cradle of the profligate Duke of Buckingham; with the date, 1583. Preserved at Penshurst also, are several family and historical records, amongst them one of much curiosity,—an inventory of furniture, &c., at Kenilworth Castle, belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Another MS., of the date 1625, shows the sumptuous scale on which hospitality was dispensed in the hall at Penshurst. In this household book are the expenses in kitchens, larders, buttes, cellars, brewhouse, laundries, fuel, &c. In one week, the expenses are as under:—Kitchen—for flesh, poultry, butter, eggs, and grocery, 29*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; pantry and cellar—in bread, beer, sack, claret, &c., 14*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*; laundry—soap and starch, 1*s.* 11*d.*; fuel, in charcoal and billets, 3*s.* 9*d.*: this is at the rate of upwards of 2200*l.* a year. In the book mentioned the number and names of the guests assembled on each day are given; and it seems not unusual, in addition to the certain party, to have a small company of thirty or forty neighbours dropping in. From each corner of the dais staircases lead to the state apartments, and another passage conveniently to the cellar.

The grounds at Penshurst are very extensive, and were originally laid out in the formal taste of the trim hedge, the evergreen wall and arch, and geometrical bed; the basin and its fountain, the straight walk and pleasant green. In the outer park to this day is a heronry. Here too is the fine large oak tree said to have been planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth. Its bole measures about 28 feet in circumference. Waller thus refers to the planting of this tree:—

"Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign—
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there it cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love."

Ben Jonson thus alludes to this tree, in his *Forest* :—

“Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
When Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade,
That tall tree, too, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.”

In a poem by E. Coventry are these lines :—

“What genius points to yonder oak !
What raptures does thy soul invoke !
There let me hang a garland high,
There let my muse her accents try ;
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vigils made :
For thou wast planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sydney's birth.”

The identity of this tree is, however, questionable ; Collins, the poet, who died in 1756, tells us that this tree was remaining in the park in his time, and called Bean Oak. There is no well ascertained tradition relating to it. In another part of the park there was an ancient oak, hollow, within which six persons could stand with ease.

Of more special interest is the chair, which is said to have been the accustomed seat of Sir Philip Sydney. This piece of old-fashioned furniture, now in the possession of James Sedgwick, Esq., came originally from the mansion at Penshurst, having been bought at a sale of old moveables there by an inhabitant of the neighbourhood upwards of a century ago. It is not remarkable for costliness of material or beauty of design or workmanship ; its only, or at least its main, value being dependent upon the tradition which associates it with the author of the *Arcadia*.



Knole Park, and Buckhurst.

The mansion and demesne of Knole, near Sevenoaks, was possessed in the reign of King John by Falcotin de Brent, and in its manorial descent was successively transferred to William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke ; Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk ; Otho de Grandison, *temp.* Edward I. ; Sir Geoffrey de Say, *temp.* Edward III. ; Raufe Leghe, *temp.* Henry VI., who sold the property to the Fienneses, Lords Say and Sele, the second of whom again disposed of it for 400 marks to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who rebuilt the mansion. Henceforth it continued for some years the chief seat of the Archbishops, and was visited by Henries VII. and VIII. Cranmer relinquished this

with other property belonging to the metropolitan see to the monarch ; and Knole was subsequently granted to the Protector Somerset. John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was the next possessor. Queen Mary granted it to her kinsman, Cardinal Pole ; and Queen Elizabeth conferred it on Robert, Earl of Leicester. Thomas Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, became proprietor of Knole in 1603 : he was a statesman as well as poet, and died whilst sitting at the council board in 1608. He had previously greatly improved Knole ; he is said to have constantly employed 200 workmen there ; the bead-work and carved screen in the hall bear his arms and the dates 1605 and 1607. His grandson, Richard, the third Earl, who married the celebrated Anne Clifford, wasted his fortune, and parted with Knole. Richard, the fifth Earl of Dorset, repurchased the estate, which has ever since continued in the same illustrious family.

The mansion of Knole, seated on high ground, in a noble park, is an immense pile of buildings, stated to cover an area of five acres. It surrounds three square courts. The greatest part is of Archbishop Bouchier's time, about 1480 ; the latest of the time of King James I., by the first Earl of Dorset. Knole has long been famed for its fine collection of pictures by Italian, Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch painters. The dining or poet's parlour has portraits of the most eminent English poets, some by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. The hall has in the fire-place a pair of and-irons brought from Hever Castle, and supposed to have belonged to Henry VIII., as they bear the Tudor crown and H.R. The Brown Gallery contains a series of old portraits of eminent persons. The Great Gallery contains copies from the cartoons of Raphael, by D. Mytens. The Colonnade contains several busts.

Of Buckhurst, the magnificent seat of the Sackvilles, a solitary gatehouse remains, indicating the style of the house. A ground-plan of the whole is preserved among a collection of drawings by John Thorpe in the museum of Sir John Soane, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Buckhurst was a large quadrangular mansion 250 by 200 feet ; it was placed at the edge of a steep hill, having a moat with a bridge and a broad terrace on one side. The seat attained its zenith and decline in the time of the first Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, who, according to Camden, being "equally eminent for prudence and nobility," found it incompatible with his public duties to travel so far from London as twenty-eight miles, through "fowle ways," and therefore obtained from his royal mistress a grant of Knole in Kent. Buckhurst being deserted, was taken down and its materials conveyed

to East Grinstead, where a college or hospital was built by Richard, the third Earl of Dorset, with them.

Lesnes Abbey.

The Abbey Wood Station of the North Kent Railway is named from the adjoining wood which belonged to the Abbey of Lesnes, ruins of which still remain. In the wood are vast quantities of chestnuts, one of the many instances of that tree having been the indigenous growth of England. Lesnes Abbey, first called from its situation the Abbey of West Wood, was founded in the year 1178, for canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine, by Richard de Lucy, in the reign of Henry II. The hill at the back of the Priory garden, which stood due south in a line with the refectory and cloisters, was covered with a dense forest. The barns in which the Prior stowed his sheaves rest on their original foundation; and the stews or fish-ponds remain on the east side of the Priory. The area of the church, cloisters, and lodgings of the monks is a market garden. A doorway, apparently of the time of Edward I., exists at the south-western corner of the garden, and seems to have been the principal entrance into the Abbey, opening into the cloisters beneath the refectory, which stood on the southern side of the quadrangle opposite the church, the kitchen adjoining. The dormitory surmounted the cloisters, and the rest of the buildings contained the chapter-house and the conventual offices. The convent garden still remains, enclosed within its ancient boundary-wall.

The Abbey was suppressed in 1524, and in 1630 became the property of Sir John Hippesley, Knight. He, according to the account transmitted by Weever in his *Funeral Monuments*, appointed in 1630 workmen to dig amongst the rubbish of the decayed fabric of the church, which had lain a long time buried in ruins, when there was discovered a monument, the full proportion of a man, in his coat of armour, his sword hanging at his side by a broad belt, upon which the *fleur-de-lis* was engraven in many places, being, as the writer imagines, a rebus or device of the Lesnes. The representation lay upon a flat marble stone, over a trough or coffin of smooth hewn ashlar stones, while in a sheet of lead were the remains of an "ashie-dry carcase," whole and undisjointed, and upon the head some hair. There is little doubt that these were the remains of Richard de Lucy, the founder of Lesnes Abbey. They were buried, we are told, by order of Sir John Hippesley, who caused a bay tree to be planted near the spot.

The reinterment may be questioned, since the figures could not be found when searched for some years since, on behalf of Mr. Charles Stothard, who proposed to engrave the figure of Richard de Lucy in his valuable work, *Monumental Effigies*.

Weever, compiler of the *Funeral Monuments*, was the rector of Erith parish in the reign of Elizabeth. The Monastery of Lesnes, with the church belonging thereto, was dedicated to Saints Mary and Thomas the Martyr, for so Archbishop Becket was called within eight years after his death. Godfrey de Lucy, a near relation of the founder, proved a great benefactor to this house in the reign of Edward I. The Abbey of Lesnes was one of the first lopped off at the Reformation, and its revenues of nearly 260*l.* per annum went to endow Wolsey's new college at Oxford. After the Cardinal's fall, the King granted the Abbey estates to William Brereton, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, who, like other sharers of Henry's favours, had better have been quit of his royal generosity, for two years afterwards he was executed on some false charge.

Henry VIII. granted to Ralph Sadler, gentleman, the Monastery of Lesnes, and the Manors of Lesnes and Fant, with all appurtenances. These manors, and the site of the Abbey, after passing through different hands, were conveyed, in 1619, to Sir John Leman, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1616, remembered by the splendid pageant exhibited by the Fishmongers' Company at his inauguration. Sir John Leman sold the estates to Sir John Hippesley, who was a courtier of the reign of Charles I., and the bearer of the news of Buckingham's assassination at Portsmouth to the King. By Sir John Hippesley the estates were alienated to Sir Thomas Gainsford, of Crowhurst, in Surrey, who, in the reign of Charles I., sold them to Mr. Hans, of London, when he, dying without issue, settled them by will for ever on the Mayor and Commonalty of London, as governors of the hospitals of Bridewell, Christ Church, and St. Thomas, in whose possession they continue.

A portion of the wall of the Abbey is still to be seen, and now belongs to a farmhouse; there is also an old thorn which has no doubt existed for centuries; it retains the name of "the Abbot's Thorn," and now stands alone, a solitary memorial of past ages.* This Thorn may possibly be derived from the more celebrated Glastonbury thorn, described at page 163 of the present volume.

* Abridged from an interesting *Account of Erith and its Neighbourhood*, published in 1855.

Dartford Nunnery.

Near the town of Dartford, on the river Darent, are the remains of a Nunnery, founded A.D. 1371, by King Edward III., for Augustine nuns, but afterwards occupied by Dominicans. Here retired early in life the fourth daughter of King Edward IV., Bridget of York, who became Prioress here. At the Dissolution, this Prioress and several of the nuns were of some of the best and most ancient families of the county. The buildings were then fitted up as a royal palace for Henry VIII., the keepership being granted to Sir Edward Long. On his death, Edward VI. granted the same office to Lord Seymour, the unfortunate brother of the ill-fated Duke of Somerset. It was granted, the next year, to Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of Henry VIII.; and on her death, Queen Mary granted it to the Friars Preachers, of Langley, in Herts. Elizabeth kept it in her own hands, and, during her progress in Kent, sojourned here. James I. granted it to the Earl of Salisbury, who conveyed it to Sir Robert Darcy, who named it Dartford Place. The present remains of the Nunnery are of brick, and consist of a large embattled gateway, with some adjacent buildings occupied as a farmhouse. The nunnery gardens and orchards occupied twelve acres, and were surrounded by a stone wall yet entire.

There is a legendary account of an earlier Nunnery at Dartford. The Danes, in their piratical incursions, frequently ravaged the coast of Kent, and sometimes carried their depredations up the country. Dartford, where was a seminary of noble virgins, which might probably have been founded by Ethelbert, was ravaged and burnt; and the tradition adds that among the inmates, who were barbarously murdered, was Editha, the daughter of a Saxon King, as told in the ballad:

- “ ‘ Revenge ! revenge ! ’ in accents hoarse,
 The Saxon Offa cried,
 As he pursued his anxious course,
 Along the Darent’s side.
- “ Betray’d by friendship and by love,
 While blood bounds through my veins,
 I vow, ’fore all the powers above,
 Fierce vengeance on the Danes.
- “ Revenge ! revenge ! my soul inspires—
 To loved Editha’s manes,
 I vow, till fleeting breath expires,
 Fell vengeance on the Danes.”

Pope celebrates the Darent, in allusion to a battle fought upon its banks, as

“ Silent Darent, stain’d with Danish blood ! ”

Allington Castle, and the Wyatts.

This ivy-mantled pile is all that remains of Allington Castle, on the left bank of the Medway, just below Maidstone; but, with the fatality which often attends places of historical renown, this Castle is now occupied as two tenements. It was built by William de Columbariis, in the reign of King Stephen. Here lived Sir Henry Wyatt, the father of the Poet, a man of high principles and strict conduct, of whom his son states that he was deeply impressed with reverence for religion; that there was no man more pitiful; no man more true of his word; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect; which thing both the Kings, his masters, noted in him greatly. His attachment to the House of Lancaster brought him under the displeasure of Richard III., who sent him into prison in Scotland, where he was kept "in irons and stocks" for upwards of two years, and put to the rack under the eyes of the tyrant.

As soon, however, as Henry VII. succeeded to the throne, Sir Henry was restored to liberty, appointed to high offices, and at the coronation of Henry VIII., he was created a Knight of the Bath. Having distinguished himself at the battle of the Spurs, he was made a Knight Banneret on the field. He held the office of Keeper of the King's Jewels and King's Ewerer; and in 1527, entertained the King at Allington Castle, which he had purchased in 1493. Here Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was born in 1503. As an elegant courtier, and a statesman of great sagacity and integrity, he takes a prominent position in the history of the reign of Henry VIII., who, in 1542, created him steward of the King's manor of Maidstone. The brief remainder of his life he passed in retirement at Allington; hunting, and hawking, and shooting with the bow, and in bad weather devoting himself to the study and composition of verses; but he died October 11, 1542, of fever, brought on by his zeal in attending an unexpected summons from his sovereign. Wyatt has left us writings both in prose and verse; but taking into account the time at which he wrote, his prose is the more remarkable. How meanly Wyatt estimated the courtier's life, he thus sings:—

"In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it join'd oftentimes such bitter taste
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of gold."

Wyatt's satires are curious and valuable, as pictures of the habits of a country gentleman of the sixteenth century, who divided his leisure between the sports of the field and the delights of his library. Between his domestic affairs, his poetry, and the improvements he made upon his estates, there was no lack of active occupation during his residence at Allington Castle.

Leeds Castle.

Near Maidstone, in the middle of the county of Kent, rising out of a broad sheet of water, stands a large Castle that was once the residence and property of the good Queen Eleanor. It was then either a Norman building, or a Saxon fortress with Norman extensions; but Eleanor's gallant husband's additions give it an Edwardian character. It first passed into the hands of Eleanor's successor, Margaret, the second queen of Edward I. William of Wykeham possessed the Castle. Froissart visited it, in company with Sir Thomas Percy and Sir William de Lisle, and has recorded his stay at the "beautiful palace," and his kind reception by King Richard II. Then we find Henry VIII. building more accommodation for one of his wives and her maids of honour. Next it was in the possession of the famous Lord Colepepper, the friend of Charles II.; and Evelyn arranged for the keeping here of some six hundred Dutch prisoners entrusted to his care. Next it passed into the possession of the Fairfax family; and finally George III. and Queen Charlotte visited the Castle, and recorded the event in the family Bible.

The Castle stands on two islands, in a sheet of water about fifteen acres in extent, these islands being connected by a double drawbridge. It consists, therefore, of two huge piles of buildings, which, with a strong gatehouse and barbican, form four distinct forts or divisions, capable of separate defence after either fell into the hands of an enemy; and the water was so managed as to pass between these several buildings in three places.

The first outwork, or barbican, contained the mill; then an outer ditch, called the inner barbican. These two, taken together, not only formed the dam which kept the water in the moat, but they were strengthened with a ditch round the inner barbican, over and above the wide moat which yawned between this outwork and the entrance to the Castle. At the end of the bridge giving access to the main portion of the fortress, stands the gatehouse, which is attributed to the reign of Henry III.

The area of the island was divided into an inner and outer bailey. The massive inner wall has disappeared, but the foundations remain; the outer bailey was surrounded by a lower wall, strengthened with bastions and towers, believed to be the work of Edward I. There are traces of several ancient buildings, besides the residence of the lord of the place on this island, but the only one standing within the inner bailey is the Maiden's Tower.

The entrance-tower, called in old records the Tower of the Gloriette, has a curious old bell, with the Virgin and Child, St. George and the Dragon, and the Crucifixion depicted upon it, which is used as a curfew; that custom having been maintained from the days of the Crevecoeurs, the owners of the Castle before it became the property of Queen Eleanor. And there is also a very ancient clock which strikes on this bell, supposed to be of the same age. Then, passing through the flat-headed trefoiled archway of this tower, you come upon the chapel built or improved by Edward I.

Most of the rest of the work forming the old Castle, save the outer shell, was the work of Henry VIII., and consisted of timber and plaster, with large oak or chestnut windows and handsome cornices. But the prisoners whom Evelyn lodged here, either accidentally or intentionally, set fire to this part of the fabric. Lord Fairfax rebuilt some of the injured parts, especially the banqueting-hall, leaving the original doorway, and fireplace, with the Royal arms and supporters of the House of York on the spandrels and windows. The banqueting-hall is now a kitchen. In this kitchen, wherein the dinner for the banqueting-hall was prepared when King Harry feasted in it, there is a fireplace with its chimney divided into two flues with a window between them, that appears to have been made by him. In the Castle was found a pair of fire-dogs which formerly belonged to Henry VIII., and bear the Tudor crown, &c. There were also a buttery and pantry, besides accommodation for the stowage of provisions in the event of a garrison occupying it during a siege. There was a sally-port, too, opening on to the moat from the foot of a newel staircase, which is still there, with its flight of steps descending below the present level of the water.

The Maiden's Tower is built upon the wall of the outer bailey, and thence projects into the inner bailey. It is a large quadrangular three-storied tower finished with battlements; but a drawing of it on an old plan of the estate shows that the roof was once gabled. The ground-floor contains the brewhouse, in which is a very wide chimney, thought to have been required for the heating of many large cauldrons of water

at a time, before the introduction of coppers with flues. There appear to have been two staircases and two sets of rooms above; and two garderobes still exist, from which circumstance it is concluded it was occupied by several persons, probably guests, though not necessarily the maids of honour, with whom tradition has associated it.

There were vineyards attached to Leeds Castle in the days of Queen Eleanor, and wine made from them. The expense-rolls of that lady's executors mention various sums paid to a vine-dresser. No vines are now grown for wines. But at the cottages in the locality are still to be seen vines bearing "black cluster" grapes, clusters thought to be descendants of those with which Queen Eleanor made wine in 1290. The expense-rolls show that on the anniversary of the Queen's death a sum equal to between 300*l.* and 400*l.* of our money was spent in memorial ceremonies at this Castle.*

The present fortress was either built or rebuilt by Sir Hugh, or Hamo, de Creveccœur, one of the eight Captains of Dover Castle, in the year 1071: his son forfeited the estate by his siding with the rebellious Barons. The Castle was then bestowed by King Henry III. on Robert de Leybourne, in exchange for other lands. It was next granted by King Edward II. to Bartholomew, Lord Badlesmere, who had been at the wars in the Holy Land, but he died on the scaffold at home. The cause of his ruin is differently related; the following relation is by a contemporary noble person: "Queen Isabel came to the Castle at Leeds, about Michaelmas, 1321, where she had designed to lodge all night, but was not suffered to enter. The King, highly resenting this, as done in contempt of him, called together some neighbouring inhabitants out of Essex and London, and gave them orders to besiege the Castle. Bartholomew de Badlesmere, who had left his wife and sons there, was gone, with other barons, to spoil the estate of Hugh de Spenser. The besieged, in the meantime, despairing of succour, the barons and their associates came as far as Kingston, and with the mediation of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Pembroke, petitioned the King to raise the siege, promising to surrender the Castle into his hands after the next Parliament. But the King, considering that the besieged could not hold out long, and moreover incensed at this their contumacy (and, doubtless, provoked at what was done against Spenser), would not listen to the petition of the

* The above details of this extraordinary Castle are quoted in the *Builder* review of *The History and Description of Leeds Castle, Kent*. By Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq., M.P., F.S.A., the present proprietor, who is descended from the family of William of Wykeham.

Barons. After they had dispersed themselves to other parts, he gained the Castle (though with no small difficulty), and sending Badlesmere's wife and sons to the Tower of London, hanged the rest that were in the place." This lord being taken prisoner next year, was beheaded at Canterbury. But, this is told with a difference.

Among the memorable events at Leeds Castle were the following: In 1321, Queen Isabella being refused admission into the Castle when on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, the King (Edward II.) took the place by siege, and hung the Governor, Thomas de Colepepper, by the chain of the Castle drawbridge. In 1406, Henry IV. retired here on account of the plague in London; and within these walls Joan of Navarre, second consort of Henry IV., was held in captivity for having conspired against her son-in-law's life, until conveyed to Pevensey Castle. In 1441, at Leeds Castle, Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided at the process against Eleanor, wife of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, for sorcery and witchcraft.

Saltwood Castle.

This famous fortress, situate about one mile north-west from Hythe, has been attributed to the Romans, though on insufficient authority; but there is a paved way "made after the Roman manner, and carried not only as far as the Castle, but a mile further. Kilburn says that it was erected by Oesc, son of Hengist; and Grose states that "on examining these ruins every one of them evidently appears to have been laid by the Normans." The principal buildings now standing are, however, of a much later date, and in a different style of architecture to what was in use among that people. Hugo de Montfort, who possessed this manor at the time of the Domesday Survey, is said to have repaired the Castle; yet, as it is not noticed in Domesday Book, though the church itself is mentioned, which comparatively must have been of much less importance, the probability is that the Castle was not then built; therefore, if Hugo de Montfort had any concern in the buildings here, he must himself have been the founder. Hasted states that it was rebuilt by Henry de Essex, Baron of Ralegh, and standard-bearer to Henry II., in right of inheritance, who held it of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet his authority for this assertion does not appear. "Henry de Essex," says Philpot, from Matthew Paris, "having, in a light skirmish against the Welsh in Flintshire, not only cast away his courage but his standard also, was appealed of high treason (by Robert

de Montfort), and in a legal duel or combat was vanquished by his challenger (but his life being preserved by the clemency of the King) and being possessed with great regret and shame contracted from his defeat, shrouded himself in a cloistery (at Reading) and put on a monk's cowl, forfeiting a good patrimony and livelihood, which escheated to Henry II. But Thomas Becket acquainting the King, that this manor belonged to his church and see, that prince being beyond the seas, directed a writ to King Henry, his son, for restitution; yet, in regard of new emergent contests between the King and that insolent prelate it was not restored unto the Church until the time of Richard II."

Though, from what has been said, it is evident that the exact era of the foundation of this Castle is extremely questionable, it is equally clear that it must have been built before the contumacy of Becket obliged the King to exert his authority against that ambitious priest; and it was this fortress that the conspirators against the life of Becket made their point of rendezvous immediately previous to his assassination. Philpot mistook in asserting that Saltwood was retained by the Crown till the time of Richard II., for King John in his first year restored it to the See of Canterbury, to be held of him *in capite*; and it afterwards became an occasional abode or palace of the Archbishops till the period of the Dissolution.

Archbishop Courteney, who was promoted to the See of Canterbury in the 5th of Richard II., expended great sums in the buildings of this Castle, to which he annexed a park, and made it his usual place of residence. His arms are still remaining over the principal entrance on two shields, namely, three torteaux with a label of three points, and the same arms impaled with those of the See of Canterbury.

It is related of Archbishop Courteney, while he held possession of Saltwood Castle and Manor, some country people having offended him by bringing straw in a slovenly manner in sacks instead of carting it, that proud prelate sent for the offenders to Saltwood, and after reproving them for their negligence, he compelled them to swear obedience to his injunctions. This being done he commanded them all to march in solemn procession with their heads and legs bare, each carrying a sack of straw, which appeared at the mouth of the sack, but not so as to be scattered, by way of penance for the offence they had committed against his high dignity. "Thus," says the account, "did the Archbishop think proper to set an example to his flock of the meekness and disposition to forgive offences so strongly enforced by that religion which he was bound to inculcate."

In the 31st of Henry VIII. Archbishop Cranmer exchanged this Castle, park, and manor, with the King; and in the 1st of Queen Mary they were finally granted from the Crown to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton, soon after which the park appears to have been thrown open; and the Manor and Castle have since passed through various families by purchase and otherwise to William Deeds, Esq., of Sandling, who obtained them in exchange from Sir Brooke Bridges, Bart., of Goodneston.

The site of the Castle is well chosen: the walls encircle an extensive area of an elliptical form, surrounded by a very broad and deep moat partly natural and partly artificial. The entrance into the first court was by a gateway, now in ruins, defended by a portcullis; the outer walls were strengthened by several circular and square towers, all of which are dilapidated. In this court are several barns, &c., built out of the ruins, the estate being tenanted as a farm. The Keep or gatehouse, which seems to have been almost wholly rebuilt by Archbishop Courteney, is a noble pile, having two lofty round towers flanking the entrance, over which, on the summit of the building, are machicolations. The entrance-hall has been continued through to the rear, which opened into the inner court, but is now divided into two apartments by fire-places and chimneys. The front division is vaulted and strongly groined. The principal ornament is the Tudor Rose, which was, probably, put up on some addition being made to Courteney's works. In each of the round towers is a hexagon chamber and upper chamber; the deep grooves of the portcullis are still in good repair. The summit of the roof commands a most extensive view, to which the white cliffs of Boulogne and the intermediate space of water, constantly animated by shipping, give a strong interest. On the southern side of the inner court are the ruins of the chapel and several other buildings; the former has been a large and handsome structure, probably of the time of Henry III. The walls of this court, like the outer walls, are defended by towers at different distances, and near the middle of the area is an ancient well.

Malling Abbey.

At the east end of the town of West Malling are the remains of a Monastery for nuns and a Church built by Bishop Gundulph, of Rochester, soon after his consecration. A part of this Nunnery was destroyed by fire half a century after Gundulph's death, but large portions undoubtedly remain of his work. The Abbey is approached by

a venerable gateway, through which may be seen the lofty tower of the church. This church was evidently built at the same period as Rochester Cathedral, as it is decorated with intersected arches and zigzag ornaments, similar to those in the west front of that Cathedral; the west end of the church is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture. The Abbey was originally built in 1090 for a community of Benedictine nuns, in whose possession it remained until the Dissolution. A very singular fact in the history of this Convent was that when it was first founded there was scarcely an inhabitant living near it, but its erection soon attracted so many people that the little village increased in size very rapidly, so much so that it soon lost its ancient name of *Millinges Parva*. The Abbey buildings formerly consisted of two quadrangles with cloisters and a spacious hall, but only one quadrangle is at present to be seen. The chapel or oratory is now used as a dwelling-house; the Abbey itself was rebuilt in the Gothic style in 1738 by the then lord of the manor and possessor of the Abbey lands. On the south side of the church evidences of an ancient burial-ground have from time to time been turned up in the shape of human bones, rings, and old coins. Two stone coffins were also found which contained skeletons, the lids (on which no inscriptions were discovered) were ornamented with a cross. The Abbey now forms a commodious and picturesque residence.

It is worth while here to note an instance of the supernaturalism related as a judgment upon the murderers of Becket, at Canterbury, and known as a popular tradition at South Malling as late as the fourteenth century. It is thus concisely narrated by Dean Stanley in his *Memorials of Canterbury*:—"They (the murderers) rode to Saltwood the night of the deed; the next day (thirty miles by the coast) to South Malling. On entering the house they threw off their arms and trappings on the dining-table, which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth. Suddenly the table started back and threw its burthen to the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights, and replaced the arms. But a second and still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches scrambled in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burthen of their arms—the earliest and most memorable instance," says Dr. Stanley, "of a rapping, leaping, and moving table."

Faversham Abbey.

The town of Faversham, which is a member of the Cinque Port of Dover, is situated in a navigable inlet of the Thames, called the Swale, which forms the southern boundary of the Isle of Sheppey. It was of Saxon origin, and was granted to the see of Canterbury by Cenulph, King of Mercia, in 812. Here, about 630, King Athelstan assembled a Wittenagemot, or Council of wise men. It is probable that the Saxon Kings had a palace here long prior to the Conquest. The manor and hundred were granted by King Stephen to William de Ipres, whom that monarch created Earl of Kent for his faithful services against the Empress Maud. Sometime afterwards, King Stephen built and endowed here an Abbey for Cluniac monks. At the Dissolution, the greater part of the monastic buildings were pulled down. The site of the Abbey, with some adjoining lands, was then granted to Sir Thomas Cheyney, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. That nobleman about five years afterwards alienated his grant to Thomas Arden, gent., who was Mayor of Faversham in 1548, and on February 15, 1550, was basely murdered in his own house by the contrivance of his wife, Alice (an adulterous wanton), who was afterwards burnt at Canterbury for the crime; six of her accomplices, including two females, were also punished with death for the same offence, but two others, one of whom had been brought from Calais to execute the murder, escaped. The play of *Arden of Faversham*, which was written by Lillo, and first printed in 1592, was founded on this murder, which is fully described in the Wardmote Book of Faversham. The house in which Arden was murdered adjoined the entrance gateway of the Abbey.

In the Abbey Church were deposited many worthy persons; including those of the founder, King Stephen, Maud, his Queen, a liberal benefactor, and Eustace, their eldest son; but at the Dissolution, for the sake of the lead wherein the King's body was inclosed, his sacred remains were dislodged and thrown into the neighbouring river. The latter circumstance is somewhat doubtful, for the King's body is said to have been reinterred in the parish church. Robert of Gloucester says that "a peece of ye Holy Cross" was preserved in this Monastery, "which Godfrey Boylen for kyndred had sent to King Stephen."

Faversham has been visited by many of our sovereigns. Mary, Queen of France, and sister of Henry VIII., passed through the town in May, 1515, when the expenses of the "brede and wane" given to

her are stated at 7*s.* 6*d.* Henry VIII. and his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, were here in 1519, with Cardinal Wolsey, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, when "the spiced brede and wine" for the latter came to 5*s.* 4*d.*; "the spiced brede, wine, and capons," for my Lord Cardinal, to 18*s.* 9*d.*; and "the spiced brede, wine, beer, and ale," for the King and Queen, to 1*l.* 6*s.* 5¼*d.* Henry was again in this town in the year 1522, with the Emperor Charles V., whom he was conducting to Greenwich, with a numerous retinue, on which occasion the expenses of his entertainment were charged at 1*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*, exclusive of a gallon of wine to the Lord Archbishop, which cost one shilling. In 1545, Henry slept one night at Faversham, and was presented with "two dozen of capons, two dozen of chekins, and a sieve of cherries," all which are recorded at 1*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* Queen Elizabeth came here in 1573, "and lay two nights in the town," which cost the town 44*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.*, including a silver cup presented to her, which cost 27*l.* 2*s.* Charles II. dined with the Mayor here in 1660, and the expense was 56*l.* 6*s.* In the following year the Corporation presented the King with 50*l.*

In the year 1688, James II. was detained a prisoner three days in Faversham, on his first attempt to quit the kingdom after the landing of the Prince of Orange. The nation was then in a ferment, and all were on the alert to secure suspicious characters, or those who were considered more particularly in the interest of the King. Hence it was that the vessel in which James had embarked was observed taking in ballast at Shell-ness, and was boarded by the Faversham sailors, who seized three persons of quality in the cabin and conveyed them on the following morning (December 12) to the Queen's Arms in this town, where the King's person was first recognised. He was afterwards detained in the Mayor's house, in Court-street, under a strong guard, till Saturday, the 16th, when he was set at liberty, the Lords of the Council having invited him to return to Whitehall, and despatched a guard of horse to conduct him thither. There is great reason to believe that if James's apprehension of personal safety had not overpowered his better judgment, neither himself nor his family would have been expelled the throne; though proper restraints must have been devised for the preservation of the Protestant Religion, and the rights of civil liberty. James finally quitted England, under a pass granted by the Prince of Orange, on Saturday, December 23, with his natural son, the Duke of Berwick. He departed from Sir Richard Head's house at Rochester by a back door about 3 o'clock in the morning, and was carried in a barge to a small vessel at Shell-ness,

the master of which landed him in France (whither the Queen had previously gone) between Calais and Boulogne, on the second day afterwards.

Dover Castle.

The famous town and Castle of Dover was formerly a place of the greatest importance, and accounted the key and barrier of the island. The name of Dover is from the British *Dæfrrba*, signifying a steep place. The Saxons called it *Dorfa* and *Dofris*, which, in Domesday Book, is softened into Dover. Its situation, in respect to the Continent, must have rendered it a port of consequence from the very earliest period of our history, and it was a hill fort long prior to the invasion of Julius Cæsar. There is a tradition that here Arviragus, the British chief, fortified himself when he refused to pay the tribute imposed by Cæsar; and that here, afterwards, King Arthur also held his residence. Another tradition assigns the foundations of the fortress to Cæsar himself, but this is considered devoid of truth, though the ancient Pharos, or watch-tower, which still remains in the upper part of the Castle Hill, is unquestionably of Roman workmanship, and it must have been one of the first places fortified by the Romans. The present height of the Pharos is nearly forty feet, but the upper part is of more modern origin, most probably of the time of Sir Thomas Erpingham, who repaired it when Constable of Dover Castle, in the reign of Henry V., his arms being sculptured on the north front. Immediately contiguous to the Pharos is an ancient Church, generally stated to have been built by King Lucius in the second century; but the walls are of a much later period, though Roman materials have been worked up therein. The church has been recently restored by Government for the garrison, under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Scott.

The situation of the Castle, on the summit of a cliff more than 300 feet in height, was not overlooked by William, Duke of Normandy, who, immediately after the battle of Hastings, took possession of it. He assigned the custody of it to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, his half-brother, whom he created Earl of Kent. The Kentishmen did not, however, like their new masters, and made an attempt to surprise the fortress, with Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, who had crossed the sea in the night, to lead them, well furnished with scaling ladders. But the watch descried them: the soldiers within the Castle allowed them to approach the wall, and while they were attempting to scale it, the soldiers opened the gates and sallied out, setting upon the assailants with

such fury that they compelled Eustace and a few others to return to his ship, the rest being either slain by the sword, destroyed by falling from the cliffs, or "devoured by the sea." After this, Odo falling under the King's displeasure, was sent prisoner into Normandy; his possessions were confiscated, and the King seized the Castle into his own hands, and fortified it anew, appointing nine trusty knights for its defence, each of whom, by tenure of lands, was bound to maintain one hundred and twelve soldiers, performing watch and ward, each in particular towers, turrets, and bulwarks, which bore the names of their respective captains.

Henry II. rebuilt the Keep on the Norman plan, and otherwise fortified the Castle. Louis the Dauphin besieged it to assist the discontented Barons; but Hubert de Burgh, then Governor, so strenuously defended it with one hundred and forty soldiers only, exclusively of his own servants, that the enemy retired after much loss. The Dauphin again besieged the fortress, *temp.* Henry III., when, failing to induce Hubert, by promises of great honours, to deliver up the fortress, Louis raised the siege, and returned to London. Hubert, for his eminent services, received grants of the Castle and Port of Dover, and the Castles of Canterbury and Rochester, during life, with 1000 marks per annum for the custody of them. At this time the Regulations for the ordering of the Castle set forth that the drawbridge should be drawn at sunset.

Many alterations were made in the fortifications and apartments of Dover Castle by different sovereigns till the time of the Civil War, *temp.* Charles I., when it was wrested from the King's power by a merchant named Drake, a partisan of the Parliament; and on the night of August 1, 1642, he took it by surprise with the aid of twelve men only. By ropes and scaling ladders, he ascended with his party to the top of the cliff on the sea-side, which being considered inaccessible, had been left unguarded. He instantly advanced, seized the sentinel, and threw open the gates, when the officer on duty, concluding that Drake had a strong party and that all was lost, surrendered at discretion. Next Drake immediately despatched messengers to Canterbury, whence the Earl of Warwick sent him 120 men to assist in retaining possession. The King on receiving advice of the loss of his fortress sent a general officer to reduce it, but the Parliament sent a superior force to its relief, and the Royalists were compelled to raise the siege. The fortress was then left for upwards of a century, when the threats of invasion thrown out after the French Revolution, led the Government to put Dover Castle into a state of strength sufficient to withstand a regular siege.

The works constructed for its defence consist of different batteries furnished with a very formidable train of artillery; casemates dug in the solid chalk rock, magazines, covered ways, and various subterranean communications, and apartments for 2000 soldiers; light and air being conveyed by shafts and lateral openings through the rock to the face of the cliffs. Within the Keep is the ancient well mentioned in the document by which Harold surrendered the Castle to William the Conqueror. This well is said to be 370 feet in depth; and at no great distance, all within the Saxon works, are three other wells, reported to be nearly as deep. The Castle consists of two wards, an upper and lower, and occupies about 35 acres of ground. The lower ward is surrounded by an irregular wall or curtain, flanked at unequal distances by towers of different forms, semicircular, square, polygonal, &c. The oldest is said to have been built by Earl Godwin, and bears his name. Nine of the other towers were built in the Norman times, and named from Sir John de Fiennes and the eight approved warriors whom he selected for the defence of this fortress. The Constable's Tower is the principal entrance to the Lower Court: this entrance has a deep ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, massive gates, portcullis, &c.

The Keep, or Palace Tower, rebuilt by Henry II., is nearly similar to that built at Rochester by Gundulph; it is in fine preservation, and is used as a magazine. In the thickness of the wall—from eighteen to twenty feet—run the galleries, so contrived as to render it nearly impossible for the arrows or missive weapons of an enemy to do any execution within them. The summit of the Keep is embattled, and at each angle is a turret; the whole height above low-water-mark, spring tide, is 465 feet 8 inches. During the last war the summit was made bomb-proof, and several sixty-four pounders were mounted on the top.

Near the edge of the cliff is a beautiful piece of brass ordnance twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in the year 1514, and generally called *Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol*, it having been presented by the States of Holland to that sovereign; it carries a twelve-pound shot, but is entirely unfit for use. There are several very curious devices upon it, and some lines in old Dutch, which have been thus translated:—

" O'er hill and dale I throw my Ball;
Breaker, my name, of mound and wall."

Among the events in the history of the Castle are the following:—
1156. Henry II. at Dover, in his way to Normandy. 1189. Richard I. sailed from Dover for Jerusalem with 100 large ships and eighty galleys. 1255. Henry III., after concluding a peace with Spain, re-

turned through France, and landed at Dover. 1259. Richard, King of the Romans, landed at Dover, and swore to assist the Barons in their reformation. 1295. Dover Castle greatly damaged by the French. 1491. Henry VII. embarked at Dover to besiege Boulogne. 1513. Henry VIII. embarked at Dover on board the Cinque Ports fleet, and left his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, in the Castle. 1575. Queen Elizabeth stopped some days at Dover Castle, and ordered the repair of the walls and towers. 1660. At Dover, May 25, Restoration of Charles II., who landed with his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

Sandown Castle.

On the seashore, a little distance northward from Deal, is Sandown Castle, built on a similar plan to that of the Castles of Deal, Walmer, and others, which the policy of Henry VIII. occasioned him to erect on the different points of the English coast subsequent to the Reformation. Lambard, in his *Perambulations in Kent*, tells their history in his quaint way: "Having shaken off the intollerable yoke of the Popish tyrannie, and espying that the Emperor was offended for the divorce of Queen Katherine, his wife, and that the French King had coupled the Dolphine, his sonne, to the Pope's niece, and married his daughter to the King of Scots, so that he might more justly suspect them all, than safely trust any one, Henry determined, by the aide of God, to stand upon his owne guardes and defence, and therefore, without sparing any cost, he builded Castles, Platforms, and Block Houses, in all needefull places of the realme; and amongst the other, fearing lest the ease and advantage of descending on land, in this part, would give occasion and hardinesse to the enemies to invade him, he erected (neare together) three fortifications, which he might at all times keepe and be at the landing place; that is to say, Sandowne, Sandgate, Deal, and Walmer."

This fortress consists of an immense round tower in the centre, connected with four lunettes, or semicircular outworks; the whole being surrounded by a deep fosse, and having additional defences and batteries towards the sea. The entrance is by a drawbridge and gate on the land side. In the lower part of the central tower is a large vaulted apartment, bomb-proof, for the garrison. The Castle is under the command of a Captain and Lieutenant, who are subordinate to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

In this Castle the celebrated Colonel John Hutchinson died, after

eleven months' imprisonment, in 1663. He had been a member of the Long Parliament, and Governor of Nottingham Castle in the time of the Civil Wars. Latterly, Colonel Hutchinson's friends obtained permission from the Secretary of State for him to take a walk daily upon the beach. Mrs. Hutchinson appears to have overcoloured the hardships endured by the Colonel. Such overcolouring is, however, excusable in a devoted, idolising wife mourning over the loss of a husband—and such a husband as Colonel John Hutchinson.

Sandgate Castle.

In the village of Sandgate, near the seaside, is a small Castle, built by Henry VIII., about the year 1539, on a plan similar to those of Deal and Walmer. It was most probably erected on the site of a more ancient fortress which existed in the time of Richard II., who, in his twenty-second year, "directed his writ to the Captain of his Castle of Sandgate, commanding him to admit his Kinsman, Henry de Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, with the family, horses, &c., to tarry there for six weeks to refresh himself." Queen Elizabeth lodged in this Castle in the year 1588 when on her progress through Kent to see the coast put into a proper state of defence against the projected Spanish invasion. This edifice was greatly altered about 1806, when a large Martello Tower was built up in the centre of it in order to combine with other Martello Towers (erected on the contiguous hills) in defending this part of the shore against the landing of an enemy. During the American war several frigates were built here.

Folkestone Castle and Nunnery.

Folkestone, a short distance from Sandgate, was early a place of some importance. The Romans had a tower here on a high hill, of the earthworks or entrenchments of which there are yet some remains. Here was also a Castle built by the Saxon Kings of Kent, and rebuilt by the Normans, which has been in later times nearly all destroyed, with the cliff on which it stood, by the encroachments of the sea.

The "solemn old Nunnery" mentioned by Leland, was founded by King Eadbald at the request of his pious daughter, Eanswitha, and is supposed by Bishop Tanner to have been the first nunnery ever established in England. This building was despoiled by the Danes,

and continued in ruins till after the Norman Conquest, when Nigell de Mundeville, Lord of Folkestone, about the year 1095, refounded it as a Priory, or Cell, for Benedictine Monks, and granted it to the Abbey of Lallege, or Lolley, in Normandy. Before the middle of the ensuing century, the sea had so far washed the cliff on which the Priory stood (though that had originally been one mile from the shore), that William de Averanche erected a new Church and Priory about the year 1137. On the suppression of the Alien Priories by Henry V., this at Folkestone was made denizen, and so continued till it was finally dissolved by Henry VIII.

The ancient Church connected with the Nunnery, and in which St. Eanswith, the first Abbess was interred, was dedicated to St. Peter. On the rebuilding of the Church and Priory in the Norman times, St. Mary and St. Eanswith were made its patrons, the relics of the latter being, at the same period, solemnly translated into the new fabric. "The author of *New Legends of England*," says Lambard, "reporteth many wonders of this woman; as that she lengthened the beame of a building three foote, when the carpenters, missing in their measure, had made it so much too short; that she baled and drew water over the hills and rocks against nature from Sweeton, a mile off, to her oratorie at the seaside; that she forbade certaine ravenous birdes the country, which before did much harm thereabouts; that she restored the blinde, cast out the divell, and healed innumerable folkes of their infirmities; and therefore, after her death, she was, by the policy of the Popish priestes, and follie of the common people, honoured for a saint." Hasted, in his *History of Kent*, states that the "stone coffin" of St. Eanswith was discovered about the middle of the seventeenth century, and that, on opening it "the corpse lay in its perfect form; and by it, on each side, were hour-glasses, and several medals with obliterated letters on them."

Walmer Castle.

About a mile southward from Deal is the manor and parish of Walmer, which was anciently held of Hamo de Crevequer by the De Aubervilles, by the tenure of knight's service. From that family the property was conveyed by marriage to the Criols, or Keriells, the last of whom, Sir Thomas Keriell, was killed at the battle of St. Albans.

The Castle at Walmer, at some distance from the village, is one of the seaside fortresses erected by command of Henry VIII. It consists

of a large central round tower, surrounded by a wall of considerable strength. There are clear remains of a Roman entrenchment close to the Castle.

This fortress is appropriated to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and here Mr. Pitt, who held that office, and that of Colonel of the Cinque Ports Cavalry, used frequently to pass some of the summer months. The Castle was the official residence of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, during his Wardenship, or from January 29, 1829, to the hour of his lamented death, at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock, P.M., September 14, 1852. Walmer was a favourite retirement of the Duke many years before he took possession of the Castle, as Lord Warden. A house of the better class in Castle-street, Walmer, is to this day known as "the Duke's House," and was for some time tenanted by him before entering on his Peninsular campaigns.

Walmer Castle, according to some authorities, occupies the identical spot whereon Cæsar landed nineteen centuries since; that our modern Cæsar should breathe his last upon this spot is one of those strange coincidences that fill men's minds with special wonder. The fortress has been well described as "just the sort of residence that would have been pointed out by an imaginative mind as appropriate to such an event. Placed behind the high shingly beach, which the incessant action of the waves has formed on this part of the coast, and surrounded on the landward side by lofty trees, it does not arrest notice by any pretentious prominence, and the modern windows in the old thick walls denote that warlike uses had been laid aside for the milder and more peaceful influences of the times in which we live. There are, however, some heavy guns upon the upper walls pointed towards the Downs, and below a battery of smaller pieces, that seemed to include foreign invasion among the contingencies to which we are still exposed. It was a place of strength built for rough work in stormy times. It has become a quiet seaside residence, within ear-shot of the surf as it breaks upon the beach, and within sight of those essentially English objects, the chalk cliffs of Dover, the Goodwin sands, and the shipping in the Downs. This was no unsuitable place for the Duke of Wellington to die in—that man in whose eventful history the largest experiences of military and civil life are so marvellously united."

The interior of the Castle is fitted up in a remarkably plain manner, yet possessing every comfort. When the Queen visited Walmer in 1842 her Majesty was so charmed with the simplicity of the place, that she requested to be allowed to extend her visit a week longer than she at first intended. When intimation was received that the Queen in-

tended to honour the Duke with a visit, the only preparation made at Walmer Castle was to provide a plate-glass window, to enable her Majesty to have a better view of the sea. A stand for a time-piece was required for Prince Albert, and the Duke sent for a village carpenter who made it of common deal wood, and it became a fixture in the bedroom. Her Majesty is stated to have been much delighted at this simplicity of the Duke.

The Duke regularly resided at Walmer Castle in September and October in each year. He occupied only *one room*, which was his library, study, or bedchamber. This was "the Duke's Room." It is in one of the smaller towers, of moderate size, and plainly furnished, methodically arranged, something like an officer's room in a garrison. On the right hand side stood an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, three feet wide, with a horsehair mattress about three inches thick, and a horsehair pillow, covered with chamois leather, which the Duke usually carried with him, and used in town; it was indeed part of his luggage. Summer or winter the little camp bedstead was without curtains; and the German quilt (no blankets) was the covering. Near the bedstead was a small collection of books—recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, military reports, parliamentary papers—the last which occupied the Duke's attention being a voluminous Report of the Oxford University Commission. In the centre of the room was a mahogany table covered with papers; and here for some hours every day the Duke sat and wrote. Near this was a portable table, contrived to be used for reading and writing while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprised the furniture; a few common engravings hung upon the neatly-papered walls; and on the mantel-piece was a small ivory statuette of Napoleon, and a common plaster cast of Jenny Lind. The windows look out upon the sea, and one of the doors of the room opens upon the ramparts. Until his illness, a few years before his death, the Duke never failed to be there at six o'clock in the morning, and walked for an hour or more. The view from the ramparts is very extensive.

The details of the last hours of the great Duke are very touching. On Monday afternoon, September 13, it was remarked that when the Duke was returning from a short walk he looked much better than for some days previously. He dined heartily at seven o'clock, and instead of retiring at ten, his usual hour, he sat up till nearly half-past eleven, conversing with Lord Charles and Lady Wellesley. He did not awake until after his usual time next morning, when he awoke breathing rather heavily, which continued to be laboured, from the accumulation of mucus in the bronchial passages. This continuing, the apothecary

from Deal was sent for, and arrived in about an hour. The Duke complained of uneasiness about the chest and stomach; medicine was ordered; during its preparation the Duke took some tea and toast. He then grew much worse, and had fits similar to those he was subject to. The valet had applied a mustard poultice to the Duke's chest, such as on former occasions had given relief. Three physicians were telegraphed for. A mustard emetic was given, but this and other measures were of no avail. His Grace grew very restless, tried to turn on his left side, and there were slight twitchings of the left arm. When raised in bed his breathing was much more free, and he was placed in an easy chair; his pulse sank, and he was now placed more horizontally; the pulse rallied for a little time, and then gradually declined; the breathing became more feeble; and at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock the Duke breathed his last. So easy and gentle was the transition, that for a moment it was doubted. A mirror was held before his Grace's mouth; its brightness was undimmed, and he was no more!

The Monastery of St. Augustine, at Canterbury.

The city of Canterbury, distinguished as the metropolitan see of all England, acquired that honour in consequence of the mission from Pope Gregory I. in 596 of a body of Benedictine monks, with Augustine at their head, to Ethelbert King of Kent, for the purpose of converting to Christianity the King, who was still a Pagan. In the following year, Ethelbert was baptized at Canterbury by Augustine, who in one day baptized 10,000 Anglo-Saxons in the river Swale.

Bede relates, in his *Ecclesiastical History*: "Augustine having his episcopal see granted him in the royal city, as has been said, and being supported by the King, recovered therein a church, which he was informed had been built by the ancient Roman Christians, and consecrated it in the name of our Holy Saviour, God and Lord, Jesus Christ, and there established a residence for himself and his successors * He also built a monastery not far from the city to the eastward, in which, by his advice, Ethelbert erected from the foundation the church of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul (afterwards called St. Augustine's Abbey), and enriched it with several donations; wherein the bodies of

* This church is now the Cathedral of Canterbury; but the present structure, although ancient, is of date long subsequent to the age of St. Augustine.

the same Augustine, and of all the Bishops of Canterbury, and of the Kings of Kent, might be buried. However, Augustine did not consecrate that church, but Laurentius, his successor.

"The first Abbot of that Monastery was the priest Peter, who, being sent ambassador into France, was drowned in a bay of the sea which is called Amfleaf,* and privately buried by the inhabitants of the place; but Almighty God, to show how deserving a man he was, caused a light to be seen over his grave every night, till the neighbours who saw it, perceiving that he had been a holy man that was buried there, inquiring who and from whence he was, carried away the body, and interred it in the church, in the city of Boulogne, with the honour due to so great a person."

The Monastery is commonly believed to have been founded originally by the Saint whose name it bears: and in a work in the library of Canterbury Cathedral, it is stated that "the ground thereon to build was given by grant to Augustine by King Ethelbert, for dedication to St. Peter and St. Paul." By later records we find that St. Dunstan, in the year 978, renewed that dedication, adding to those of the Apostles above-named that of St. Augustine. In 1172, at Canterbury, Henry II. walked barefoot to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and was scourged by the monks of St. Augustine; and in 1179, Louis, King of France, landed at Dover as a pilgrim, and was met by King Henry, whence they both proceeded in great state to Becket's shrine at Canterbury. In 1389, Richard II., his Queen and Court, were entertained at St. Augustine's by Abbot Welde, from the octave of the Ascension to the morrow of the Holy Trinity.

In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a MS. styled *Liber Cantuariensis*, which is the history of the foundation of the Augustine Monastery at Canterbury, written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated. At the Dissolution of the Monastery, temp. Henry VIII., it fell into the hands of the donors to the College, who, in presenting it, added a proviso that, in case the monks should be again restored to their possessions, the book should return to their hands. The passage appears to have been written by some after-reader and commentator, and the date might, probably, be somewhere at the end of the twelfth century.

After the Dissolution, St. Augustine's Abbey was converted to a palace by King Henry VIII. Queen Mary next granted it to Cardinal Pole for life. Having reverted to the Crown, at the death of Pole,

* Now, probably, Ambleteuse, a small seaport village about two miles to the north of Boulogne.

Queen Elizabeth kept her Court here in 1573. It was afterwards granted to Lord Cobham, who was attainted in 1603. King James granted it to Robert Cecil, Lord Essenden; and soon afterwards it became the property of Thomas, Lord Walton. King Charles I. was married here, 13th June, 1625; and King Charles II. lodged here on his passage at the Restoration. In the Abbey had sepulture Ethelbert and his Queen Bertha; most of his successors in the kingdom of Kent, St. Augustine, and the nine succeeding Archbishops of Canterbury.

The Abbey and its precincts occupied sixteen acres of ground, which were enclosed by a wall. The fine gateway of St. Augustine, which formed the chief entrance, was long in a dilapidated state, but has been restored. It is a very elegant and highly enriched specimen of this description of ancient architecture, and now almost the only remains of the once celebrated Abbey. James Wyatt adopted the general design of this gatehouse in the eastern towers of Fonthill Abbey: its general merit is the simplicity as well as elegance of its design; and the enrichments are beautiful mouldings rather than sculptured ornaments. Another gatehouse formed the opposite extremity of the western front of the Abbey precinct. St. Ethelbert's tower, part of the western front of the Abbey church, recorded to have been built in 1087, having been undermined for the sake of the very fine stone, fell down in 1822. The other remains, after being shamefully desecrated, were purchased in 1844 by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., who has restored St. Augustine's gateway and built a Missionary College, which was incorporated June 28, 1848. At the north-east angle of the Cemetery adjoining is the ruined Chapel of St. Pancras, rebuilt 1387; stated to have been originally built before Augustine came on his mission to England. They said it had formerly been the place of the King of Kent's idol worship, but was purified by the Saint and converted into a chapel, and was duly consecrated. They add that the devil was so much displeased at this change that he assaulted the chapel with all his violence, but was not able to overthrow it; yet he left the print of his talons sticking in the walls of the south porch. That there are some marks there, Somner says, cannot be denied; and they are probably occasioned by the ivy having eaten into the materials of that part of the building.

Canterbury Castle.

Among the ruins of ancient buildings at Canterbury, on the south-west side of the City, near the entrance from Ashford, are the walls of

a Castle, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror; larger than that of Rochester, being 88 feet by 80 in dimensions. These remains appear to have been the keep, or donjon of a fortress, within which it stood, and of which the bounds may still be traced, like those of the Castles at Dover, Rochester, and the White Tower of London, the building being much in the same style with those just mentioned. The original portal was on the north side, and the state chambers on the third story, where alone are found large windows. The principal room in the centre of the edifice was 60 feet by 30; two others on the southern side were each 28 feet by 15; and one on the northern side was 20 feet by 15. In the latter end of the reign of James I. the Castle was granted away from the Crown, and became private property.

The Crispes of the Isle of Thanet.

About half a mile south-eastward from Birchington, is *Quekes*, *Quek*, or, as it is now called, *Quex*, anciently the seat of a family of that name, who were in possession of the estate as far back as the year 1449. Several of this family have been Sheriffs of Kent, of whom, Henry Crispe, Esq., held that office in the thirty-eighth of Henry VIII., and was afterwards knighted. He was so eminent here as to be called "A little King of all the Isle of Thanet." Another of the family, Henry Crispe, Esq., was Sheriff of Kent part of the year 1649 and 1650; but being aged and infirm, his office was executed by his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight, who died in the year 1657. In the same year his father was seized at his house at *Quex* in the night-time and conveyed to Bruges, in Flanders, where he was detained a prisoner eight months, until the sum of 3000*l.* was paid for his ransom. This enterprise is said to have been planned by Captain Golding, of Ramsgate, a sanguine Royalist, who had for some time taken refuge with Charles II., in France, and was thus conducted: The party landed at Grove End, near Birchington, and, proceeding immediately to *Quex*, took Mr. Crispe out of his bed without the least resistance; and having conveyed him in his own coach to the water-side, he was there forced into an open boat without any of his domestics being suffered to attend him, although that favour was earnestly requested. He was carried first to Ostend, and thence to Bruges, both which places then belonged to Spain, at that time at war with England.

Considerable difficulty was experienced by his family in raising the

money for his ransom, as the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, suspecting that it was only a plan by which they might assist the fugitive Prince, made an order in Council that he should not be ransomed; and the licence for so doing was at last procured only after great solicitations and much embarrassment. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. Crispe had been for some time apprehensive of such an attack, and had made loop-holes for the discharge of musketry in different parts of the house, the better to defend himself; yet all his precautions were rendered ineffectual by the spirit and management of Captain Golding.

In this mansion King William III. occasionally resided till the winds favoured his embarkation to Holland. His bedroom used to be shown, and an adjacent enclosure pointed out in which his guards encamped.

The Ellington Murder.

At a short distance westward from Ramsgate is Ellington, which gave name to an ancient family that resided here previously to the time of Edward VI., towards the end of whose reign they were succeeded by the Thatchers, another family of considerable antiquity in this part of Kent. About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign it passed from them to the Spracklyns, of whom Adam Spracklyn, who resided here in the time of George II., and had married Katherine, daughter of Sir Robert Leuknor, of Acrise Place, was executed for the murder of his wife. This unfortunate man having wasted his estate by riotous living, and considerably involved himself in debt, was compelled to lock himself up in his own house to avoid being arrested; and while there he conceived a rooted antipathy against his lady, through supposing her to be in league with his creditors. Occasionally, too, he was afflicted with outrageous fits of passion, mingled with insanity, and in one of these paroxysms he committed the horrid deed for which he suffered.

From the many appearances of design, however, which accompanied the sanguinary act, the jury were led to declare him guilty of premeditated murder. The unfortunate victim to his rage was highly esteemed for her piety and virtue. Her death was very dreadful. He first struck her on the face with a dagger whilst she was endeavouring to soothe his passion, and then, on her attempting to open the door to leave the room, he struck her wrist so forcibly with an iron cleaver, or chopping-knife, "that the bone was cut asunder, and her hand hung

down only by the sinews and skin." An interval elapsed (during which the wounded limb was bound up by an aged servant); he felled her to the ground, bleeding, by a blow on the forehead with the same weapon, and on her raising herself upon her knees, as she prayed to God to forgive her murderer, he "cleft her head in two, so that she immediately fell down stark dead." He afterwards killed six dogs and threw four of them beside the dead body of his wife, in order, according to his own words, given in evidence, "that he might be reckoned mad."

This murder was committed on the night of Saturday, December 11, 1752, at which time Spracklyn had been married nineteen years. Before morning he was apprehended, and soon afterwards lodged in the gaol at Sandwich, where he was tried and found guilty at the Sessions held on April 22, 1753. He was hanged on the following day, and on the second night after his body was interred near the remains of his wife in St. Lawrence's Church.



Legends of Minster Abbey.

Minster lies on the south side of the Isle of Thanet, about a mile and a half from the river Stour; a branch of which formerly flowed up to the church, under the appellation of *Mynstre Fleet*. This place derived its origin from the nunnery and church founded here in the Saxon times by the Princess Domneva, who was daughter to Ermenred, eldest son to Eadbald, King of Kent, and wife to Merwodd, the son of Penda, King of Mercia. In the early part of her life she had been left with her sister Ermengitha, and her brothers Ethelbert and Ethelbright, under the guardianship of her uncle Erwinbert, who had usurped his brother's throne, and whose son and successor, Egbert, through the counsels of Thumor or Timor, his lieutenant, was induced to consent to the murder of both the princes, in order that he might retain secure possession of the kingdom. In expiation of the murder, which Thumor is said to have perpetrated in the King's palace at Eastry, and which the monkish legends state to have been discovered by "a light from heaven seen pointing to the very spot where the bodies were interred," Egbert, by the advice of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Adrian, Abbot of St. Augustine's, promised (in accordance with the customs of the age) to give to Domneva "whatever she should ask," besides offering her many rich presents.

Domneva, who had borne one son and two daughters to her husband,

and with him had afterwards taken a vow of chastity, refused the presents, but at the same time requested that the King would grant her as much land as her tame deer "could run over at one course," on which she might found a Nunnery in memory of her deceased brothers; and with her virgin train solicit the Almighty to pardon him for his participation in the murder. The King readily complied, and in the presence of many of his nobles and people the deer was turned loose at West-gate, on the sea-coast in Birchington parish; and after running in a circuitous track eastward, proceeded towards the south-west, though every endeavour was made by Thumor to obstruct its course, the "envious murderer," as he is called by Thorne (from whose Annals of St. Augustine's Monastery these particulars are gathered), crying out that "Domneva was a witch, and the King a fool, in yielding so far to her art as to suffer so noble and fruitful a soil to be taken from him by the decision of a buck." "This impiety," continues the Annalist, "so offended heaven, that the earth opened and swallowed him up," whilst riding across and checking the deer, and he went with Dathan and Abiram into hell, leaving the name of Thumor-his-lepe, or Thumor's Leap, to the field and place where he fell, to perpetuate the memory of his punishment."

Meanwhile the deer, continuing its progress, stopped not till it came to the estuary of the Stour, now called Sheriff's Hope, near Monkton, having completely crossed the isle, and cut off a tract of land comprehending upwards of ten thousand acres. This was immediately given by the King to Domneva, and afterwards confirmed to her by his charters, which contained a most fearful curse against all infringers of the gift. Egbert, whom the fate of Thumor had affected "with great fear and trembling," assisted Domneva with wealth to enable her to build the Nunnery, which she soon afterwards founded on the spot "where the present Church now stands." When completed, which was about the year 680, it was consecrated by Archbishop Theodore, in honour of the Virgin Mary; and Domneva, having endowed it for seventy nuns with the lands granted for the purpose, became the first Abbess; on her decease she was buried here "on the glebe."

Such is the monkish account of the famous Minster Abbey, which was afterwards called St. Mildred's Abbey, from St. Mildred, one of the daughters of Domneva, and her successor to the government of this foundation. The princess was held in very high repute for her great holiness, both in that and in succeeding ages. Lambard says she was "so mightily defended with Divine Power, that lying in a hote oven for three hours together, she suffered not of the flame. She was also

endowed with the God-lyke virtue, that coming out of Fraunce, the very stone on which she first stepped, at Ippedsflete, in this Isle, received the impression of her foote, and retained it for ever; having, besides, this propertie, that whether-soever you removed the same, it would with'n a short time, and without helpe of man's hande, returne to the former place againe." Many other miracles are related by the monks of this lady, who, on her decease, was buried in St. Mary's Church, which formed part of the Nunnery her mother had founded.

Edburga, the third Abbess, is said to have been a daughter of King Ethelbert, and to have built a "new, larger, and more stately temple," with convenient offices and dwellings, contiguous to that erected by Domneva, which had been too small for the number of virgins which were there associated. The new Church was dedicated by Archbishop Cuthbert to St. Peter and St. Paul; and hither, about the year 750, Edburga translated the body of St. Mildred, who, though she had now been interred nearly forty-five years, was so pure and incorrupt, that "she seemed more like a lady in her bed, than one resting in a sepulchre or grave;" and even "her garments had continued unchanged." Sigeburga, the next Abbess, was doomed to witness the commencement of those devastations which eventually proved the total destruction of the Convent; for in her time the Danes began their depredations in this Isle, and plundered the nuns and ravaged their possessions. A still more hapless fate attended some of the succeeding Abbesses, who, during a course of two centuries, were frequently subjected to the cruelties of their infidel invaders; and at length the whole of the religious edifices were destroyed by fire, together with all the nuns and attending priests, as well as many of the neighbouring inhabitants who had fled hither for safety. Whether this event took place in the year 978, 988, or 1011 is uncertain, as historians differ with respect to the precise time. Those who fix it in the latter year say that nearly the whole Isle was then destroyed by the Danish army, under Swein, the father to King Canute.

If the legends of the monks may be credited, the remains of the body of St. Mildred were preserved by miraculous interposition during all these ravages; and were afterwards, in 1027 or 1030, given by Canute to the Abbey of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, on the earnest solicitation of Abbot Elstan, together with all the lands and possessions of the foundation. The great veneration in which the saint was held obliged the Abbot and his brethren to proceed with considerable caution, in procuring the removal of the venerated reliques, which they at last effected in the night time, though not so secretly but that the

inhabitants were alarmed, and pursued the Abbot and his comrades "with swords and clubs, and a great force of arms." The monks, however, having got the start, secured the ferry-boat, and had almost crossed the river before the men of Thanet could reach it, who, having no means to cross the stream, were therefore obliged to give up the pursuit.

In Domesday Book this manor, which is therefore called Thanet Manor (from its comprehending the greater part of the Isle), is stated to have one hundred and fifty villeins, with forty borderers, having sixty-three carucates. There is a "Church," continues the record, "one priest, one salt-pit, and two fisheries of three pence, and one mill."

The most remarkable monument in the Church is that of Sir Robert de Shurland, who resided at Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppey. It is of Gothic design. The Knight is represented recumbent, cross-legged, and his head resting on his helmet; close to the wall appears a horse's head, as if emerging from the waves; on his left arm is a shield like that of a Knight Templar, and a page stands at his feet. He was created a Knight Banneret by Edward I., for his gallant services at the siege of Caerlaverock, in Scotland, in the thirteenth century. The vane on the tower of the church is in the figure of a horse's head, the meaning of which is very conjectural. Some pretend (says Grose, in his *Antiquities*) it was to an excellency he possessed in the art of training horses to swim; others suppose it alludes to a grant of "wrecks of the sea" bestowed on him by Edward I., extending as far as he could reach with his lance when mounted on his horse; "which grant or right is evermore esteemed to reach as far into the water, upon a low ebb, as man can ride in and touch anything with the point of his lance." Then we are told that the vulgar have digged out of his vault many wild legends and romances, as, namely: "that he buried a priest alive; that he swam on his horse two miles to the King, who was then near this isle, on shipboard, to purchase his pardon, and, having obtained it, swam back to the shore, where, being arrived, he cut off the head of the said horse because it affirmed that he had acted this by magic; and that riding a hunting a twelvemonth after, his horse stumbled and threw him on the skull of his former horse, which blow so bruised him, that from the contusion he contracted an inward imposthumation of which he died." But these legends are more popularly sung as follows:—

"Of monuments that here they show,

Within the Church, we sketch'd but two:

One an ambassador of Spain's,
 T'other Lord Shurland's dust contains,
 Of whom a story strange they tell,
 And seemingly believe it well:
 The Lord of Shurland, on a day,
 Happ'ning to take a ride this way,
 About a corpse observed a crowd
 Against their priest complaining loud,
 'That he would not the service say
 Till somebody his fees should pay;
 On this his Lordship too did rave,
 And threw the priest into the grave.
 'Make haste and fill it up,' said he,
 'We'll bury both without a fee.'
 But when he cooler grew and thought
 To what a scrape himself he'd brought,
 Away he gallop'd to the bay,
 Where at the time a ship did lay,
 With Edward, England's King, on board;
 When, strange to tell, this hair-brained lord
 The horseback swam to the ship's side,
 There told his tale and pardon cry'd!
 The grant with many thanks he takes,
 And swimming still, to land he makes;
 But on his riding up the beach
 He an old woman meets, a witch!
 'The horse which now your life doth save,'
 Says she, 'will bring you to your grave.'
 'You'll prove a liar,' saith my lord,
 'You wild hag!' Then with his sword,
 Acting a most ungrateful part,
 The gen'rous beast stabb'd to the heart.
 It happened after many a day,
 That with some friends he stroll'd that way,
 And the strange story, as they walk,
 Became the subject of their talk:
 When on the beach, by the seaside,
 'Yonder the carcass lies,' he cried.
 As 'twas not far, he led them to't,
 And kick'd the skull up with his foot,
 When a sharp bone pierced through his shoe,
 And wounded grievously his toe,
 Which mortified: so he was kill'd,
 And the hag's prophecy fulfilled.
 See there his cross-legged figure laid,
 And at his feet his horse's head."

Cobham Hall.

This brave house, five miles west from Rochester, was the ancient seat and head of the barony of the illustrious and far-spreading family of Cobham, which became extinct in the time of the Commonwealth, and with whom, perhaps, the ancient nobility of Kent may be said to have

expired. The estate is now the property of the Darnley family, whose predecessor acquired it in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. Cobham Hall is built in the form of a half H, and the extremities of the wings are terminated with octagonal towers. The central part was designed by Inigo Jones in 1672; the wings, chiefly built by Brook, Lord Cobham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, exhibit the dates 1582 and 1594, and have the later Tudor projecting mullioned windows, quaintly carved cornices, and ornamental doorways; but Jones's portion is a plain façade, with Corinthian pilasters. The southern front is eminently Elizabethan in character, and the rich tones of the red brick, contrasted with the variously tinted foliage surrounding the house, offer the finest studies of colour. The interior is elegantly fitted up, and has a very fine collection of pictures, mostly collected by the fourth Earl of Darnley; several belonged to the Orleans collection, and others came from the Venetian collection of Vetturi: they are admirably described in Felix Summerly's *Excursions*, 1843, to which is appended a full catalogue. The park is nearly seven miles in circumference, and abundantly wooded: the oaks are very large and ancient; and here is a noble avenue of lime-trees, in four rows, extending more than 1000 yards. Of the chestnuts Strutt has published "*The Four Sisters*," which trees measured upwards of thirty feet in circumference. Near the south-eastern extremity of the park is a mausoleum chapel, erected at the expense of 9000*l*. Near the stabling is shown a richly painted and gilt state-coach, said to be that in which Mary Queen of Scots rode after her marriage with the Earl of Darnley.

The Church of Cobham is noticeable for its antiquity—its Perpendicular and lancet-windows—but, above all, for its magnificent brasses: side by side in the chancel are thirteen brasses, life size, recording the Cobhams and Brookes. The earliest is to the memory of Joan de Cobham, A.D. 1354; the latest to Thomas Broke, Dominus de Cobham, 1522. Among them is the monument of John, Lord Cobham, founder of the adjoining College. In addition to the above thirteen there are eleven other brasses in the Church to the memory of the masters of Cobham College. Felix Summerly has reprinted Weever's readings of the legends, corrected on the spot. On the chancel walls hang rust-eaten pieces of armour, including a helmet surmounted with a representation of a human head, which, according to village tradition, belonged to one of the lords of Cobham, who settled a pending dispute with some neighbouring noble in a trial by battle. The result was favourable to Cobham, who, as stated, at one blow struck off his adversary's head, and to signalize this feat adopted ever after a bleeding

human head for his crest. The recumbent figure, on a splendid marble tomb adjoining, with hands upraised in prayer, is pointed out as the effigy of the victorious noble. This is Sir George Brooke, Lord Cobham, governor of Calais in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary; who, in the first year of the latter sovereign, was disgraced, and sent to the Tower, charged with participating in the treasonable attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Cobham suffered himself to forego the claims of kindred, and of common principles with his grandson, and gave the rebel so warm a reception when he essayed the seizure of Cowling Castle, that though the entrance gate had been forced by the cannon of the besiegers, they were yet compelled to retire the next night to Gravesend. When the excitement of the plot had blown over, and the axe had performed its office, then was the old Lord Cobham liberated, and suffered to return home to his favourite seat in this garden county of Kent.

Thurnham Castle.

Thurnham, called also, from the hill on which it stands, "Godard's" Castle, near Maidstone, is a curious example of a Norman Castle, placed upon what is evidently a British camp. The camp crowned the high point of a very steep spur, which juts out between a depression on the one side, and a small deep combe on the other, in the great escarpment of the lower chalk, about four miles east-north-east of Maidstone.

The Norman Castle occupied a platform close west of the mound, and probably included within the British camp. Here stand the remains of the gateway and court, but as a trace of masonry is still seen upon the mound, it may be that it was included in the enceinte wall, or that upon it stood one of the circular or polygonal shell keeps which sometimes, with the Normans, took the place of the ordinary square keep, especially where there was an earlier mound to be fortified.

Thurnham, or Turnham, occurs in Domesday, and was one of the numerous manors given by the Conqueror to Bishop Odo. On Odo's fall, it was granted to Gilbert Maminot by the tenure of castle guard under Dover Castle. The holders under Maminot were a knightly family, who took their name from the place. Robert de Turnham held it *temp.* Henry II., and founded Combwell Priory. Possibly he built the Castle, which is thought to have been dismantled at an early period.

SUSSEX.

Pevensey Castle.

The town of Pevensey, once formidable for its Castle and successful for its harbour, has dwindled to a village of some 200 inhabitants. It is situated upon a headland, about half a mile from the sea, in the level called the Marsh of Pevensey, about ten miles to the west of Hastings, and five from Eastbourne. It is surrounded by rich pastures and meadows, and is united to the village of West Ham by the remains of the great Roman *castrum*, the ancient Anderida, which, filled with Britons and Romano-Britons, held out for a long time against the Saxon invaders. It was the last stronghold of the Britons after the Roman legions had been withdrawn. The old chroniclers represent the place as utterly ruined, and its site not to be traced; therefore, some have doubted Pevensey to be Anderida, but it is well known that ancient writers, living some centuries after the events they wrote about, were not always correct in their statements; and the destruction of the inhabitants of a place, and its consequent desolation, were quite enough to qualify the exaggerated terms in which the overthrow of Anderida is spoken of. Antiquaries, from existing remains, and from earlier historical evidence, seem now, with one or two exceptions, to concur in identifying the Roman *castrum* with the station Anderida placed by the itineraries next to the west of the Portus Lemanis.

The Saxon name of this brave old place was Pevensea, and the Norman Peovensale. Its first authentic mention in history is 792, when it was given, together with Hastings, by Berodaldus, one of the generals of King Offa, to the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. In the reign of King Edward the Confessor it had only twenty-two burgesses, and yet the port was of sufficient importance to be ravaged by Earl Godwin and his son Harold, in 1043, when many ships were taken. In the bay of Pevensey, William the Norman, in 1066, landed with his army, a fleet of 900 ships, with 60,000 men, including cavalry, from Normandy, prior to the decisive battle of Hastings; and it was this port which Swaine, son of Earl Godwin, entered with eight ships on his return to England, after the abduction of the Abbess of Leominster. In the reign of Henry III. the port was still available, but it soon afterwards fell into decay, owing to the withdrawal of the sea.

Of the Castle, the outer work contains many Roman bricks, and much herring-bone work. The fortress was of great strength: it withstood the attacks of William Rufus's army for six days, protecting Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who ultimately yielded only from want of provisions; and it afterwards successfully resisted the siege of King Stephen, who personally superintended the attack, but met with so gallant an opposition from Gilbert, Earl of Clare, that he was obliged to withdraw his forces, leaving only a small body to block it by sea and land. It once more resisted hostile attacks, when it was fruitlessly assailed, in 1265, by Simon de Montfort, son of the renowned Earl of Leicester. Again, when Sir John Pelham was in Yorkshire, in 1399, assisting Henry, Duke of Lancaster, to gain the crown, Pevensey Castle, left under the command of Lady Jane Pelham, was attacked by large bodies of the yeomen of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, who favoured the deposed King Richard, and was bravely and successfully defended by Lady Jane. The Castle remained as a fortress till the reign of Queen Elizabeth; two ancient culverins, one of which bears her initials, are yet preserved. In the Parliamentary Survey of 1655, the fortress was in ruins, and the ground within the walls was cultivated as a garden.

We have seen that Pevensey was the first scene of the Norman Conquest; the most momentous event in English history, perhaps the most momentous in the Middle Ages. Southey, upon the conjoint authorities of Turner, Palgrave, and Thierry, gives such a version of the Normans landing at Pevensey, as to decide its having been a Roman station. They landed, he says, at a place called Pulverhithe. William occupied the *Roman Castle* at Pevensey; erected the wooden fort, the materials of which he had brought with him ready for construction; threw up works to protect part of his fleet, and burnt, it is said, or otherwise rendered them unserviceable.

Although Mr. Hussey prefers the tradition that Cæsar effected both his debarcations, in the two successive years of his invasions in Kent, as the most likely to be the *brevissimus in Britannium trajectus*, mentioned by him, Professor Airy concludes them to have taken place at Pevensey. If we adopt the Astronomer Royal's theory, it will increase our interest, as we stand beneath the herring-boned masonry of that gigantic ruin, to reflect that the two great conquerors of England here first leaped on English shore. Be this as it may, there are few places in England where the antiquary may spend a pleasanter day than Pevensey. The Castle of the "Eagle Honour," as it was called, from its long possession by the great Norman family of De Aquila, rises, a great mediæval fortress, in the midst of the walls of a Romano-

British city: for Anderida, the great city of the Andred's Wood, that covered much of ancient Sussex, was (there can no longer be much doubt) situated here. Courses of Roman tile remain in these ancient walls; upon which the Conqueror must have looked before he gathered his forces together and advanced along the coast to Hastings.*

The exploration of these remains was undertaken in the year 1852 by the two able antiquaries, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Mark Antony Lower, the leading result of which is as follows: The *castrum*, which encloses some dozen acres, is by far the most perfect Roman building in this country. Nearly two-thirds of the great wall, twenty-five feet in height, and nine in width, with huge solid towers, remains almost as perfect as ever, in defiance of time, of the ancient invaders, and of modern spoilers. On the side facing the sea there is a bank of considerable elevation, looking over a second of about half the height. It was inferred that these natural advantages were considered by the Romans a sufficient substitute for stone walls, especially if, as it is supposed, the sea flowed up to this side of the fortress. The excavations have, however, shown that the outer bank is, in fact, nothing more than an overturned wall, now buried many feet under the soil and herbage. On this side a small postern-gate was discovered, and one opposite to it in the north wall; the chief entrance is proved to have been the only one for carriages. The *castrum* includes a fine Norman Castle partly formed out of the Roman walls, the adaptation of which has been well developed by these researches.

Hastings Castle.

Hastings, the second in rank of the Cinque Ports, is a town of great antiquity; and, though vouched by tradition to have been built by Hastings, the Danish pirate, was most probably in existence long before his time. Arviragus, the British King, is said to have constructed a fortress at Hastings when he threw off the Roman yoke in the latter part of the first century. In the Saxon times it became a flourishing town, for King Athelstan, between 925 and 942, established here a royal Mint.

Standing on a rocky cliff upwards of 400 feet above the sea-level to the westward of the town, is the Castle; its site commanded the subjacent country, and was admirably situated for defence of Hastings, but it seems extremely probable, from the situation of the spot, it was

a fortress in very early times, long before the coming of the Normans. The mortar used appears precisely similar to what may be seen in the old Roman walls still existing in the county, being composed of small flints and pebbles.

Who was the founder of the Castle has not been satisfactorily ascertained. It must have been a place of very high importance, as we find that, in the reign subsequent to the Conquest, that of William Rufus, 1090, almost all the bishops and nobles of England were assembled, by Royal Authority, at the Castle of Hastings, to pay personal homage to the King before his departure for Normandy. Although little is known of its first origin, its successive owners can be clearly traced, from the time of William the Conqueror, who bestowed it on the Earl of Eu, by one of whose descendants it was forfeited to the Crown, in the reign of Henry III. After several changes it was granted by Henry IV. to the Earl of Westmorland, with a reversion to Sir John Pelham. By Sir John Pelham it was conveyed to Sir Thomas Hoo, of Hoo, in Bedfordshire, afterwards created Baron Hastings by Henry VI.; and his descendants became Earls of Huntingdon. Henry, the last descendant of this family, afterwards sold it in the year 1591 for 25,000*l.* to Thomas Pelham, amongst whose descendants it has ever since remained.

The area included is about one acre and one-fifth. The walls, which are nowhere entire, average about eight feet thick. The gateway, now destroyed, was on the north side. Not far from it, to the westward, are the remains of a small tower, enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and on the same side, further westward, are a sallyport, and ruins of another tower.

As a fortress, the south, or sea-side, judging from its present appearance, would appear not to have had any other defence than what the height of the cliff afforded. As the cliff has been considerably removed, the Castle has doubtless gone with it. On the western side the fortifications consist of a high wall, with lofty towers, one square, the other circular. Part of the interior of the latter is constructed of herring-bone work. The square tower which is further south, has openings deeply splayed from within, with the remains of a sallyport. The eastern side, however, appears to have been rendered the most secure, for in addition to the towered gallery, portcullis, and semi-circular tower, there is a ditch sixty feet in depth and one hundred feet in width.

The north has, besides a gate, a sallyport and two towers, one round, with a circular flight of stairs, the other square. This gate had always

been supposed to be the site of the original gate; but on proceeding with the excavations along the north side, a gateway was discovered, about eight or nine feet in width and nineteen in depth. This is considered to have been the Keep gate, and there is still remaining the groove for the portcullis, and the hooks on which the hinges of the gates were hung.

The Church of St. Mary, in the Castle, was also founded by Count Robert of Eu, as proved by one of the Records of the Court of Chancery, of the time of Henry I. or Stephen. St. Mary's was removed from its original position to another spot, where only a few ruins now remain to indicate what it once was. Rouse tells us that in 1094, King William held a great council in the Castle of Hastings, which stood below the cliff, upon a site which the sea afterwards overflowed; for the comparatively modern fort or Castle erected by William the Conqueror, was a distinct building from the Saxon Castle upon the cliff, and stood below the barrier which was then, for the greater part, destroyed by the sea. In the fifth year of this King, therefore, they obtained the well known charter empowering them to inclose the Castle and its precincts with walls, so as to secure the Church from the irruptions of the sea.

The Church appears to have consisted of a chancel, side chapel, nave, and aisle, the total length being one hundred and ten feet. The bases, capitals, and other ornaments found amongst the fragments are of Norman architecture.

On the occasion of the interior of the Castle being excavated in the year 1824, the Chapel, with the chapter house, deanery, and other offices were discovered, also several stone coffins with skeletons.

These ruins are interesting as marking the site of a chapel in which Thomas à Becket, somewhere about 1157, and William of Wykeham, about 1363, once conducted the services of the Church of Rome, and which once echoed to the voice of Anselm of Canterbury.*

Of the details of the great event which has given Hastings a world-wide fame, it may suffice to say that, on Edward's death and Harold's accession to the throne, William assembled a formidable expedition in the vast estuary of the Somme, overlooked by the old town of St. Valeri, that weighed anchor from Noyelles-sur-Mer; he crossed to Pevensey Bay and disembarked at Pulverbythe. The stone on which tradition says he dined is still preserved in the Subscription Gardens of St. Leonard's. Hastings, it may be influenced by Remigius

* Mr. Gant : Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association, 1867.

of Fécamp, opened its gates, though it would appear that there were some isolated attempts at resistance and consequent devastation, as we see in the Bayeux tapestry a burning house close to the Castle hill, which it is natural to suppose was set on fire by the invaders, and not the work of an incendiary. The lines of his camp can still be traced in the field to the north of Lady Jocelyn's villa, immediately adjoining St. Michael's parish. He ordered—to quote the words on the tapestry—that a Castle should be dug at Hastings Chester, and underneath the words is the picture of the Castle on the summit of the hill where it stands. The Castle in the picture may have been, as Mr. Planché suggests, one of the wooden Castles the Conqueror brought with him; but it was, of course, only temporary, and was soon replaced by the massive walls of the present structure, which, as the composition of the mortar and other details show, must have been commenced about this period. As at Pevensey, the Norman Castle was placed within the area of the older works.—*Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1867.

Battle Abbey.

Battle derives its name from the memorable fight in 1066 between William, Duke of Normandy and Harold, King of England, and is built upon the actual spot where the battle was fought. In the year succeeding the victory, a Benedictine Abbey was founded here by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his triumph, who endowed it with extraordinary exemptions and privileges, and is said to have offered up at the altar his sword and royal robe which he wore on the day of his coronation. He founded the Abbey with the double view of atoning for the slaughter of the field, and of evincing his gratitude to heaven for his success. Motives of superstition appear to have combined with piety in inducing him to this measure; for a *Sanguelac*, as the Normans termed it, or *bloody fountain*, is affirmed to have sprung up here after every shower, crying to the Lord for vengeance for the immense efflux of Christian blood that had been shed upon the spot. Remigius, one of the monks of Fécamp, actually accompanied William on the battle-field, encouraged him to build Battle Abbey, and was made Bishop of Lincoln as a reward for his great services.

The establishment was designed on a vast scale; the immediate precincts of the Abbey being a mile in circuit, and the buildings themselves of corresponding magnificence. King William intended it for 140 monks, but his death prevented the completion of his design. He

settled here, however, a considerable body from the Benedictine Monastery of Marmontier, in Normandy, and was himself present at the consecration of the Abbey Church, which is reported by some writers to have been built on the very spot where Harold was slain; or, according to others, where his gorgeous standard was taken. This splendid prize, displaying the figure of a fighting warrior, sumptuously wrought with gold and precious stones, the Conqueror sent to Rome, as a present to the Pope. It is related that the Duke, as he reposed after the battle, dreamed that he heard a voice which said to him—"Thou hast conquered; seize upon the crown and transmit it to a long posterity."

Among the privileges and immunities granted by the Conqueror to the Abbey was the right given to the Abbot of pardoning any condemned thief whom he should casually pass by or meet going to execution. The Conqueror granted the monks all the land within the compass of three miles round the Abbey, together with the manor and royal customs of various places. The Abbots of Battle, holding their lands of the King per baronium, were privileged to sit in Parliament.

The site of the Abbey at the Dissolution was granted to one Gilmer, who, after pulling down many of the buildings for the materials, sold the remainder, with the estate, to Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., whose descendants converted a portion of the edifice into a dwelling house. This was afterwards enlarged by the Websters, who, early in the last century purchased the estate of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and made it their chief seat. At the Surrender, the State sword of the Abbey, fabricated for Abbot Lodelow, in the reign of Henry VI., was delivered to Sir John Gage, K.G., one of the Commissioners: it is now in the Meyrick collection of armour.

Some of the remains of the Monastery are preserved in the mansion of the Websters, which is placed on a gentle rise, bounded by woody hills, saving in front a valley winding towards the sea at Hastings. The Abbey was mostly rebuilt in the times of the later Henries, and formed a vast quadrangle. The grand entrance gateway is the most perfect part now remaining: it is square, embattled, with octagonal turrets at each angle, and has in front a series of pointed arches and pilasters; the roof has been destroyed. Some remains of the monastic offices, with square windows and embattled parapets, adjoin the entrance. The Abbey Church has been destroyed. Parts of the cloister arches remain, as do the ruins of the monk's refectory, with a detached hall, now used as a barn, of great extent, in which, it is supposed, the tenants of the Abbey were entertained. The hall has twelve long Pointed windows

on one side, and six on the other. Beneath is a crypt curiously vaulted, with elegant pillars and arches. Several great vaults remain, in which the provision and fuel of this splendid foundation were once stored. Here was formerly preserved the so-called Roll of Battle Abbey, believed to be a list of those eminent persons who accompanied the Conqueror to England, with other lords and men of account, and which list was prepared by the monks, that perpetual prayers might be offered for them, and especially for those who were slain in the battle. Others believed it to be a list of *families* who became settled in England at the Conquest. Holinshed and Stow have both printed copies of the Roll, but very different from each other. Camden says: "Whosoever considers this Roll well shall find it always to be forged, and those names to be inserted, which the time in every age favoured, and were never mentioned in the notable record of Domesday." Camden, however, seems to have entertained a notion that there was *some* primitive list made at Battle, but lost.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., has examined this suspected document very minutely, and he concludes that no bede roll of the army was ever prepared; nor was any list of the Duke's host prepared for purposes less formal and important than to be used in the devout solemnities of the place; and that if such a roll ever did exist it has long ago perished, as well as all copies of it or extracts from it. Still, Mr. Hunter does not deny there are several lists of persons or families who are said to have come in with the Conqueror, descended to us from times long before the Reformation, though not according to him near the time of the Conquest; nor does he affirm that one or more of those may not have been the work of some private monk of the monastery; though there is no possibility of determining which of several lists is the work of a monk of Battle. Mr. Hunter has examined the ten reputed lists, which differ in many respects from each other, are merely conjectural, and come to us without any authority worthy of regard. It has been the good fortune of Battle Abbey to have afforded ever since the Dissolution a place of residence to persons of distinction; and the remains have been valued almost as a sacred possession, and never more than in our time; so that Professor Lappenburg has jeopardized his high historical reputation in writing "All the visible monuments of the battle of Senlac and the Conquest of England are no more; crumbled and fallen are the once lofty halls of Battle Abbey, and by a few foundation stones in the midst of a swamp are we alone able to determine the spot where it once reared its towers and pinnacles." How much there is that is mere rhetoric in this, hundreds of tourists can testify.

There is some traditional account of the Roll which it may be interesting to add. The original Roll compiled by the monks of Battle was hung up in their Monastery beneath some Latin verses, of which the following English version was formerly inscribed on a tablet in the parish church of Battle:—

" This place of war is Battle called, because in battle here,
Quite conquered and overthrown the English nation were ;
This slaughter happened to them upon St. Celict's Day,
The year thereof (1066) this number doth array."

When the Montague family sold Battle Abbey they went to reside at their other seat, Cowdray near Midhurst, and thither the Roll is thought to have been carried. Cowdray was destroyed by fire in 1793, when the Roll is presumed to have perished, with everything else of value which that lordly edifice contained. It must, however, also be surmised that the purchaser of the Abbey would part with so precious a document as " the Roll "—if such ever existed.

Bramber Castle.

Bramber is a decayed village in Sussex, which contains no other mark of its ancient importance than its ruined Castle, the history of which is strangely chequered by fatalities. At the period of the General Survey in William the Norman's time, the Castle was the property of William de Breose, who besides was possessed of forty manors in the county. The family held their estates by the service of ten knights' fees for some generations. But in the year 1208 the loyalty of several of the nobility being suspected, King John sent to require hostages of them, and William de Breose's children were demanded. These were not only refused, but his wife added this remark, that " she would not trust her children with the King who had so base'y murdered Prince Arthur, his own kinsman." John, irritated at this reply, attempted to have the family seized, but they withdrew themselves to Ireland. They were afterwards taken prisoners there, from whence they were sent over to England and starved to death in Windsor Castle by the tyrant's orders, all but William, who escaped to France, but did not long survive the above catastrophe. The insatiate King, seizing the estates of the fugitive, gave them to his own son, Richard, but restored a portion to William de Breose's son, Reginald. John, his heir, dying by a fall from his horse, in Henry the Th'rd's reign, that prince's brother took charge of the Castle again ; but this was only during the minority of

the son of the deceased, to whom it was surrendered when he became of age. At length it devolved to the family of Mowbray, but was forfeited by John de Mowbray together with his life to Edward II., when he joined the nobles against the Spencers; it was restored by Edward III. to his son, who attended him to France. By the death of John, Duke of Norfolk, who fell fighting for Richard III. in Bosworth Field, the Castle and manor being forfeited again to the Crown, were given to Thomas Lord Delaware and his heirs.

Bodiam Castle.*

This Castle was founded by Sir John Dalyngrudge, of East Grinstead, a gallant soldier in the wars of Edward III., and of a company of Free Companions; he having married the daughter and heiress of John de Wardieu, who had brought him in dowry the manor of Bodiam. In 1380 he was appointed one of a great commission to inquire into the estates of the realm, and the expenses of the household of the youthful King; and in 1385 he obtained permission from Richard II. to erect the Castle on the estate of his wife; he was also made Governor of the Tower and Custos of London; but, being suspected of being too lenient to the Londoners, he was soon superseded.

The licence to fortify the Castle bears date 1385, and is the first and almost only instance of leave being given to make a *Castle*. The term, "for resistance against our enemies," was no idle one; for the French had, within the last twenty years, repeatedly ravaged the neighbourhood of Hastings, Fairlight, and Winchelsea; eight years previously had besieged the valiant Abbot of Battle in that town; and in 1380 they burnt Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings, and Portsmouth.

The Castle, then, is situated on the north bank of the river Rother, and is surrounded by a perfect moat, which is crossed on the north side by a causeway: on this was formerly placed a barbican, of which some ruins still remain. This was an advanced work strengthened with a portcullis, and was of such size as to contain a sufficient number of men to prevent a surprise. It was also commanded by the entrance towers. Between the barbican and the Castle was the drawbridge.

* Abridged from an able paper, by J. C. Savery, Esq., in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, Dec. 31, 1868. Bodiam is interesting as a Castle combining at once the palace of the feudal lord and the fortress of the knight. The founder, who had passed most of his best years in France, had, no doubt, there learned the art of making his house comfortable as well as secure.

The Castle itself, which we now approach, is nearly square, with circular towers sixty-five feet high at the four corners, connected by embattled curtains, in the centre of each of which square towers rise to an equal height with the circular.

The gateway is a majestic structure, composed of two flanking towers, defended by numerous oilets for arrows, embattled parapets, and deep machicolations, whence stones and other missiles could be hurled on the heads of an attacking force. Immediately over the gateway are three shields (recently covered by ivy), bearing the arms of Bodiam, Dalyngrudge, and Wardieu. The ancestral arms were often placed over the principal entrance of a Castle, to denote the descent of the owner. Above this was the crest of the Dalyngrudges—a unicorn's head. A huge portcullis still frowns grimly over us as we enter a vaulted chamber, about thirty feet by ten, at the intersections of the groinings of which are openings into chambers above, through which melted lead, pitch, oil, or water could be showered down on assailants below; for, the first door and portcullis being passed, there was another, half way through the passage, and yet a third, to be overcome before entrance could be obtained into the court-yard. Mr. Lower—no mean authority—says, “I do not recollect any other instance of such multiplied defences in the gateway of a Castle of this period.” Having passed through the gateway we perceive that the latter half of the passage supported a balcony. The southern side of the quadrangle, opposite, is occupied by the windows of the great hall, with oriel, passage, and the still remaining elegant windows of the buttery and kitchen. The whole courtyard was surrounded by buildings, usually of two stories in height. Turning to the left as we enter the quadrangle we find a fine series of chambers, which were probably the apartments of the officers of the fortress, and one smaller on the corner which communicated with the north-east tower. These towers had each three stories of hexagonal-shaped chambers.

Proceeding southward, we next come to the chapel, which was lighted by a window of three lights over the altar (which still remains in a dilapidated condition), and probably by a larger one, looking on to the courtyard. Next the chapel comes the residence of the owner of the Castle; the first apartments we enter have been termed the bower, and such was probably the application. They were probably the rooms in which Dame Elizabeth Dalyngrudge received her lady guests (*circa* 1390), and in which she spent her spare time, surrounded by her maidens, engaged in embroidery or other household employment, which, with the lute and song, whiled away the hours. The principal sleeping

apartments were on the first story, or in the square tower, in one room of which are two curious stone cupboards, which were probably used for depositing deeds, jewels, or other valuables. Yet more south was the presence-chamber, in which the guests assembled previous to entering the banqueting-hall. This was always adorned with the richest tapestry, and embroidered cushions, the work of the ladies of the family; it, as well as the hall, had usually an oriel or bay window. Beyond this was a room, probably the private apartment of the Lord of the Castle, and at the south-east angle we find the principal round tower, with a groined basement. The hall was a noble room, 40 feet by 24 feet, at the upper end of which was a raised platform or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner behind the bay-window was the buffet, where the plate used at table was kept. Other tables and benches were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered by rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree. The roof was of oak, or chestnut, and in the centre was a small turret or aperture to carry off the smoke from the fire which was placed in the centre of the floor on a raised hearth. The walls were covered with tapestry, to about five feet from the ground. The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen, extending the whole width of the hall, and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast. In the centre of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, &c. The buttery-hatch consisted here of three arches, through which the viands passed from the kitchen to the hall. The buttery was so called, because the butts and bottles of wine which were required for the table were kept there, not because butter was made there, as absurdly stated in one Dictionary of Architecture. The minor divisions of the buttery, pantry, and cellar which probably existed here are just traceable. We now pass on to the kitchen, a fine room 18 feet square, with two huge fireplaces, which no doubt blazed merrily on many a festive occasion. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of seeing, their mode of cookery did not differ much. Chaucer says—

“ A Cook they hadden with them for the nonce,
 To boil the chikenes and the marie bones;
 And Poudre marchant, tart, and galingale:
 Wel coude he knowe a draught of London Ale.
 He coude roste, and sethe, and broil, and frie,
 Maken mortrewes, and wel bak a pie.”

Such, then, was Bodiam in the day of its power, although now there

is little more presented to our view than the outer walls, covered with ivy. In the first century of its existence it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Lewknor, who, having opposed the usurpation of Richard III., was attainted of high treason, and the Castle was besieged by the royal forces, under Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The earthworks in the field north of the Castle are probably due to this period. After the overthrow of Richard at Bosworth, Sir Thomas's attainder was of course reversed, but it was not until 1542 that his son obtained full possession. From that time till 1643 the Castle remained in the hands of the Lewknors, who, however, never resided there; and in that year it was destroyed by the Parliamentary forces, under Waller, who, after he had taken Arundel Castle, despatched soldiers to take away and sell all the materials of the castles of the Royalists of Sussex. Since that period Bodiam has gradually crumbled before the power of rain, frost, and storm; still, even now, above two hundred years after its ruin, enough remains to show the substantial manner in which the feudal lords of the time of the Black Prince raised their mansions.

Arundel Castle.

Of the town of Arundel, on the river Arun, a short distance from the sea, the most striking feature is the ancient Castle, which gives to its possessor (now the Duke of Norfolk) the title of Earl of Arundel. This instance of a peerage attached to the tenure of a house is now an anomaly. Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, in his paper on the Earls of Sussex, says, "in 1067, the Conqueror having established himself on the English throne, passed over to Normandy, whence he returned, after a short stay, with his queen, Matilda; and it was on this occasion that he was accompanied by Roger de Montgomery, whom he is said to have made first Earl of Arundel, and subsequently Earl of Shrewsbury. Here, then, we have one of the most early instances of the title of Earl being derived from, or attached to, a small town, not even the principal city in the county; and what is more remarkable, although we find him occasionally styled Earl of Chichester, the title of Arundel appears to be the one originally conferred upon him; and the name and dignity of Earl of Arundel was solemnly decided, in the reign of Henry VI., to belong to the possession of the Castle of Arundel, the tenure of which was determined to constitute the earldom without any other form, patent, or creation whatsoever."

From Domesday Survey we gather that the Castle of Arundel, in

the time of King Edward the Confessor, yielded forty shillings for a mill, twenty shillings for three entertainments, and twenty shillings for a "pasty," which was suggested to mean a herring-pie, as Yarmouth paid for a thousand herrings for the see of Chichester in the time of Henry II. We see, therefore, that there was a Castle at Arundel in Saxon times; and it is asserted that the gift of this Castle and the honours to Roger de Montgomery constituted him Earl thereof. Of his successors we have only space to notice that Brooke, the York Herald, relates an absurd legend, invented, no doubt, to account for the lion rampant in the arms of William de Albini, Earl of Arundel and Sussex. In a joust held at Paris he behaved himself so valiantly that the Queen Dowager of France fell in love with him, and desired him in marriage, which he refused, saying that he had already given his word and faith unto another lady in England. This denial the Queen took in evil part, and contrived to get him into a cave in her garden where she had caused a lion to be put to devour him, which, when he saw, he furiously set upon him, thrusting his arm into the lion's mouth, pulling out his tongue; which done, he conveyed himself into England and performed his promise to Queen Ælidis. In token of this valiant and noble act, William assumed to have for his arms a lion *gold*, in a field *gules*, which his successors ever since have continued. To this story, Vincent replied, tauntingly, that he had heard of a similar tale of one that, thrusting his arm in at the mouth (of the lion) took him by the tail and turned him the wrong side outwards. Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, believes the lion to have been assumed in consequence of the marriage of the Earl with the widow of King Henry I., in whose reign we have the earliest authentic evidence of golden lions being adopted as a personal decoration, if not strictly an heraldic bearing.

In 1139, the Empress Maud was hospitably received at Arundel Castle, after her landing at Little Hampton, by Adeliza, relict of Henry I. King Stephen, apprised of her movements, appeared suddenly before the Castle with a well-appointed army. The Queen Dowager sent him this spirited message: "She had received the Empress as her friend, not as his enemy; she had no intention of interfering in their quarrels, and therefore begged the King to allow her royal guest to quit Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But," added she, "if you are determined to besiege her here, I will endure the last extremity of war rather than give her up, or suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated." Her request was granted, and the Empress retired to Bristol.

In 1397, at Arundel Castle, Richard, Earl of Arundel, with his

brother, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Derby and Warwick, the Earl Marshal, his son-in-law, the Abbot of St. Albans, and Prior of Westminster, were accused of plotting to seize the person of Richard II., and to put to death all the Lords of his Council. The Earl of Arundel, on the evidence of the Earl Marshal, was executed.

Arundel Castle stands high, upon a steep circular knoll, partially artificial, and commands a sea-view as far as the Isle of Wight. The entrance gateway, with drawbridge and portcullis, was originally built in the reign of Edward I., and some of the walls and the Keep are of the ancient Castle. In the Civil War between Charles and his Parliament, the fortress was held and garrisoned by the latter. It was, however, taken by Lord Hopton, in 1643, surrendering to him at the first summons; and two months after it was suddenly retaken by Sir William Waller. From that time it continued in ruins until its restoration was completed by Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, in 1815, at the cost of more than half a million of money. The Keep is a circular stone tower, sixty-eight feet in diameter, with a dungeon in the middle, a vault about ten feet high, accessible by a flight of steps. We have described several Keeps in this work, but we believe that of Arundel to be the most perfect in England. Its stately owls must ever command respect, and are better known than the Arundel tenure.

"Barony by tenure implied that the owner had got it by the sword, or in reward for bravery, and that what he had got by the sword he would hold by the sword. Title went with lands; but the last time this fact was recognised was in 1433, when Sir John Fitz-Alan, holding the town and Castle of Arundel, claimed to be Earl of Arundel by such tenure, and the claim was admitted, although only, it seems, through a special Act of Parliament. Sir John was one of our soldiers in France, where the Regent Bedford made him Duke of Touraine; he lost a leg in the wars, and he was first buried at Beauvais, in 1435. One Elton, an Englishman, brought the body home, at an expense of 1400 marks. As the family refused to reimburse that sum, Elton kept the body in pawn for about a score of years till it was at last redeemed and ceremoniously buried in the chapel at Arundel. The tomb was opened in 1859, and then bystanders saw the old warrior, without his leg, the losing of which had helped him to a French dukedom."—*Finlason's Hereditary Dignities*.

Hurstmonceux Castle.

Hurstmonceux, or the Wood of the Monceaux (a Norman family), never since the Conquest changed owners by purchase till 1708. It is about five miles distant from Pevensey, and seven miles south-east of Battle, the site of the Conquest. A higher antiquity is, however, claimed for the site of Hurstmonceux; for, beneath a print of the Castle, engraved in 1737, we find it described as near the *Gær Pensavel Coit* of the Britons, whence we infer Pevensey. The former place was called Hyrst by the Saxons, from its situation among woods; and Sussex having been, from the earliest times, one of the most luxuriantly wooded districts of England, we find the name of *burst* given to other places in the county besides Hurstmonceux; as *Billinghurst*, *Buckhurst*, *Coolhurst*, *Crowhurst*, *Daneburst*, *Hurst* Perpoint, *Lamberhurst*, *Medhurst*, *Nuthurst*, *Ticcburst*, and *Wakeburst*; and Hurst is the name of one of the old Sussex families.

Soon after the arrival of the Normans, the present Hurstmonceux became the seat of a family, who, from the place, took the name of De Hyrst, or Herst. From the posterity of Walleran de Herst, who assumed the name of Monceaux, (which name also has from that time been annexed to the place,) it came by marriage to the Fiennes, by one of whom the Castle was erected.

One of the possessors of Hurstmonceux came to a mournful end in 1524, in a heedless night fray, in stealing a neighbour's deer. The Castle was built by Sir Roger Fiennes in 1440. He was summoned to Parliament, and declared Baron Dacre in 1458. In 1484 he died, leaving his grandson, Thomas, only twelve years old, his heir. He seems to have been a disreputable character, for he was committed to the Fleet Prison on the charge of harbouring suspected felons, and for negligence in punishment of them. The next Lord Dacre, his grandson, in 1525, succeeded to his grandfather's great wealth at the age of seventeen. His education appears to have been much neglected, and although he was introduced at Court, and married at an early age a lady of noble birth, a Neville, daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny, he was evidently a reckless, if not a profligate young man. Holinshed, the chronicler, describes how "three gentlemen, John Mantell, John Froude, and George Roidon, and others, accompanied by Lord Dacre, passed from his house at Hurstmonceux to the park of Nicholas Pelham, Esq., at Laughton, in the same county of Sussex, in the night, where they intended to hunt; and at a place called Pikhaie, they found three men quarrelling; a fray

ensued, between Lord Dacre and his three companions, and the three others, one of whom received such hurt that he died thereof in two days (May 2). Whereupon, Lord Dacre, and his three companions, and divers others, were indicted for murder. Lord Dacre was tried by his Peers, and found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. On the eighth of June, the sheriffs of London were ready at the Tower to receive the prisoner and lead him to execution on Tower-hill; but a gentleman of the Lord Chancellor's house came, and in the King's name commanded to stay the execution till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, which caused many to think that the King would have granted his pardon. Nevertheless, at 3 o'clock in the same afternoon, he was brought out of the Tower, and delivered to the Sheriffs, who led him on foot betwixt them unto St. Thomas Waterings (near the second mile-stone, or what is now called the Old Kent Road), where he died, as did the other three gentlemen, Mantell, Frowdys, and Roydon. Lord Dacre was not past four and twenty years old, and "being a right towardlie gentleman, and such a one a manie had conceived great hope of better prooffe, no small amount of lamentation was made; the more, indeed, for that it was thought he was induced to attempt such follie which occasioned his death, by some light heads that were then about him."

Archdeacon Hare asserts that it is difficult to make out the extent of Lord Dacre's criminality, and thinks "the law was strained in order to convert him into an accomplice;" but Mr. M. A. Lower, in the *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol. xix. 170-279, has shown by documents and illustrations that "this young nobleman, of ancient and illustrious ancestry, perished ignobly, the victim of his own follies." That he was put to death at the instance of certain courtiers who gaped after his estate, is a statement utterly destitute of proof, and the record shows no evidence of unfairness or injustice in the proceedings.

Mr. Lower notes how many persons of station in the neighbourhood were unjustly sought to be involved in this foul transaction. Sir Nicholas Pelham, a man of high county reputation, was thus aggrieved. The scene of the tragedy was not at Laughton; for Sir Nicholas kept his herd of deer seven miles distant. There is no evidence whatever (says Mr. Lower) of any personal ill-feeling between the Knight of Laughton and the Lord of Hurstmonceux. But the young peer, reckless of reputation and the future, ventured upon this expedition without the slightest desire of slaying his neighbour's gamekeeper. The affair must, however, have been premeditated, since ten days intervened between the meeting at which this attack upon Sir Nicholas Pelham's deer was arranged and

the accomplishment of the purpose.* “Mrs. Gore, in her tragedy, *Dacre of the South*, has made him the victim of the tyranny and jealousy of the high-spirited knights whom he had undoubtedly wronged. It must have been a painful position for Sir John Gage, who lived at Firle, within a few miles of Lord Dacre, and who must have known the young nobleman intimately, to be the instrument, among others, in the execution of his office as Constable of the Tower, in bringing him to justice and to death.”

Hurstmonceux Castle was of *brick*, with window and door-cases, copings and water-tables, of stone; and as bricks did not come into general use until the fifteenth century, this must have been one of the earliest brick buildings (after the Roman period) in the country, and described by Horace Walpole as having remained to his time in its “native brickhood, without the luxury of whitewash.” Cowdray, towards the north-west corner of the same county, also of brick, was built in the reign of Henry VIII.; but this rather resembles an embattled mansion than a Castle. This employment of bricks is singular, seeing that good stone is found in the county. Hurstmonceux Castle continued in the Fiennes, till with Margaret, granddaughter of Thomas Lord Dacre, it passed to Sampson Lennard, Esq., whose descendant, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, lived much here; but a few years before his death he sold it, and about 1777, all except the principal entrance was taken down, and the best materials used in building a mansion in the neighbourhood.

Two towers, eighty-four feet high, flank the principal doorway, over which was formerly, within a compartment, the alant or wolf-dog sejant, holding the banner of Fiennes. The corbels of the parapet are tolerably perfect; but the machicolations have disappeared, except from the wall of the wing to the left. Judging from this fragment, the entire Castle must have impressed the traveller with the magnificence of feudal state, in which “*safe bind*” seems to have been the leading maxim. The age of the Castle is less than four centuries; but, from its substantial materials, (for brick is much more lasting than is commonly supposed,) it would have remained for ages a characteristic of the wealth of the early lords of Sussex, had it not been dismantled.

Gough, in his additions to Camden, describes the Castle and its three courts: the hall and chapel and kitchen, which reached to the upper story; and its oven in the bakehouse, fourteen feet in diameter. Under the eastern corner was an octagonal room, formerly a prison,

* The *locus in quo* of this murder is well known,—at the bottom of two fields, and near the River Cuckmere, in Hellingly Wood.

having in the middle a stone post with an iron chain. Staircases curiously constructed of bricks, without any wood work, led to the galleries, in each window of which was painted the alant or wolf-dog, the ancient supporter of the Fiennes arms. The grand staircase occupied an area forty feet square.

The style is Perpendicular, or Tudor; and this was probably one of our latest built *Castles*, properly so called; for about this time, or earlier, embattled manor-houses became common, and the fortress gave place to the castellated mansion; which was, in its turn, rendered better adapted to the wants and conveniences of more peaceful times.

Cowdray House.

Very near to Midhurst, in Sussex, which probably received its name from being in the midst of woods (*burst* being a Saxon word for a wood), are the remains of Cowdray House, once the splendid seat of the family of Montague. Reduced to its present state by the accident of fire, and not by the hand of time, it still presents a fair front, and might be mistaken for a habitable mansion, standing in a noble park of 800 acres, abounding in fine old trees, particularly Spanish chestnuts.

There was anciently a manor-house at Cowdray, belonging to the Bohuns; but it afterwards became the property of the Crown, and was granted by Henry VII. to John Lord Montague. On the division of his property it passed to Lucy, his third daughter, whose second husband was Sir Anthony Brown, a person of ancient family and Grand Standard Bearer of England. William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, the son of this lady by a former husband, was the founder of Cowdray; and W.S., the initials of this nobleman, may be seen carved in stone on the ceiling of the entrance porch. On his dying without issue the estate went to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Brown, whose son, the first Viscount Montague, greatly improved and enlarged the house.

This noble residence was twice honoured by a visit from royalty. King Edward VI., in 1547, in a letter to a friend, speaks of Cowdray as "a goodly house of Sir A. Brown's," where he was "marvellously, yea rather excessively, banketted." And there is an old printed description of the "honourable entertainment" given to Queen Elizabeth, at Cowdray, by Lord Montague in 1591, when she was addressed as "The Miracle of Time," "Nature's Glory," "Fortune's Empress," "The World's Wonder!"—and stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous,

it states that on the following day she was "most royallie feasted; the proportion of breakfast was three oxen, and one hundred and fortie geese." During the week of the Queen's stay, she killed three or four deer with a crossbow in the park, and received addresses from persons disguised as "pilgrims, with their russet coats and scallop shells," and "wild men clad in ivie," and "anglers at goodlie fish-ponds." On going through the arbour to take horse for Chichester, Her Majesty knighted six gentlemen, including my lord's second son, Sir George Brown. It may appear remarkable, that, though a determined Papist, he should have received such marks of esteem and confidence from Elizabeth as are implied by his being appointed as her ambassador to Spain, and by her gracious visit at his family mansion.

Lord Montague also brought a troop of two hundred horse to the Queen at Tilbury, commanded by himself, his son and grandson, "when Europe stood by in perfect suspense to behold what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, and the genius of Farnese could achieve" by the invincible Armada "against the Island Queen, with her Drakes and Cecils."

In wandering over the park at this day, we can scarcely imagine that we look upon the very trees under which sat the lion-hearted Queen. Cowdray was built in the form of a square, in the centre of which was the gate, flanked by two towers. There were throughout the mansion ten bucks, life size, each bearing a shield with the arms of England, and under it the arms of Brown; besides others with small banners of arms supported by their feet. The hall and staircase were pictured with the story of Tancred and Clorinda from Tasso.

The parlour was adorned by Holbein, or his pupils. There were two long galleries, in which were, coloured in stucco, the twelve Apostles, life-size; and many family pictures, and sacred and historical pieces, some brought from Battle Abbey. The paintings on the walls were saved during the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I., by a coat of plaster laid over the stucco; but one of the officers quartered here, exercising his weapon against the wall, broke out of one of the groups the head of Henry VIII., which was afterwards replaced.

This beautiful and massive structure was destroyed by fire, September 24, 1793, through a charcoal fire left by a workman, when no individual member of the building escaped injury except the kitchen. The ruins of the west side of this magnificent mansion contain the most perfect traces of the general architecture, and exhibit proof of its amazing strength. Within the quadrangle, and about the premises, lie several fragments of sculpture and broken columns, presenting to

the reflective mind fit emblems not only of human glory departed, but of the fate which, even at the time of the lamentable loss, yet impended over the family, by a sad coincidence exemplifying that

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!"

A few weeks after this stately pile was destroyed, the noble owner, the young Viscount Montague, during the life of his mother, and before the intelligence of the fire could reach him, was drowned, together with his fellow-traveller, Mr. Sedley Burdett, brother of Sir Francis Burdett, in rashly venturing to navigate the falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, in October, 1793. The present family residence is at Cowdray Lodge, a small but elegant house in the park, about a mile from the ruins.

Sir Anthony Brown was a gallant soldier of fortune, who experienced more of the favour of Henry VIII. than fell to the lot of any other subject. In the fourteenth year of Henry VIII. (1523), he was knighted for his valour in the assault and taking of the town of Morlaix in Brittany, when, with the Earl of Surrey, Lord High Admiral, he conveyed from Southampton the Emperor Charles to the port of Biscay, and this seems to have been the commencement of the good and great fortune he enjoyed in his lifetime. We also find through Holinshed, that two years after, being one of the esquires of the King's body, he was one of the challengers during the feast of Christmas before the King and his Court assembled at the Palace of Greenwich for jousts and tournaments and other feats of arms; the following year he was made Lieutenant of the Isle of Man and the other islands belonging thereto, during the minority of the Earl of Derby, whose family continued to hold sovereign rights in Mona till the Civil War ended them by the fall of the island into the hands of the Cromwellians, after Lady Derby's heroic defence.

In 1539, King Henry made Sir Anthony Master of the Horse, a post considered of a very high character in those days; this office was not a permanent one, but the King, lavishing great favour on Sir Anthony, made him Master of the Horse for life. We have elsewhere spoken of King Henry's grant to Sir Anthony of "the house and suite of the late monastery of Battle in com. Sussex, to him and his heirs and assigns for ever," the greatest evidence yet offered to him of his sovereign's continued regard.

Another instance of the attachment exhibited by Henry towards Sir Anthony Brown may be found in the fact, that in 1540, four years

after his marriage with Jane Seymour, who died in childbirth, he entrusted to Sir Anthony the somewhat delicate task of representing him at the Court of John of Cleves, whose sister Anne, Henry had agreed to marry, as she was a Protestant princess, and it suited Henry's views at that time to consider himself one also. At Cowdray Castle, before the fatal fire which destroyed that palatial residence many years afterwards, there used to be a portrait of Sir Anthony Brown, in the court suit which he had donned for the occasion of personating his master as bridegroom when he was acting as proxy for him after the marriage ceremony had been performed, one leg being arrayed in white satin for the purpose of being thrust into the bed of the princess, in token of the real husband's rights over his wife.

Horace Walpole, who was at Cowdray Castle in 1749, describing the portrait of Anthony Brown in his wedding proxy suit, thus remarks after his quaint and satirical fashion. "He is in blue and white; only the right leg is entirely white, which was robed for the act of putting into bed to her. But when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out," using, by the way, expressions of a most unkingly character, which Walpole discreetly omits.

Sir Anthony died on May 6, 1548, at Byfleet House, Surrey, which he had built for himself. He was buried in the ancient family vault at Battle Abbey, where, in the chancel, is the noble tomb of white marble, once ornamented with gold and colour, although little of either now remains. Two recumbent figures are on the top of the tomb, which is of an altar character. Sir Anthony in his mantle, with collar and star, as a Knight of the Garter, is in full armour, his head resting on a helmet, and at his feet a greyhound, chained and gorged with a coronet of gold. His first wife, Alice, daughter of Sir John Gage, is by his side in robes and coif, her head resting on a cushion, beneath a handsome and very rare canopy, which to this day attests the full beauty of its design and execution. At her feet is a small dog with a collar. Underneath, in compartments, are coats of arms of the families of Brown and Gage, ornamented with several cherubs curiously cut in marble and painted; and around and about the upper edge of the tomb is an inscription recording the date of the death of Lady Alice, but oddly enough leaving out the date of his own, which has led many to believe the tomb was ordered in Sir Anthony's life-time.

Lloyd thus sums up the character of this great man, of whose interesting exploits and romantic history a considerable volume might be written. "Three things facilitate all things; 1. knowledge, 2. temper, 3. time. Knowledge our knight had, either of his own or others

whom he commanded; in whatever he went about, laying the ground of matters down in writing, and debating them with his friends before he declared himself in council. A temperance he had that kept him out of the reach of others, and brought others within his. Time he took, always driving, never being driven by his business, which is rather a huddle than a performance when in haste; there was something that all admired, and which was more, something that all were pleased with in this man's actions. The times were dark, his carriage so too; the waves were boisterous, but he the solid rock or the well guided ship that could go with the tide. He mastered his own passions, and others too, and both by time and opportunity; therefore he died with that peace the State wanted, and with that universal repute the statesmen of these troublesome times enjoyed not."

From a *Booke of Order and Rules*, preserved in MS. at Easebourne Priory, and, no doubt, saved from the fire at Cowdray, we gain a curious insight into the mode of life of a nobleman of position and power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here is a most amusing scene:—

"Ten o'clock has just struck, and the household is mustering in the magnificent Buck Hall, it being 'covering time,' or the hour for preparing the tables for dinner. The steward, in his gown, is standing at the uppermost part of the hall, over against his appointed table, surrounded by most of the chief officers and some visitors; occasionally also travellers, who had availed themselves of the hospitality of those days. The tables are neatly covered with white cloths, salt-cellars, and trenchers, under the supervision of the usher of the hall. The yeomen of the ewry and pantry, conducted by the yeoman usher, pass through to the great dining chamber. When they arrive at the middle of that room they bow reverentially (although no one else be present), and they do the same upon approaching the table. The usher, kissing his hand, places it on the centre of the dining-table, to indicate to his subordinate of the ewry, who kisses the table, where the cloth is to be laid. The yeoman of the pantry then steps forth, and places the salt, trenchers for my lord and lady, rolls, knives "hafted with silver," and spoons, making a little obeisance, or inclination of the head, as each article is laid down, and a low bow when he has finished. The trio then severally make solemn reverences, and retire in the same order as they arrived. Next in succession comes the yeoman of the cellar, who dresses the sideboard or buffet (cup-borde) with wines, flâgons, drinking cups, and such vessels as are consigned to his charge. The yeoman of the buttery follows him, and brings up beer and

ale, and arranges the pewter pots, jugs, and so forth, on the side-board or buffet."

The dinner-time has now fully come, and the lord's commands being taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of his lord's apartments, the dishes, with great state and careful watching, are carried forward, and placed upon the table in the dining chamber, where, soon after, the viscount leading the viscountess, and followed by their gentlemen and gentlewomen, proceed to their seats at the table, and the banquet begins.

Lewes Castle, and Priory.

Sussex is thickly studded with objects of antiquity, few of which are better known than the remains of the ancient Castle of Lewes. Of the town, the records commence with the Roman sway, when Lewes is thought to have been a station; and large quantities of Roman coins have been found here at different times.

The origin of the Castle is said to have been a considerable time before the Conquest, and has been attributed to Alfred. Athelstan established two Mints at Lewes, considered to be an indication of great consequence at that period. The town and its suburbs had formerly thirteen churches, which are now reduced to six.

The Castle is chiefly remarkable for having had *two keeps* raised on mounds, and enclosed within its walls: one at the western extremity remains tolerably perfect, and hangs, clothed with ivy, over a street of the town. Very little of the original architecture of the fortress is, however, to be seen, the building having been modernized in its repairs. A large square tower at the entrance, probably of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with machicolations, is probably the most ornamental feature of the structure. The great gateway is still entire.

"Mount Harry" perpetuates the discomfiture of Henry III. by the insurgent barons, under De Montfort, at the battle of Lewes, on the 14th of May, 1264. Mr. Blaauw has given us a minute account of it: how Prince Edward, with his division of the Royal army, was victorious in the early part of the day, but lost it by pursuing too far the Londoners to whom he was opposed, and bore an especial grudge, for having "insulted the Queen his mother on her way by water one day from the Tower to Windsor, and thrown stones and dirt at her;" how the Barons were ordered to wear white crosses on their backs and breasts, to show they fought for justice; how the King was routed and fled to

the Priory, and the Prince remained with the Barons as an hostage for the performance of the treaty they agreed on; how the "Mise" of Lewes was carried out, and how Prince Edward afterwards escaped by the swiftness of his horse, and avenged his father at Evesham.

"Here stood for many ages the wealthy and magnificent Priory of Lewes, founded by William of Warren, to whom the Conqueror had given his daughter Gundreda in marriage. The noble patrons had set out in a spirit of religious fervour on a pilgrimage to Rome, but were diverted from their purpose by the wars then raging between the Emperor and the Pope. So they turned aside to the famed monastery of Cluny, and prevailed on the good Abbot there to send them over a bevy of monks to take charge of their new institution. Straight the stately structure arose, and for five centuries received countless treasures into its coffers, so that it became the wealthiest foundation in the south. Then came the great reverse—the Dissolution; and all its greatness passed away and was forgotten,—all but a slab forming Gundreda's marble tombstone, richly sculptured in bas-relief, which was found about a century ago in the chancel of a neighbouring church. The discovery of its most interesting monument was reserved, as in so many other cases, for humble instruments. The land had passed through the compulsory clauses of a Railway Act into the unromantic clutches of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Company, and the navvies scraped their pickaxes by chance one day against the veritable leaden coffins of the noble founders. Lewes, ever the head-quarters of Sussex archæology, was in a ferment, and so was the county. A fitting receptacle was soon devised for the bodies. They had been found in the parish of Southover (and certainly may be said to have gained a legal settlement there, if anywhere).—in Southover they should remain. A small Norman chapel was accordingly built—'Gundreda's Chapel'—adjoining the mother-church; and there lie the coffins side by side, open to any one to inspect. The beautiful black tombstone is reclaimed, and laid decently on four encaustic tiles."—*M. A. Lower.*

Twenty years after the recovery of the bones of Gundreda from the Priory remains, the coffin of the youthful daughter of the Danish King Canute was discovered at the Saxon church of Bosham, near Chichester, during some excavations in front of the chancel arch. Beneath a slab of stone was found a small stone coffin. On the lid, 7 in. thick, being raised, the form of the child could be distinctly seen. The figure was 3 ft. 9 in. in height; the bones, although reduced to a white dust, could be traced. No jewellery was found. Tradition had long pointed to this spot as the burial-place of the youthful Princess,

HAMPSHIRE.

Winchester Castle and Palace.

Winchester is one of the most ancient towns in England: its origin is lost in the fables of tradition. The Britons are said to have called it *Caer Gwent*, or the White City; the Romans, by whom it was first subdued, named it *Venta Belgarum*; the Saxons, who were the next possessors, named it *Witanceaster*, which has become Winchester; in Latin deeds and by the Latin writers, it is called *Wintonia*. It flourished under the Romans, who enclosed it with massive walls of flint and mortar.

The Castle of this city has been celebrated for some centuries past, as having been founded by the renowned British King Arthur in the year 523. This, however, is a palpable error, that has arisen from confounding the history of the city with *Caer Gwent*, or Winchester of Monmouthshire, an ancient city which has long been destroyed, and which appears to have been actually the residence of Arthur. The former was in 519 conquered by Cerdic the Saxon, who afterwards made it the seat of his government; and it continued to be the capital of the West Saxons till Egbert, the first King of the whole Heptarchy, was crowned here, and then it became the metropolis of England. It was frequently plundered and in the possession of the Danes. In 934, Co brand, a gigantic Dane, was killed here in single combat by Guy, Earl of Warwick. In 1002, at Winchester, began the general massacre of the Danes, by order of Ethelred the Unready; when every woman throughout the kingdom murdered her Danish bedfellow, by maiming him in the hamstrings, or by cutting his throat; in memory of which event a festival called Hocktyde was annually observed. It nevertheless continued to be the capital of the successive Saxon Kings till 1013, when Sweyn, the Danish King, obtained possession of England, and Winchester became the seat of his government. Three years later, Canute became sole King.

After the Norman Conquest Winchester continued to be the capital. It was surrounded by strong walls; and William the Conqueror built a Castle on the west, though there must have been a Castle previously,

since, in 1066, the degraded Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, was confined here by order of William; another Castle was subsequently erected for the residence of the Bishop, on the east; there were also an extensive palace, and numerous mansions of the nobility; a cathedral, three monasteries of royal foundation, and a very large number of churches. The Castle was enlarged and strengthened by King Stephen, whose army, in 1142, recovered it from the Empress Maud, after a long and severe siege, when, to save herself from being taken prisoner, she caused herself to be carried out as a corpse, in a leaden coffin. In the Civil War, at the end of King John's reign, the Castle was taken by the French Dauphin and the confederate Barons, though it appears to have resisted the fury of the latter, when they afterwards sacked the city, in the reign of John's son and successor, Henry III. It was afterwards made use of as a state prison, and for holding the Assizes of the itinerant judges; though it continued to be also a royal palace, whenever the Sovereign resided in Winchester, as was always occasionally the practice, until within a few late reigns. On one occasion, Henry III. here acted the part of a judge in a despotic manner, by ordering the Castle gates to be suddenly shut upon the principal inhabitants there assembled, impanelling a jury on the spot, in order to discover the numerous and powerful criminals who laid waste the neighbourhood, and cast the jury hard bound into the dungeon beneath the Castle, for prevaricating in their verdict. At Winchester was Henry III. when a most desperate band of robbers and murderers was captured. The King sat in person as judge, and upwards of thirty-three were executed. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. was born at the Castle; and Henry VIII. entertained here the Emperor Charles V. When James I. ascended the throne, he bestowed the Castle, in fee simple, upon Sir Benjamin Tichborne, of Tichborne, near this city, and his heirs for ever, as a reward for his service in proclaiming him in this county. In the great Civil War it was strongly garrisoned for the King, and commanded by Lord Ogle; but at length, in 1645, it was taken, after a week's siege, by Oliver Cromwell, who dismantled and almost destroyed it. What remained of it was conferred by the Parliament upon Sir William Waller, who was one of their partisans and generals. He was also brother-in-law to Sir Henry Tichborne, the real owner of it, whose other property, as well as this, they had previously confiscated for being a Royalist and a Catholic. Either this Sir William or his son of the same name, sold the chapel to certain feoffees, for the purpose of a public hall for the county of Hants, and the rest of the Castle to the corporation of Winchester. Nothing,

however, can be more clear, than that the whole of these transactions must have been considered as invalid at the Restoration ; nevertheless, different causes, the chief of which was his professing the Catholic religion, prevented Sir Henry Tichborne, who by this time had succeeded his father Sir Richard, from recovering this part of his property, though he continued still to keep up his claim to it.

King Charles II. undertook to build a modern palace within the precincts of the ancient Castle ; but this resolution contributed more than even the violence of Cromwell to the disappearing of the ancient Castle. Whatever habitable remains existed on that spot or neighbourhood were demolished, to afford materials for the new building, which, however, was never completed, but the structure, of considerable extent, was used as a prison.

King Arthur's Round Table, at Winchester.

" And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
Whose ould round table yet she vaunteth to be hers."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

Conspicuously upon the interior eastern wall of the County Hall at Winchester hangs the celebrated painted Table of King Arthur, the true history of which has long been a disputed question with antiquaries. Tradition attributes the foundation of the Castle to King Arthur ; and the legendary bards affirm that the large oaken table now shown as the chief curiosity of the place is the identical board round which that monarch and his celebrated knights assembled in the fortress he had founded ; but the Exchequer Domesday shows that William I. erected the Castle at Winchester, in the situation in which exists its remains, including the County Hall, in which the Table hangs.

Mr. E. Smirke, who has taken great pains to illustrate its history, is not aware of any distinct reference to the Round Table before the reign of King Henry VI. or Edward IV., when Hardyng, the poetic historian, alludes to the Table of Arthur as " hanging yet " at Winchester ; but this mention is not to be found in the earliest manuscript copy of Hardyng. The Table was shown to the Emperor Charles V. on his visit to Winchester, in 1522 ; and in the foreign accounts of Henry VIII. we find " an entry of 66*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* for the repair of the court of the Castle of Winchester and the round Tabyll." Again, the Table is referred to by a Spanish writer who was present at the

marriage of Philip and Mary, as the Round Table constructed by Merlin.

The Table, as we now see it, consists of a circle, divided into twenty-five green and white compartments radiating from the centre, which is a large double (Norman ?) rose. In the middle of the upper half of the circle, resting upon the rose, and extending to the double edge, is a canopied niche, in which is painted a royal figure, bearing the orb and sword, and wearing the royal crown. Around the centre rose is a circle inscribed with black letter, except where it is broken by the base of the niche and the sitting King. There are also names inscribed in six of the white compartments, as well as in the circle around the compartments, of which, however, this circle is rather a continuation, in colour and form corresponding to the several divisions, each bearing a name. To what period these names are to be referred, Mr. Smirke leaves those to decide whose critical acquaintanceship with the cycle of the Round Table romance will enable them to state the sources from which those names are borrowed. But there is no doubt that, whatever retouching the Table may have undergone (especially in the royal figure, which Mr. Smirke believes to have been painted within the time of living memory), the form of the letters and general decorations of the Table, even if we had no extrinsic evidence, would indicate a date not later or much earlier than the reign of Henry VIII. The Table is made of very stout oak plank, and is larger than the roof and the floors of the rooms in the Eddystone Lighthouse; and considerably larger than the ground-plot of the parish church of St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight.

The Arthurian Romances, as the traditional histories of King Arthur are termed, have been much investigated of late years. The origin of all the Arthur Romances M. Paris sees in the Breton lays sung by harpers in France, put together and arranged by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and seized on eagerly by the French romance-writers of the twelfth century, tired of the fierceness of the earlier *Chansons de Geste* of the Charlemagne cycle, and longing for more courteous, amorous, chivalresque heroes and their dames. To Geoffrey, M. Paris also assigns the "*Vita Merlini*," and treats him most rightly as the immediate source of all the splendid stream of Arthurian fiction, wherever its hidden springs may lie.

The theory that King Arthur was a Northern ruler, which Mr. Glennie has illustrated so fully, receives further confirmation from some independent investigations of the well known antiquary, Mr. Scott Surtees, of Sprotborough. He identifies Blaise (= wolf in Welsh)

and his inseparable Merlin with Lupus and his companion St. Germanus, and shows a most curious parallelism between the prophet and the saint. He puts Arthur on the Gwent, where he finds the remains of very large earthworks; and there also puts the Gwent-ceaster, which has been supposed to be the Hampshire Winchester.

Mr. Surtees further asks, May not the Round Table have been the chief tribunal or superior court of justice? Now, "Pest is the seat of the chief judicial tribunals of Hungary; they are called the *Königliche Tafel* (Royal table, or Court—*Curia Regia*) and *Septemviral Tafel*; so termed because originally composed of seven members, but now extended to the Palatine, four prelates, nine magnates, and seven nobles. It is the Supreme Court of Appeal in the kingdom."*

Wolvesey Castle.

At a short distance north-east from Winchester College, are the remains of the episcopal Palace and Castle of Wolvesey—so called from the tribute of wolves' heads imposed upon the Welsh by King Edgar, and ordered to be paid here. Soon after the Conquest, it became a place of great strength and importance in the hands of Bishop De Blois, and successfully withstood a siege by the most able generals of the age, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and David, King of Scotland, who were forced to retire from it in confusion. Henry II. dismantled it on ascending the throne; but it still continued a "castelle or pallace well tourid," until the final destruction of Winchester as a fortified city by Oliver Cromwell, who reduced the Castle to a heap of ruins which it continued ever since. That portion which remains belonged to the keep or principal part of the Castle, forming an imperfect parallelogram, which extended about 250 feet east and west, and 160 feet north and south. The wings of the building were fifty feet deep. It was composed of cut flints and very hard mortar. The walls, as may still be seen, were of an amazing thickness, and extended to the City Bridge on one side, and to the King's Gate on the other, being everywhere fortified with towers at proper distances. The junction of the north and east wings, which is the most entire morsel in the whole mass, exhibits a specimen of as rich and elegant work as can be produced from the twelfth century—the pellet ornament, triangular fret, capitals, and corbel bust, admirably executed, still remain. In the centre of the north wing is a gateway, with a pointed arch, leading into a garden, in which portions of the iron hinges may yet be seen. The only part of the ancient edifice

* Contributions to the *Athenæum*.

which escaped destruction is the episcopal chapel, which is modern, and is destitute of every species of ornament.

When the King's palace and other great buildings were erecting in Winchester, the munificent Bishop Morley began raising a noble edifice under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, upon which he spent 2800*l.* of his own money before he died. Sir Jonathan Trelawney, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, completed the work, and the episcopal palace was the most perfect and elegant modern building in the city; but the greater part of it was taken down.

We have referred to the tribute of wolves' heads, whence Wolvesey was named. It appears that in the year 951, at Winchester, King Edgar ordered 300 wolves' heads to be delivered to him annually at the Castle; and commuted the punishment of offences to the delivery of a certain number of wolves' tongues in proportion to the offence. By these laws the extirpation of these beasts of prey was effected.

Manor of Merton, and the Cromwells.

Between three and four miles from Winchester, on the south-west road, leading to Romsey, and in the extensive parish of Hursley, is the ancient Manor of Merton, which, with the episcopal Castle built on it by Bishop De Blois, belonged to the see of Winchester till the reign of Edward VI., by whom it was given to Sir Philip Hobby, knight, a statesman of considerable eminence. It was strongly fortified, and surrounded by a double entrenchment: parts of it were inhabited so late as in the year 1601. The only existing remains is a portion of the dungeon or keep, on the north side of the inner area. The ancient Castle well, which in depth and dimensions was not less than that in the Castle of Carisbrook (9 feet wide and 300 deep) still remains; but when the site of the Castle and entrenchments was thrown within the boundary of the park by its late possessor, the well was arched over. On the ramparts many fine trees, particularly yews, are now growing. From Sir Philip Hobby, who built the old manor house, the estate passed through different hands, till it descended to Richard Cromwell, son of the Protector Oliver, in virtue of his marriage with Dorothy, eldest daughter of Richard Major, Esq. Here Richard resided during the life of his father, and hither he retired for a short period previous to the Restoration, and to his voluntary exile on the Continent, where he lived in poverty, little known or thought of, nearly twenty years; his son, Oliver, having claimed a right to the Manor,

under the marriage settlement of his mother, in which Richard quietly acquiesced. On his son's death, however, he put in his claim to his former possessions, and obtained them by legal process from his daughters, who considered themselves the heirs of their brother, and refused to deliver them up. During the trial, Mr. Cromwell himself, then in his eightieth year, was obliged to appear in person. On his entering the court, the judge, Lord Chancellor Cowper, struck with his venerable appearance, and probably with the recollection of his former greatness, received him with the utmost respect, ordered a seat for him, and insisted that, on account of his great age, he should sit covered; and for so doing, it is said, he was afterwards much commended by Queen Anne. A memorable anecdote connected with this trial must not be omitted. On leaving the court, Richard rambled into the House of Lords. When the House broke up, a stranger asked him if he had ever heard or seen anything like it before? "Never," he replied, "since I sat in that chair;" pointing at the same time to the throne. On the 12th of July, six years afterwards, he died; and his remains were interred in the chancel of Hursley church, near those of his wife and relations, where an elegant monument preserves their memory. His daughters succeeded to the estate, but kept possession of it only till the year 1718, when they sold it for 36,100*l.* to William Heathcote, Esq., who pulled down the old mansion house, raising in its place Hursley Lodge. His motive for doing this was not that mean and illiberal one which has been commonly assigned—viz., that "because it belonged to the Cromwells, he would not let one stone remain upon another." The dilapidated state of the house, and its general want of accommodation, were the sole causes of its destruction. In one of the walls the die of a seal was found, which, being rusty, was supposed to be a Roman weight, and bought as such from the workmen who discovered it, by Sir William Heathcote. When cleaned, however, it proved to be the Seal of the Commonwealth of England, and was supposed by Vertue, the eminent engraver, who saw it in the year 1760, to be the identical Seal which Oliver took from the Parliament.

The Hospital of St. Cross.

At a short distance from the city of Winchester stands this venerable and curious remnant of ancient piety, which, by some means not hitherto explained, escaped the ruin that fell upon most establishments of this nature at the beginning of the Reformation. The establish-

ment was founded by Bishop de Blois, King Stephen's brother, between the years 1132 and 1136, for the subsistence of thirteen resident poor men, in every necessary of life; and for affording one ample meal in each day to 100 other indigent out-boarders, who were fed in the apartment still called "Hundred Men's Hall;" as likewise for the support of a master, steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers. The thirteen poor men were required to reside in the house, and were allowed each of them daily a loaf of good wheat bread, of 3lb. 4oz. weight, and a gallon and a half of good small beer. They had also a pottage called Monrel, made of milk and Wastel-bread, a dish of flesh or fish, as the day should require, with a pittance for their dinner; likewise one dish for their supper. This charity having been, in process of time, perverted from its original institute, was, with great pains, restored to its primitive purposes by the great Wykeham: inso-much that his successor in the bishopric, Cardinal Beaufort, being desirous, according to the custom of great men in those times, of leaving some permanent institution of piety or charity behind him, chose rather to increase this establishment by a fresh foundation, than to begin another which should be quite a new one. The above-mentioned royal prelate began with rebuilding a great part of the hospital, after which he endowed it for the support of thirty-five additional resident members who, from decent circumstances, had fallen into poverty, of two more priests, and three hospital nuns; calling it *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis* (the Alms House of Noble Poverty). The charity, however, is no longer applied to the relief of decayed gentlemen. The business of the nuns was to attend the sick brethren.

The present establishment, however, is but the wreck of the two ancient institutions. Instead of seventy residents, as well clergy as laity, who were here entirely supported, besides 100 out-members, who daily received their meat and drink, the charity consists of a master, chaplain, steward, and thirteen resident poor brethren. Certain doles of bread are distributed to the neighbouring poor at particular times; and (what is perhaps a singular remnant of the charity and hospitality of former times) a piece of bread and a horn of beer are given to every person who knocks at the porter's lodge and calls for this relief.*

In the first court stand the Hundred Men's Hall (now a brewhouse) and the ancient kitchens. The entrance into the court is under a lofty Gothic tower of finished workmanship, with three niches, in one of which Cardinal Beaufort's statue, in a kneeling attitude, is permitted

* The charter of foundation states "a loaf of five measures and drink in sufficient quantity."

to remain, as likewise various emblems and devices of his family and dignity. Each resident brother possesses three small cells and a garden for his own use. These habitations are placed in a line on the west side of the court. The south side of the court being out of repair, was pulled down some years ago. The north side consists of the master's apartments, the eating-hall (the roof of which is of Irish oak and open to the tiles) and the tower. The whole of the north side was rebuilt by the second founder, Cardinal Beaufort. The ambulatory, on the east side of the court, is 135 feet in length: above it are the ancient infirmary and the nuns' rooms, appropriated to three hospital sisters who attended the sick. At the east end of these apartments is a window opening to the church, through which the patients, as they lay in their beds, might attend to the divine service going forward.

In the tower of the Hall hangs the curfew bell, which continues to sound the time of extinguishing fires and lights at eight o'clock in the evening, as ordained by the Conqueror, eight centuries ago.

The noble Saxon Church to the south, which is built in the cathedral form, viz., that of a cross, is one hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and twenty broad in the transepts, and is chiefly the work of the first founder, De Blois. The different parts and ornaments of this sacred edifice are said to throw much light on the progress of English architecture. It is a series of architectural essays, displaying, according to Dr. Milner, the rude and ponderous Saxon pillar, and the profuse and richly executed ornaments of the Normans, with the first regular step towards the Gothic style. The intersection of two circular arches he considers the great exemplar "which produced Salisbury steeple." In the choir are sixteen stalls, over which are curious sculptures of the most illustrious Scripture personages. The most curious funeral monuments in this fabric are, an ancient brass, in memory of John de Campden, the friend of Wykeham, and master of the hospital; and the modern mural monument to Wolfren Cornwall, Esq., formerly speaker of the House of Commons. In different parts of the pavement are many glazed tiles, with hatched and other ornaments. Some of them are inscribed with the monosyllables, "*Have Mynde*" (Remember), in the black letter of the fifteenth century.

The Hospital buildings have been restored of late years; Brother King commencing the good work by the removal of the plaster from the walls of the north and south chapels; the restoration fund being munificently aided by a donation of 500*l.* The recent colouring of the choir and lantern is an attempt to reproduce a species of ornament with which the church was formerly enriched throughout: the designs are by Mr. Butterfield.

Winchester Cross.—St. Giles's Hill Fair.

The City Cross, at Winchester, a light and elegant design of the fifteenth century, but the detail of which had been almost entirely destroyed by injudicious repairs, has been restored by subscription, Mr. Gilbert Scott being the architect consulted. The Rev. C. Collier, in searches for the origin of this Cross among the muniments in custody of the Town Clerk, has found, in conjunction with Mr. F. Baigent, that in 1440 it was spoken of as *altam crucem*, the High Cross. One record shows that in Bishop Fox's time, a poor Dutchman, who had been brought before the warden for reading his Dutch Bible, was sentenced to be led round the Cross, with the Bible in his hand, three times, by Kingsmill, the city crier, and thence back to the market, where the book was to be cast into a fire. From this it would appear that this was never a market cross, but one of the high crosses where the laws were declared, proclamations made, judgments delivered, corpses rested, sermons preached, and sometimes malefactors executed.

The once famed St. Giles's Hill Fair or Feast has been abolished. This great fair of the south of England had dwindled to one refreshment booth, a score of rough horses, two trucks laden with apples, plums, and nuts, without even a penny peepshow. Yet the fair formerly extended over sixteen days, during which time not only in Winchester were the shops closed and all business suspended, but also at Southampton and all other places within twenty miles of the Hill. The charter for the fair was granted by William the Conqueror to his kinsman, Walklyn, Bishop of Winchester, probably for the support of his newly founded hospital, dedicated to St. Giles, the patron of cripples. William Rufus extended the grant to three, Henry I. to eight, Stephen to fourteen, and Henry II. to sixteen days. Dues were levied by the Bishop on all merchandize brought to the fair, not only from all parts of the kingdom but beyond the seas. It was not an assemblage of canvas booths and stalls, but of streets of shops—probably mud walls, thatched, distinguished as the drapery, the pottery, the spicery, the stannary, &c.—different counties having their different stations. The *tin* trade was the first to fall off, in the reign of Henry VI. Yet within the present century much business was done here in cheese, and it was thought to be the best horse fair in the county. Hops, wool, and leather were in abundance; and it long flourished as a pleasure fair, to which parties came from many miles to eat roast pork for the season, which by the Hampshire folk was thought now to commence.

Southampton Castle, and Ancient Houses.

Southampton was once fortified and defended by double ditches, battlements, and watch-towers. Of the several gates the only one remaining is the Bar Gate, which crosses the principal street. It consists of a massive semi-circular Norman arch, beyond which has lately been erected, on the north side, a high and pointed arch. The ancient battlements by which the whole is crowned, have escaped disfigurement; and their aspect is remarkably majestic and venerable.

Among other decorations on the north front of the Gate are two figures, said by tradition to represent the famous hero of romance, Sir Bevis of Hampton, and the giant Ascapard, whom he slew in single combat. Heylin claims Bevis as a real Earl of Southampton. The reader may recollect an allusion to Ascapard, or Ascabart, as he is called, in the first canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, which the author has illustrated by a quotation from an ancient manuscript copy of the *Romance of Sir Bevis*. The following is the modernized version:—

“ This giant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was long,
He was bristled like a sow ;
A foot he had between each brow ;
His lips were great and hung aside ;
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide ;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man :
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke.”

Of Sir Bevis there are other memorials at Southampton besides the figure on the Bar Gate, especially an artificial elevation called Bevis Mount, which seems anciently to have been fortified.

The Castle stood on the western side of the town. Of the period of its erection we have no certain information. It has been referred to Saxon times. Others regard it as one of the fortresses erected by the Conqueror, though it is not one of the forty-nine Castles mentioned in Domesday Book. It might have been one of the 1119 fortresses built in the stormy period of King Stephen's reign. It was in existence in this Sovereign's time, as Carte states (A.D. 1153) that, from a compromise between King Stephen and Prince Henry, the Bishop of Winchester was to give security for the delivery of the Castle of Southampton to Prince Henry on the death of Stephen; the Bishops of that city being then Earls of Southampton, and in that capacity pro-

bably governors of the Castle. Its fortifications may accord with the Norman period, though the Keep may have been erected on an anterior Saxon fortification. This may have been one of the many forts which King Alfred built in the southern counties to repress the predatory incursions of the Danes; and highly probable it is that the great ravages by that people to which the ancient town of Southampton, situated near the river, in the low grounds of St. Mary's parish, was exposed, must have early led the inhabitants to regard the higher elevation on which the keep and Castle are located as a more suitable place of defence against such attacks; and to have looked especially to the site of the Keep, as a resort for safety, long before the date of the Conquest. It has been conjectured by Sir H. Englefield that the Castle might have been one of those fortresses dismantled in the general destruction of such buildings at the close of Stephen's reign. Speed states that the first Castle was pulled down in Henry III.'s time. In the year 1246 Southampton was fined two hundred and seventy marks for the withholding of many duties which it owed to the Castle, and for selling timber, lead, and store-materials of the fortress. In Edward III.'s reign, in 1338, the town was fiercely attacked, plundered, and partly reduced to ashes by the French. About the first year of the reign of Richard II. (1377), the Castle was almost entirely *rebuilt*. In 1399 the expense of maintaining the walls falling heavily on the inhabitants, the Crown granted 200*l.* during pleasure, out of the wood-subsidy, towards repairing the fortifications; but in the following year (according to the Southampton Corporation MS. journal), changing the grant, the King released one hundred and forty marks of the fee-farm rents of the town towards repairs.

The Keep, described by Leland as the glory of the Castle, and "both large and fair and very strong," retained its existence as a round tower till the middle of the last century. It then became the property of Lord Stafford, who pulled down the tower of the Keep to construct out of its materials a banqueting-room, which being sold to Lord Wycombe, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, he erected on its site, in 1805, a modern castellated building, demolished in 1822. The hill on which the Castle stood remains, and has a summer-house on it, built with the materials of the old fortress. In the excavations a Saxon penny was found, in good condition; it is exceedingly rare, if not unique, and points to the antiquity of the Keep, no other Saxon coin having been known to be found within the precincts of the other fortifications of the town: on the obverse is "Offa Rex."

There are some interesting ancient houses in Southampton. In Blue

Anchor Lane is the garden belonging to an edifice of the fifteenth century, in which Henry VIII. is traditionally said to have resided for a week with his Queen Anne Boleyn. And lower down in the Lane is the dilapidated marine palace of King John.

The two ancient houses which together constituted King John's Palace, were considered by Mr. Hudson Turner as *the oldest house in England*, dating its erection in the earlier part of the twelfth century. The Palace has on its west front a succession of strong arches, some built over its windows, thought to have been added for the protection of the Palace after the French invasion in the reign of Edward III., by Richard II., when he rebuilt or renovated the Castle. Part of the Palace is now turned into a stable.

When the English monarchs ceased to make a frequent residence of Winchester (which was the birthplace and a favoured city of Henry III.), the above Houses, which were a sort of marine adjunct or resort, lost part of their especial convenience. They had also from their contiguity to the New Forest, furnished facilities for the monarchs' sports, as the adjacent King John's Pond, and the Hounds' Well, for the watering of their horses and the hounds, testify.



King Canute.—Abbey of St. Bennet.

Southampton was the scene of the beautiful little incident of the rebuke which Canute gave to the flattery of his courtiers, when the throne was to be placed on the sand of the sea-shore; and, addressing the ocean; he said, "Thou art my Kingdom, and the dry land is also mine—rise not—obey my commands." Canute, perhaps, called the sea his realm, in allusion to the maritime dominion often ascribed to the Crown of England. But the waves ascended with the swelling tide and rolled on to his feet; and then Canute turned to his warriors and courtiers, and called upon them to confess how weak was the might of an earthly King compared with that Power by whom the elements are ruled. After this declaration he took off his crown; and depositing the symbol of royalty in the Cathedral of Winchester, he never again adorned himself with the diadem. This story, which it would be an unreasonable scepticism to doubt, found as it is in some of our oldest and best chroniclers, makes Canute's name and his virtue more familiar to the English nation than his acts of piety in his journey to Rome, and in the foundation of the two monasteries of St. Bennet of Hulme and St. Edmund's Bury.

The Abbey of Saint Bennet at Hulme, in Norfolk, was built on a site granted by an East Anglian chieftain, about A.D. 800, to a Society of Religious Eremites, who erected a chapel and other structures here. These were destroyed by the Danes, A.D. 870, but were rebuilt about a century after; and King Canute founded and endowed before A.D. 1020, a Benedictine Monastery here. It is the only Abbey in England which can still boast of an Abbot, and a mitred Abbot—the Bishop of Norwich taking his seat in the House of Lords as titular Abbot of Hulme, the only Abbey which was left undissolved at the Reformation. The Abbey had the solidity of a Norman stronghold, and stoutly resisted an attack in the reign of William the Conqueror, when the siege was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the perfidy of a monk, who yielded up the place on condition of succeeding to the Abbacy: he gained his point, but was executed as a traitor. In 1469 the Abbey was visited by King Edward IV. All that now remains of this once magnificent edifice is the gateway, upon the walls of which has been erected a draining-mill.

Netley Abbey.

Netley Abbey, of picturesque celebrity, is a short distance from the bank of Southampton Water, about three miles east of the town of Southampton. The proper name of the place appears to be Letteley, which has been Latinized into *de Læto Loco* (pleasant place), if it be not as most commonly supposed, a corruption of this Latin designation. The founder of Netley Abbey is stated by Leland to have been Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1238. The monks of Netley belonged to the severe order of the Cistercians, and were originally brought from the neighbouring house of Beaulieu. Hardly anything has been collected with regard to the establishment for the first 300 years after its foundation, except the names of a few of the Abbots. At the Dissolution it consisted of an Abbot and twelve monks, and its net revenue was returned at only about 100*l*. It appears, indeed, to have been always a humble and obscure establishment. Nor did the riches of the good monks consist in their library. Leland found them possessed of only one book, which was a copy of Cicero's *Treatise on Rhetoric*. In 1537 the place was granted by the King to Sir William Paulet, afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Winchester. It has since been successively in the possession of various other families.

Netley Abbey is now a ruin, nothing remaining except part of the

bare walls. It stands on the declivity of a gentle elevation, which rises from the bank of the Southampton Water. The walk to it from Southampton is one of enchanting beauty, the surrounding landscape being rich in all the charms of water and woodland scenery. The Abbey itself is so embosomed among foliage,—partly that of the oaks and other trees which rise in thick clumps around it, and some of which springing up from the midst of the roofless walls, spread their waving branches over them, and partly that of the luxuriant ivy which clothes a great part of the grey stone in green,—that scarcely a fragment of it is visible till the visitor has reached close beside it. The site of the ruin, however, is one of considerable extent. Originally the buildings seem to have formed a quadrangular court or square; but scarcely anything more is now to be seen, except the remains of the church or chapel which occupied one of the sides. It appears to have been about 200 feet in length by sixty in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept of 120 feet long. The walls can still be distinctly traced throughout the whole of this extent, except in the northern portion of the transept. The roof, however, as we have said, no longer exists. Its fragments, many of them sculptured with armorial bearings and other devices, lie scattered in heaps over the floor. Many broken columns still remain; and there are also windows in different portions of the wall, the ornamental parts of which are more or less defaced, but which still retain enough of their original character to show that the building must have been one of no common architectural beauty. The east end is the most entire, and the great window here is of elegant proportions and elaborately finished. Besides the church, various other portions of the Abbey, such as the kitchen (the Abbot's Kitchen), the refectory, &c., are conjecturally pointed out to strangers. The whole place was surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still discernible; and two large ponds remain at a short distance from the buildings, which no doubt used to supply fish to the pious inmates. The retired and undisturbed waters now present an aspect of solitude which is extremely beautiful, overhung as they are by trees and underwood. About 200 feet distance from the west end of the church, and nearer the water, is a small building called Netley Castle or Fort, which was erected by Henry VIII.

The chief attraction of Netley Abbey must be understood to consist, not so much in any architectural magnificence of which it has to boast, as in the singular loveliness of the spot, and in the feelings inspired by the overthrown and desolate state of this seat of ancient piety. No mind having any imagination, or feeling for the picturesque and the

poetical, but must deeply feel the effect of its lonely and mournful yet exquisitely beautiful seclusion. It has accordingly been the theme of many verses, among which an elegy, written by Mr. George Keate, the author of the *Account of the Pelew Islands* and *Prince Le Boo*, has been much admired. The Rev. Canon Bowles has also invoked the ruin in these lines of considerable tenderness:—

“ Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world’s passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
Have stood with giant port ; till, bowed by time
Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
They might have sunk like thee ; though thus forlorn,
They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares ;
E’en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
Smile at the tempest and time’s sweeping sway.”

There is a strange story told of the roof of Netley Abbey: it remained till 1704, when Sir Bartlet Lucy, who had been for some time in possession, sold the materials of the chapel to a carpenter, of whose death Browne Willis, and others after him, have left us the following account. We read, in the *History of Mitred Abbeys*, that while the carpenter above mentioned was treating with Sir Bartlet about the Abbey business, he was much terrified in his sleep, and frequently haunted by the phantom of a monk, who foretold some great evil would certainly happen if he proceeded. And besides, one night he dreamed that a large stone, falling from one of the windows, killed him. A friend to whom he related all this, advised him to drop the undertaking ; but others advising him to go on, he struck the bargain, which he believed to be a good one. However, it proved fatal to him, for as he was endeavouring to take some stones out of the bottom of the west wall, not a single stone only, but the whole of the window fell down upon him, and killed him on the spot. This, like most tales of a similar nature, is said to be supported by the attestation of a number of credible witnesses.

Beaulieu Abbey.

At about five miles from the village of Hythe, amidst noble beech-woods, is the Abbey of Beaulieu, of the Cistercian order, founded A.D. 1204, by King John. The stone wall which surrounded the precincts

of the Abbey is, in several places, nearly entire, and is finely mantled with ivy. The Abbot's apartments, converted after the Dissolution into a family seat, having a well-proportioned vaulted hall; a long building (supposed from the extent and height of the apartments to have been the dormitory), the ancient kitchen, and the refectory, are still standing. There are some relics of the cloisters; a gateway leading to the area enclosed by them remains; the church is entirely destroyed. The refectory, a plain stone building, with strong buttresses, and a curiously rafted oak roof, forms the parish church of the village of Beaulieu. This Abbey possessed the privilege of Sanctuary, and afforded shelter to Margaret of Anjou and her son Prince Edward, on their landing in England at the time of the battle of Barnet; and to Pérkin Warbeck, after the failure of his attempts in the West of England. Excavations and restorations have been carried on for several years past at Beaulieu Abbey, under the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch, the possessor of the property. All the foundations of the Abbey Church, upwards of 330 feet in length, have been clearly traced; and the position of every buttress and pillar discovered. Many lead coffins have been found on the site of the church; and during excavations made to ascertain whether there had been a crypt under the choir, the remains of a female wrapped in lead were discovered in front of the high altar. The body was no doubt that of Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, better known as King of the Romans, and brother of King Henry III. She was buried at Beaulieu, with great pomp, in 1239; and an incised stone, with the effigy of a female much defaced, has lately been discovered, bearing this inscription:—JACET: YSABELLA: PRIMA: V. . . (uxor). On the reverse of the stone may be faintly traced—RICARDI: ROMANORVM.

At Beaulieu, also, was an Hospital of Knights Templars, which was founded before the establishment of the Abbey. The ruins of the Hospital, which are now converted into farm buildings, are sometimes mistaken for those of the Abbey.

The Castle of Odiham.

Near Odiham, in Hampshire, are the remains of a Castle which, in the Civil Wars at the close of King John's reign, was bravely but unsuccessfully defended by a garrison of thirteen against the Dauphin, Louis of France.

In this Castle David Bruce, King of Scotland, was confined for seven years, after his capture at Neville's Cross. Henry III. gave the Castle to the Countess Eleanora, wife of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and here she spent much of her time. From the Household Roll of the Countess for the year 1265, we gain much curious information concerning the castle-life of these times. This valuable record was found in an obscure French monastery, where it had lain unnoticed for centuries. It is written on a roll of parchment about twenty feet in length and one foot in width, and is still in excellent preservation. It has been purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, and printed for the Bannatyne Club.

The entries on this roll commence on the 19th February, 1265. At this time the Countess was at Wallingford Castle with her son Richard de Montfort, and a large retinue, for the horses of the party were sixty-six in number. On the 21st she removed to Reading, and on the following day proceeded to the Castle of Odiham. On the 17th of March she was joined by her son Henry, who brought with him his two cousins, Prince Edward and the son of the King of the Romans, not, however, without a strong guard, for the troop consisted altogether of 120 horse. The day but one following, the establishment at Odiham was still further increased by the arrival of Earl Simon, with 161 horsemen in his train. Simon remained but a fortnight with his wife.

During her residence at Odiham, the Countess received several visitors, principally of the ecclesiastical order. Ralph, the Abbot of Waverley Abbey, came twice to see his illustrious patroness. The Prioress of Witney, and some of the nuns of that convent, visited her. These industrious ladies were employed by Eleanora, who herself had little leisure for the exercises of needle-craft, in working a cope for her chaplain, for the approaching feast of Easter. The Prioress of Amesbury, Master Nicolas, a physician, Robert de Brus, accompanied by Sir Thomas Astley, a Warwickshire knight, the Countess of Oxford, the Countess of Albemarle, the Countess of Gloucester, and young Almaric de Montfort, who came attended with thirteen horsemen, were all in turn guests at Odiham Castle.

It is curious to note the provision made by our ancestors centuries past for the supply of their tables. On the day of Earl Simon's departure, the expenditure of the Castle was as follows:—For the Countess and her attendants, the family of Lord A. de Montfort, the whole family of the Earl Simon being present—for the purchase of bread, 10*d.* Item, one quarter that was paid beforehand, and note that to-day, after the Earl had left, six bushels were expended for the dogs of the

Lords Henry and Guy de Montfort, and Henry of Germany. Wine, 7 quarts, besides 33 quarts, which the Earl took with him. Beer, for 140 gallons, 10 of which came from Basingstoke, and 60 were expended the preceding Wednesday, for the Earl before his departure, 8s. 9d.; and for the 10 gallons, 7½d. Kitchen: 1000 herrings from the store, 17s.; oysters, 2s. 3d.; lampreys, 7s. 1d. This, however, was in Lent, when fish was the chief article of the dinner-table, since flesh was not permitted. The grand staple article was salt herrings, hundreds of which were daily consumed at the table of the Countess. On those days when meat was allowed, as Monday in Easter week, the entry is as follows: "For the Countess and family, the Countess of the Isle retiring after dinner, bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ of ground corn. Bolted flour, 2s. 1½d. For the expenses of the poor, through all Lent, without the Castle, besides those fed within, 18 quarters; wine, 8 quarts, one sent with the man of the Countess (Albemarle); olives, 1½d. Brewery, reckoned before. Kitchen: one ox and a half from the store of the Castle: 4 swine; 4 sheep; calves, 21d.; kids, 7d. Stable: hay for 35 horses; oats, 1 quarter; 1½ bushel from the store. Smithy, 3s. 0½d. Lights; for the white candles, 5d.; lights from Wallingford, 20d. Sum, 9s. 1½d."

Tuesday, 7th April:—"For the Countess and her attendants, Reginald Poliot and his wife—bread, 2 quarters 2 bushels; wine, 3 quarts; beer, for 20 gallons, 15d. Kitchen: half an ox; 3 swine; 3 sheep from the stores; for sheep bought, 3s. 4d.; calves, 14d.; kids from the manor, 8d. Stable: hay for 35 horses; oats, 2 quarters, 1½ bushel ground. For spicery: 3 pounds of pepper, ginger, cinnamon, and galingale; and 1 ounce of cloves, 13 pounds of rice; saffron, 38 pounds; 3 pails of figs, and 1 of raisins for Lent. Sum, 5s. 9d."

The term bread (*panis*) is evidently used to denote flour intended for bread, as it is measured by the quarter and bushel from the stores of the Castle. The bread generally used in the family appears to have been made of the grain called *mystelton*, a term in use at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and applied to a mixture of wheat and rye. The quantities of wine drunk are but small, and it was probably only served at the table of the Countess; while the supplies of beer are enormous. On the 18th of April, five quarters of barley and four of oats were brewed. On the 28th, 188 gallons of beer were bought; and on the 29th, they brewed again seven quarters of barley and two of oats. The cost of beer, when purchased, was a halfpenny or three-farthings a gallon; but the Countess generally adopted the more economical plan of brewing at home.

To the poor, the Countess was very bountiful. Besides sundry items mentioned for their food without the Castle, on the 14th of April she fed 800 paupers, who consumed, amongst other things, three quarters of bread and one tun of cider; and again, a few days after, three-fourths of an ox, for the hall and the poor people, are noted; and on the 4th of May, bread and beer for the poor during eight days.

The usual allowance of butcher's-meat in the family was occasionally varied with fowls, geese, capons, &c. Of vegetables, little mention is made, and of fruits still less—apples and pears are the only fruit named, 300 of the latter having been bought at Canterbury at a cost of 10*d.* The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavour to the beer, which was brewed without hops.

Comparatively few entries relate to articles of clothing. The woollen cloth, which was the general material of attire, both male and female, seems to have contented the Countess. These cloths were first made with the nap very long, and, when it was somewhat worn, it was sent to be shorn, which process was repeated as often as the cloth would bear it. Accordingly, we find the Countess sending her tailor to London, to get her clothes *re-shorn*, at a cost of 2*s.* A hood of black satin was purchased for her, price 13*s.*, and also a scarlet robe against Whitsuntide. For the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, the purchases made for her were thirty-four ells of russet for a robe, to be adorned with a trimming of white lamb's-wool. Beneath the upper robe she wore, occasionally at least, garments of leather or sheep's-skin; her washing-bills from January to June amounted to no more than 15*d.*

The only piece of plate mentioned in the roll is a gilded plate, bought at London for 2*s.* 10*d.*, for the use of the Countess's daughter Eleanora. Spoons are alluded to. When this young lady was ill, a horse was despatched to Reading to bring over a barber (surgeon) to bleed her.

The names of the servants which occur in the roll are almost entirely Saxon: Hande and Jacke of the bakehouse; Hicke, the tailor; Jacke, the keeper of Eleanora's harriers; Dobbe, the shepherd; Dignon, Gobitherty, and Truebodi, employed as letter-carriers; all affording a strong indication of the degradation to which the Saxon inhabitants of England were at that time reduced.

The Siege of Basing House.

The small village of Old Basing, about a mile east of Basingstoke, has been distinguished from an early period of our history, as the scene

of a severe battle fought in 871 between the Danes and the Saxons, when the latter, under the command of Alfred and his brother, King Ethelred, were defeated; and in later times it has become no less memorable for the gallant defence of Basing House.

There appears to have been a Castle here at a very remote period; for in a grant made to the priory of Monks' Sherbourne, in the reign of Henry II., mention is made of the "old Castle of Basing." This appears to have been rebuilt in a magnificent manner by Paulet, the first Marquis of Winchester, a nobleman in some degree remarkable for his skill in courtiership: he lived during four reigns, those of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and enjoyed the royal favour in all. We may add, that he himself is said to have explained the secret—the "being a willow and not an oak." Basing House, according to Camden, was rendered so magnificent and costly as to be "overpowered by its own weight;" the expenses it entailed upon the owner were so great, that the builder's posterity were forced to pull down some part of it. In this splendid mansion the Marquis had the gratification of receiving Elizabeth in 1560, and of entertaining her in so royal a manner that she playfully lamented his great age, remarking, "By my troth, if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to love him for a husband before any man in England." The Queen came here again in 1601, and was entertained by the fourth Marquis for "thirteen dayes," and, as we are told and can very well believe, "to the greate charge of the sayde Lorde Marquesse," for during her visit Elizabeth received in State the French ambassador, the Duke of Biron, who was accompanied with about twenty other French noblemen, and a retinue of some four hundred persons. It is recorded that the Queen made this circumstance a matter of gratulation, saying, "She had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any Prince in Christendom could do; that was, she had, in her progresses, in her subjects' houses, entertained a royal ambassador, and had *royally entertained him.*"

In August, 1643, Basing House, then very strongly fortified by John, fifth Marquis, for the King, was invested by the Parliamentary troops, and for a period of two years, broken however by occasional intermissions, was continuously harassed by the enemy. During this time many assaults were made, particularly by Sir William Waller, who within nine days three times attempted to carry the House, but was repelled with great loss, and ultimately obliged to retreat. On their part, too, the besieged troops kept the besiegers in a constant state of anxiety and alarm by repeated sallies. After Waller's defeat the

Parliamentary forces of Hampshire and Sussex were collected under Colonel Norton, who once more summoned the Marquis to surrender. The answer was, "If the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost." Famine now promised to accomplish for the Parliament what its soldiers could not; the distress of the garrison became so great, that in September, 1644, the Marquis, after having in vain sent messenger after messenger to Charles, who was at Oxford, for relief, was compelled to send a last notice that in ten days he must surrender if no assistance were given. For the time, however, the brave defenders of Basing House were saved by the courage and address of Colonel Gage, who, seeing their desperate condition, volunteered to convey them provisions. He succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in returning to Oxford, with the loss of eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded. This protracted defence would naturally draw the eyes of the nation upon the struggle, and make it imperative upon the Parliamentarians to succeed. Accordingly, the attack was next confided to the man who knew not defeat: Cromwell appeared before it, and the fate of the place was sealed. His force consisted of three regiments of foot and three regiments of horse; the garrison, according to Sir Robert Peake (its governor, under the Marquis), of three hundred fighting men, but according to his antagonists of about five hundred. The House was also defended by about ten pieces of ordnance. The result is best told in Cromwell's own brief, business-like letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, dated October 14, 1645:—

"SIR,—I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for a storm: Col. Dalbeere was to be on the north side of the house next the grange, Col. Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardresse Waller's and Col. Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the clock: the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Col. Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear. In the mean time Col. Montague's and Sir Hardresse Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin and from that work; which having done, they drew their ladders after them, got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this,

Sir Hardresse Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously. We have had little loss: many of the enemies our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers *a good encouragement*," &c.

The booty, thus delicately phrased, was indeed considerable, being valued at 200,000*l*. It consisted of money, jewels, provisions, the magnificent furniture, and, in a word, the entire contents of Basing House. The provisions and furniture were sold to the country people. What the soldiers left a fire destroyed, caused by the neglect of the garrison in quenching a fire-ball thrown by the besiegers. In less than twenty hours, Basing House literally presented nothing but bare walls and chimneys. The prisoners were about two hundred in number, and the slain about one hundred: of these there were counted in the House immediately after the assault seventy-four men and one woman, a young lady, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, whose fate is very pitiable. "She came," says Mr. Peters, Cromwell's messenger to the Parliament, "railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage towards her father," whom he acknowledges they used hardly, on account of his opinions and past conduct. Her two sisters, and six or seven other ladies of rank, appear to have been permitted to escape without any serious injury. The Marquis himself would in all probability have fallen a victim to the rage of the soldiers but for an incident of a nature which it is especially gratifying to meet with in such transactions. The week before, Colonel Hammond, the Parliamentary officer, had been taken prisoner by the Marquis: when the assault of the House was evidently successful, and all hope leaving the besieged, they began to hide themselves where they could from the fury of their enemies; at that moment the Colonel was relieved from his imprisonment, and, in accordance with a promise he had previously given, endeavoured to save the Marquis's life; and although it was at the imminent hazard of his own, he happily succeeded. Many of the garrison probably escaped, and others miserably perished in the vaults of the House. Mr. Peters says, "Riding to the house on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them nor they to us."

In the concluding portion of the letter from which we have before quoted, Cromwell recommends the destruction of Basing House, and

the Parliament concurred in his recommendation. From a survey made of the spot in 1798, it appears that the area of the works, including gardens and entrenchments, occupied about fourteen and a half acres. The form of the fortifications was very irregular, surrounded with deep ditches and strong and high ramparts; the existing remains were peculiarly bold and striking. The citadel was circular, having an oblong square platform on the north, defended by a rampart and covered way. The north gateway was still standing, together with parts of the outward wall, constructed of brick, joined with great care and nicety. The site of the ruins is bold and commanding. The Basingstoke Canal now runs through it.

The Marquis lived long enough to taste the bitterness of ingratitude: the Restoration came, but brought him no recompense for his immense losses: the exertions, the anxieties, the gallantry, and the fortitude which entitle the Marquis to our respect and admiration, produced no acknowledgment, at least no fitting or worthy one, from the son of the man for whom so much was done and suffered.*

The Roman City of Silchester.

On the border of Hampshire, between Strathfieldsaye and the road from Basingstoke to Reading, is Silchester, or rather its site, where Constantine issued his edicts to a subdued but unconquered people; where, in fierce retaliation, the armed chariots of the warlike Britons swept the plains, spreading death and desolation far and wide; and where the barbarous Saxons invaded and despoiled the conquerors, and with fire and sword reduced this Roman city to a heap of ruins.

Silchester, the *Vindomis* of the Romans, and the *Caer Segont* of the Britons, is thought by many to have been the ancient *Calleva*, the site of which has been so much disputed. The Roman title *Vindomis* intimates its having been the first spot in Britain where vines were planted. The tribe of Britons who were more immediately concerned in wresting this stronghold from their invaders were the *Segontiaci*, who dwelt in the south of Berkshire, west of the river Loddon, and about the banks of the Kennet, and the adjoining north of Hampshire. They called their new conquest *Caer Segont*, the City of the Segontians. Its present name of Silchester would appear to be derived from the Saxon *Sel*, great, or high, and *Cester*, a city.

* *Journey-book of Hampshire*. "The Plundering of Basing House" is one of Mr. Charles Landseer's most popular pictures.

The walls are about two miles in circumference, and are in the form of an irregular octagon. The space within them is stated by some to be exactly 100 acres. The defence consisted of the wall, a deep fosse, and the usual external vallum, or breastwork of earth. The ruins of the wall are from 20 to 25 feet thick. The top of the wall has become the bed of a continuous grove of trees, of such fine growth and size that we are informed upwards of 2000/. worth of timber has been felled here. The city had four gates, placed exactly north, south, east, and west. The area presents a curious appearance in the autumn, the plan being easily traceable by the difference in the quality of the corn which grows on the foundations of buildings to that within streets, squares, &c.

Excavations have been conducted here by the Duke of Wellington, to whom the estate belongs, and were described to the Society of Antiquaries, on May 9, 1867, by the Rev. J. Joyce:—The journal of the excavations, which was handed round at the meeting, enabled one to follow from day to day, and year to year, the advancement of the work in its minutest details. To describe or appropriate buildings would require plans and occupy considerable space. Among the more striking points are a hypocaust, about 20 ft. square, the conducting chambers of which radiate to a centre, while circular flues formed through the solid intervening portions bring all into communication. Mosaic and other pavements have been found, with the tools used by workers in mosaic; also roofing-tiles and hollow flue-tiles; Samian and other pottery, greenish glass, a piece of plaster from the inside walls of rooms decorated with colour, and a piece of glass tubing. In one of the blocks, on accurate investigation, it was found that a series of other and older walls was underlying those first exposed, and ultimately it became obvious that beneath the surface of the same area there lay the lines, not of one, but of four ancient houses, erected from age to age, and one above the other in succession; and Mr. Joyce has been enabled to trace the plans of each. The original dwelling seemed to him of the date of Claudius I., or Domitian; the second structure, built by partly erasing some of the lines of the galleries of the first, is held to date about the reign of Commodus; here were found the hypocaust already mentioned, and a mosaic floor in a wonderfully perfect state, which has been removed to the hall at Strathfieldsaye. The third mansion built over the same site preserved part of the older one, in the new work the ground-plan being altered; this is of the date of Claudius Gothicus, whose coins, and those of his predecessor, were found there. The fourth and last condition of this house shows six large and nearly square rooms; from their size and similarity to such rooms at Pompeii, con-

jectured to have been shops ; and in one is a tilework base of something which appears to have been employed as the furnace of an artisan. The date of this latest structure would be the end of the reign of Diocletian, and perhaps about the time that Constantius Chlorus came to Britain to crush the revolt under Alectus. But the more remarkable excavation is that of the Forum, the exterior walls of which have been traced completely round and laid open ; it formed a great rectangular mass in the very heart of the city. The internal arrangement, so far as Mr. Joyce could ascertain, appeared to have provided a court of justice, public offices, shops, a central exchange or market, and long galleries or covered walks. On the south-west stood the court or basilica ; the semicircular end, or apsis, in which sat the magistrates or their friends, is perfectly defined. In a large apartment westward was discovered the most interesting Roman relic found at Silchester, or perhaps anywhere else in England. In October, 1866, Mr. Joyce found here, in a bed of burnt timber, a bronze Roman eagle 9 in. in length, of beautiful execution, and in a most perfect state. By careful comparison of this curious bronze with the sculptures on Trajan's column, and from its proportion to the size of the human figure as portrayed in the existing sculptures of the standard-bearers of the legions, this is, unquestionably, an authentic legionary eagle wrenched from its staff, probably to save it during some desperate struggle, its vertical wings torn away, and then thrust into the roof-timbers to hide it when its defenders fled for life. As regards the date of this most interesting Forum, the coinage ranges from Vespasian to Arcadius ; several coins of Titus and Domitian were found amongst the lowest lines of the masonry of the basilica. Just outside the walls is a noble amphitheatre, one of the largest found in this country ; the size, inclosed by the mounds once presenting ranges of seats, being 150 ft. by 120 ft. There is no masonry visible. The area is said to have been covered with fine sand, which gave a name to the floor of the amphitheatre, and thenceforth to all places for display. Such are a few of the more prominent results of the excavations at Silchester. In a very appreciative "Walk and Talk," in the *Builder*, about this venerable spot, it is reasonably asked, "Where was the burial-place ? An interesting find awaits the explorer. There must be somewhere near a British burial-place as well as that of the Romans."

The remains of a Roman villa have been unearthed by the Rev. E. Kell and Mr. Charles Lockart, in a field at Andover Down Farm, hitherto known as "Castle-field," and where fragments of Roman pottery had been found. By means of a long iron rod the finders

alighted on the wall of a Roman villa 65 ft. long and 41 ft. broad, with a portico on its western side. The roof had been supported by six or eight massive pillars, vestiges of six of which remained. Numbers of hexagonal roofing-tiles were found; also two fireplaces, but neither hypocaust nor bath; and, instead of a tessellated pavement, a floor of flints embedded in mortar. The walls were 2 ft. thick, regularly built of flint-stones and mortar. The wall of the portico was 3 ft. thick. Roman coins and fragments of Roman glass and pottery were picked up, with some curious relics of metal-workmanship. The archæological inference from this discovery is in support of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's suggestion, that Vindonum lay on this side of the present Andover, near which remains of Roman encampments and beautiful Roman pavements have been found.

Strathfieldsaye.

Strathfieldsaye is about three miles and a half from Silchester, and derives its national interest from being the seat of the Duke of Wellington. The term *Strath*, or *Strat*, as it is usually pronounced, seems to have been an old term, signifying a "stretch" of level ground with elevations running along the sides. The addition of *Say* appears to have been derived from a family of that name, who originally possessed the domain, and from which it passed in marriage to that of the Dabridgecourts, who held it from the time of Richard II. to the year 1636. About that time it was purchased by Sir William Pitt, an ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, to whom it descended, and who, as well as his equally celebrated son, often resided here. It next became a seat of the Earls Rivers; and, after the Battle of Waterloo, the manor of Strathfieldsaye was purchased for the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the rank of the Duke of Wellington. But the old mansion remains, and, though a fine place enough, would scarce attract much of the traveller's notice, were he not informed that it was once the seat of the most illustrious man of his age. It is situated upon one of the edges of the county of Berks, and partly in Hampshire, and eight or ten miles from Reading. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne, and partakes, both in its architecture and general arrangements, of the spirit of the age that produced it. Facing the entrance are the stables, which, with the grooms' apartments, the kennel, tennis-court, and one or two out-buildings besides, make up a sort of village, or rather street, of themselves. All this is completely in the French taste of the day when Marlborough was running a career the glory of which Wellington has

since surpassed. You feel at once that the place ought to be inhabited by the contemporaries of Harley and Dean Swift.

The suite of public rooms which occupy the ground-floor consist of a drawing-room, library, dining-room, and the late Duke's own room, all opening one into the other. They are such as one would expect to see hung round with paintings, being somewhat narrow for their length, and otherwise present the appearance of a continuous gallery. The furniture is as plain as can at all agree with perfect elegance. Not a single work of art adorns the apartments, except, indeed, that the dining-room, besides being traversed by columns, has its walls covered over with very curious engravings. But neither the painter nor the sculptor has been employed to adorn an edifice, on which it is easy to perceive that the owner has never cared to bestow much attention. Everything, therefore, about it is good, and substantial, and comfortable of its kind; but you look in vain for the splendour which greets you at every step in Blenheim; you are still in the dwelling of the Rivers, not in the palace of a Wellington.

The library, which is an excellent room, contains a tolerably extensive collection of books, chiefly modern, and not a few consist of copies of works which the authors, the natives of every country in Europe, felt themselves honoured by being permitted to present to the most illustrious man of his time. To the sleeping apartments the same description applies, by which we have endeavoured to bring into the reader's mind some idea of the living rooms.

The grounds about Strathfieldsaye are neat, and the walk upon the lawn which interposes between the house and the river, is very pleasant. The tennis-court also, though an excellent one, is as little assuming as need be; and of the gardens no more can be said, than that they are well kept and abundantly productive. Within a few minutes' walk of the house, stands the parish church; a neat and simple edifice, which was repaired at the cost of the late Duke, and fitted up, both within and without, with equal taste and modesty. Neither was his Grace unmindful of the wants of the incumbent. Owning all the property, he paid out of his own pocket an ample stipend to the incumbent, and thus left his tenants free to reap the advantages of any improvements in agriculture which they might introduce.

The pleasure-grounds lie northward of the house, and abound with specimens of the rarer evergreens. Among others are several cedars of Lebanon upwards of 108 feet high; a fine variety of the red or pencil cedar, and several superb tulip-trees, said to be the finest in England. Among the other notable trees are two or three raised from chestnuts,

which the Duke received from America, gathered from the trees which General Washington planted with his own hand.

At Strathfieldsaye the Duke of Wellington was not able entirely to divest himself of his public character. As Lord-lieutenant of the county he was open to the innumerable claims upon his time of county business; and made a point of being at home to entertain the judges, as often as they passed on the circuit towards his neighbourhood. It was here, too, more than at Walmer Castle, that he received the visits which royalty occasionally paid him. Here he entertained, in other times, George the Fourth. Here King William and Queen Adelaide spent some pleasant days; and here, Queen Victoria and her princely husband in like manner became the Duke's guests. When such matters did not interfere with his purely domestic arrangements, the habits of the Duke at Strathfieldsaye were quiet, unostentatious, and philosophic. He breakfasted with his company at ten; retired to his own room afterwards; devoted several hours to his endless correspondence, except on hunting days, and went out, either to ride or to walk, about two. Seven was his dinner-hour; and often after tea he formed one at a quiet rubber of whist, when the stakes played for never exceeded five-shilling points.

The tennis-court, already mentioned, was formerly a riding-house; it was appropriated to its present use by the Duke, who was an ardent admirer of tennis.

The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which the Duke used to say would have ruined any man but himself, had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvements—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises, and such like, than, perhaps, any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money; but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years was regularly laid out upon it. Again, not one shilling of the rental did the Duke ever expend, except upon the improvement of the property. He neither laid by so much a year in the funds, nor did he consider himself entitled to devote the money derived from it to his own uses. "I am a rich man," was his argument, "which the next Duke of Wellington will not be. I am, therefore, determined that he shall receive his patrimony in the very best order; and if he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." A spot had been selected in the park, where it was intended to erect a new palace, the model for which we believe is in one of the rooms of the old house. The present Duke has erected on the estate a stately memorial of his illustrious father.

The estate is deemed holden of the Crown on condition of sending to the Sovereign at Windsor Castle a tenure flag. The visitor to the Castle will doubtless remember, in the guard-chamber, two busts, each with a banner suspended over it, to the right and left of the doors which flank the fire-place of the apartment. The bust on the left is that of the Duke of Marlborough, copied from Rysbrack by Sievier; and the bust on the right is that of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey. Above each bust is a small banner; that over the Marlborough bust being the tenure flag, by presenting which, yearly, the estate of Blenheim is held; and that over Wellington is, in like manner, the tenure flag by which Strathfieldsaye is held. The banners are renewed yearly; the former on the 2nd of August, the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim; and the latter on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The Strathfieldsaye flag is a small tricoloured one, with a staff surmounted by an eagle.



Porchester Castle.

At the head of a neck of land jutting out towards the middle of Portsmouth Harbour, are the remains of this very strong and ancient fortress. Its precise origin is unknown; but, as this port, from its situation on the southern coast of Hampshire, and from its great convenience and safety, must have been one of the earliest frequented in the Island, there can be little doubt that there was a fortress on this spot in times equally remote. Stow ascribes its foundation to Gurgunstus, a son of Beline, in the year 375, and states that its British name was *Caer Peris*. By the Romans, its next occupiers, this harbour was called *Portus Magnus*, and it has been affirmed by some historians, that Vespasian landed here on his first arrival in Britain. It must have been in his possession when he achieved the conquest of the Isle of Wight, commanded all the southern coast, and engaged the Britons in thirty several battles. Vespasian could neither command the coast, nor make himself master of the Isle of Wight, without being in possession of Porchester, where he must have made his abode during a part of his stay in Britain; where, unquestionably, were planted his *tremendous standards*. Titus, the son of Vespasian, must have been with his father upon this very spot at Porchester; and it is related of him, that when Vespasian was, on one occasion, entirely surrounded by barbarian troops, and in extreme danger, Titus broke through the ring they formed, with incredible boldness, rescued him, and putting the

Britons to flight, slew many of them. In later times of the Roman dominion, this *castrum*, like Richborough, in Kent, was one of the important places maintained for the defence of the coast against pirates, under the command of the great officer, styled *Comes Littoris Saxonici*.

The foundation of the outer walls and semicircular towers of this Castle, in their present extent and form, may unquestionably be assigned to the Romans; but it has had great and important additions made to it in succeeding ages, particularly by the Saxons and the Normans, and again by the English in the reign of Edward III. The various modes of building practised by these different nations are yet discoverable in the different parts of this noble remain. The fortress is of quadrangular form, and includes an area of nearly five acres, or 610 by 620 feet. The walls vary from eight to ten feet in thickness; their general height is eighteen feet, and in many parts a rampart and parapet remain. Besides the Keep-tower at the north-western angle, there are eighteen towers connected with the walls still standing,—round, square, and semicircular. The outer walls distinctly show the form of the original *castrum*; but the mass of buildings at the north-west angle of the area, and the two gates or entrances are, collectively, of the Saxon, Norman, and subsequent ages. The first innovation upon the Roman works was that of substituting a Saxon Keep-tower at the north-west corner of the *Castrum*, in place of the ancient Roman round tower, and as a place of residence for the chieftain or prince, instead of the Roman *Prætorium*, and adjoining to that the *Sacellum* for the Roman idolatrous ensigns, on whose foundations was afterwards reared a Christian church.

The Keep, which is essentially early Saxon, is a lofty structure, and contains two vaults, or dungeons, at bottom, with three double apartments above them, in so many several stories: its walls are nearly eight feet thick. All the light which it originally received was from narrow loop-holes, except in the third story, where, on two sides, in what were probably the state apartments, are small windows, in the plainest Saxon style.

The most curious part of the inner court, Norman, is its fortified entrance, a portal with an obtuse-pointed arch, including a strong gate; further on, a portcullis, and beyond that, another great gate; eighteen feet further inward, a second portcullis, beyond that, a third great gate, and a sort of sally-port. The entrance-passage was vaulted, and furnished with machicolations and perforations for pouring molten lead, hot water, &c., on the heads of the assailants; and to these machicolations, and the battlements above, was a passage from the top

of the walls surrounding the inner court. Some part of this entrance is, apparently, of as recent a period as Henry the Sixth's reign.

On the site of the Roman sacellum already mentioned was probably erected a Saxon church; or, certainly, a church of the Norman times, of which there are remains. This is ascribed to King Henry I., who founded on the spot a Priory of Austin (or Black) canons, in 1153; but they were subsequently removed to Southwick, in this county. The Castle church was originally in the form of a cross, with a low tower at the intersection. From about the middle of the last century, the fortress was used as a prison for foreigners; and during the revolutionary war with France, there were, at one time, nearly 9000 French prisoners confined within its walls.

In the reign of Edward I. (1290) a complaint was exhibited against Henry Hare, *Constable* of the King's Castle of Rochester, reciting that John, Bishop of Winchester, being absent in foreign parts in the King's service, and all his possessions being in the King's possession, he, the said Henry, with his armed men, foresters, and others unknown, hunted at their pleasure in the free chase of the said bishop. In 1299 the Castle and Town of Porchester, with the forest, then valued at 16*l.* 13*s.*, were settled on Queen Margaret, as part of her dower. In the reign of Edward II. divers of the commonalty of Southampton were imprisoned in the Castle by order of the King, until they had sworn that they would make no suit against the King's Admiral and other persons of the Cinque Ports, who had burned and plundered their ships under pretence that the inhabitants of Southampton were partisans of the Earl of Lancaster; and for which outrage they prayed redress. It appears also, that in the reign of Edward III., when John Hacket, Lieutenant of the Earl of Arundel, was Constable of this Castle, the Abbey of Glastonbury was bound to find for its defence and for the guard of Portsmouth, three men-at-arms for its lands in Wiltshire, and one man for those in Berkshire. In the reign of Edward IV. the Constablenesship of Porchester, together with the wages and feof thereof, were granted to John, Earl of Worcester. At what period this Castle was granted out by the Crown does not appear, but it is now private property.

Christchurch Priory.

Christchurch, in the south-west extremity of Hampshire, is supposed from the discovery of ancient remains to have been of Roman origin.

In the neighbourhood appear a Roman camp and entrenchments, with several tumuli and barrows, which have contained human bones. The town derives its name from its church and ancient priory, founded by the West Saxons in the reign of Edward the Confessor, for a dean and twenty Austin canons. The earliest notice of Christchurch is in the Saxon Chronicle, where it is said to have been the military position of Ethelwold during his revolt, when, laying claim to the throne of Alfred, he took Christchurch, but was compelled by Edward the Elder to retreat. By the Saxons it was called Twynchambourne, and Tweon-ca; and in Domesday, where it is mentioned as a burgh royal manor containing thirty messuages, it is called Thuinam.

Ranulph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, rebuilt the Priory in the time of Rufus, and its revenues were greatly augmented by Richard de Redvers, or Rivers, Earl of Devon, to whom the manor was given by Henry I. Fragments of the Priory walls are still standing, and of the Castle Keep, which are more than ten feet in thickness, and in the Norman style.

The Church is a very fine old structure, in the form of a cross, partly of Norman architecture. It exceeds in length some of our English cathedrals, and is but a few feet less than Hereford Cathedral or King's College Chapel, Cambridge. It was founded 1150. The nave is the work of Flambard, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who left a noble monument in his share of such work at Durham Cathedral. The nave is 118 feet by 58 feet. The transept is 101 feet by 24 feet, and has two eastern chantries in place of aisles. In each wing, on the south, is the original Norman apsidal chapel. The choir is 70 feet by 21 feet, of Perpendicular design, and is separated from the aisles by solid empanelled walls. The Lady Chapel is of the same date, and is 36 feet by 21 feet. Above is the St. Michael's loft, the ancient Chapter House. There are thirty-six stalls in the choir, of the latter part of the fifteenth century, bordering on the *cinque-cento*. The north aisle of the nave is one century later than the one on the south. The reredos is very fine, and represents a Jesse tree. The screen is at the entrance to the choir: through the exertions of Lord Malmesbury, backed by the expressed opinions of the British Archæological and other kindred associations, it was rescued from destruction about three years ago.

The beautiful fifteenth century stone screens of this Church have been restored under the able supervision of Mr. Ferrey. There are several other monuments belonging to this famous Priory. The remains of the chapel or chantry erected by the unfortunate Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, who, at the age of seventy years (27th

May, 1541), was brought to the block by Henry VIII., now exist in great beauty in the eastern end of the Church. The chantry has been less disturbed by time than by ruthless hands; Britton attributes the defacing of the escutcheons to the order of Henry VIII. No interment has taken place in the chantry. The Countess was interred in St. Peter's Church in the Tower. In the south aisle is the chantry of John Draper, the last Prior.

The Isle of Wight.

"Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace."
Drayton.

The Isle of Wight may be said to contain, within a small compass, all the most pleasing and picturesque features of Great Britain. In beautiful and sublime scenery, much of it of a kind peculiar to itself, this gem of the ocean is surpassed by few spots on the globe.

Its history is chequered with change, such as might be expected from its insular situation rendering it the more liable to attack. The Romans took possession of the Isle (Vectis or Vecta) in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, about A.D. 45, and kept it till 495, when it was reduced by Cerdic the Saxon, who is said to have cut off the few aboriginal Britons that still remained there. During the Saxon Heptarchy, when England was unhappily divided into little kingdoms, almost continually at war with one another, the pleasant hills and quiet valleys of the Isle of Wight were often made "to run with blood." In 678, when the population of the Island still adhered to the old Druidical superstitions, Cædwalla, King of the West Saxons, made war upon Edelwach, King of the South Saxons, in whose possession the Island then was.* Cædwalla prevailed in the struggle, slew his rival, and passing over to the Isle of Wight, put all the people to the sword, except 300 families, who were forcibly converted to Christianity, and received a fourth part of the Island, given by the conqueror, who had made a vow to that effect to Wilfred, Archbishop of York. The Island was mercilessly plundered and desolated by the piratical Danes. In 1052 Earl Godwin, who was then an exile and an outlaw, having

* In the Collection of the late Lord Lonsborough was a very fine assemblage of Anglo-Saxon relics, principally personal ornaments, from the Isle of Wight.

obtained a fleet from the Earl of Flanders, stripped the Islanders of all that had escaped the rapacity and barbarity of their former invaders.

At the period of the Norman Conquest, William Fitz Osborne, carrying fire and the sword, subdued the Island, and became the first Lord of Wight. He bestowed a priory and the church he had founded in the Island, on the great Abbey of Lyra, in Normandy. For more than two centuries the Island continued to be governed by its independent lords or petty sovereigns; but in 1293 Edward I. purchased the regalities for a sum of money, after which the Kings of England retained for themselves the title of Lord of the Island, and governed it by wardens. The regalities were sold by Isabella de Fortibus, Lady of Wight, for 4000*l.*; and she is said to have died on the same day that she concluded the bargain, and alienated the rights of sovereignty from her family. But only these rights or regalities were sold to the King, as she disposed of her estates on the Island by will.

The weak and unfortunate Henry VI. conferred the title of *King of the Isle of Wight* upon Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, the King in person assisting at the ceremonial, and placing the crown on his head. But little notice has been taken of this singular event by our historians, and, except for some other collateral evidence, the authenticity of it might be doubted; but the representation of this Duke, with an imperial crown upon his head and a sceptre before him, in an ancient window of the collegiate church at Warwick, leaves no doubt that such an event did take place. It appears, however, that this ceremony conferred no regal power, as it was held that the King had no right to touch the integrity of the British monarchy, or transfer any part of his sovereignty; and there is reason to conclude that, though titular King, he did not even possess the lordship of the Island, no surrender appearing from Duke Humphrey, who was then living and had a grant for the term of his life. Henry Beauchamp died soon after these honours had been conferred on him, June 11, 1445, when the regal title expired with him, and the lordship of the Island at the death of the Duke of Gloucester reverted to the Crown.

Before the time of the Duke-King, the Island had been partially fortified. During the reign of Edward III. twenty-nine beacons and watch-towers were erected at different points, in order to spread the alarm over the whole Island when the enemy was approaching. Two men by day and four by night kept watch and ward at each of these towers; and every landed proprietor was bound to find men and arms, in proportion of one man for every 20*l.* a year his estates rendered

him; and the Warden of Wight could summon home absentees, and make other provisions for the common security. Every landowner was bound, when called upon, to do garrison duty for forty days, and at his own expense, in Carisbrook Castle, which was often attacked by the French, but never taken, the Islanders on every occasion making a gallant defence. In the fifteenth century, while Henry V. was desolating France with his mad wars, a body of Frenchmen suddenly appeared off the Isle of Wight, and effected a landing there; but they were defeated and driven back to their ships. From this time till the reign of Henry VIII. the French made no new effort, but then they succeeded in landing on the Island, and plundered a good part of it.

Shortly after this sad event, the Islanders furnished themselves with parochial artillery; each parish provided one piece of light brass ordnance, which was carefully kept either in the church or in a small house built for the purpose close by the church. Towards the end of the last century some sixteen or eighteen of these guns were still preserved in the Island. The Islanders, by frequent practice, are said to have made themselves excellent artillerymen. The gun-carriages and ammunition were provided by the parishes, and particular farms were charged with the duty of finding horses to draw them.

From the time that the naval superiority of Great Britain was established, these measures of defence on the part of the Islanders became almost unnecessary, and the Isle of Wight had nothing to fear.

On St. Catherine's Hill, the most elevated point of the whole Island, "there is a stern round tower of other days," which was built above those terrible precipices as far back as the year 1323, by Walter, lord of the neighbouring manor of Godington, who assigned certain rents for a chanting priest to sing mass in it, and also to provide light in the tower (which was at once a chapel, a hermitage, and a pharos) for the safety of seamen in dark and stormy weather. At the Reformation the trifling revenues were sequestered or alienated, the poor monk ceased his mass, and the lights to shine across the deep, where rocks and shoals threatened destruction to the "night-faring skiff."

Carisbrook Castle.

Among the fortresses of the Isle of Wight, Carisbrook Castle claims the pre-eminence, from its great antiquity and impregnable strength.

That it was originally a British camp may be inferred from the shape of the hill upon which it is placed; and there can be little doubt that Vespasian (who, according to Suetonius, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, fought thirty times with the British enemy, and reduced upwards of twenty towns, two powerful nations, and the Isle of Wight, under the Roman power) found on his arrival here a fortress, which he immediately garrisoned. Grose tells us that "a Castle or fort was built here by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when the Island was subdued by Vespasian, A.D. 45." History, however, is silent respecting the Roman transactions at Carisbrook; nor do we find any authentic mention of the place until 530, when Cerdic, King of the West Saxons, having destroyed the Islanders, gave this fortress to his nephew, Whitgar, from whom may be derived its present appellation: Whitgara-burgh, or Whitgar, his burgh, being purely Saxon, and but little altered in the lapse of so many ages from its original sound; though some prefer a derivation from the Celtic *Caerbroc*, which signifies the town of yew-trees.

Adjoining to the present church of Carisbrook are the ruins of a priory of Cistercian monks, founded soon after the Norman Conquest by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford. There is scarcely enough of the priory left to make a picturesque ruin. Not so of the Castle which stands opposite to it, but on a much higher eminence; where towers, keep, and barbican, ramparts and battlements, frown along the steep, and are just sufficiently ruined and ivy-clad to be eminently romantic and picturesque. The Keep, and the artificial mound it stands on, which lies to the north, and is much higher than the ground-plan of the rest of the fortress, are generally supposed to have been raised by the Saxons as early as the sixth century.

In the eleventh century Fitz-Osborne, the Norman, included this portion in his larger Castle, which covered the space of an acre and a half, and was of a square form, with rounded angles; the base of the whole being surrounded by a fosse or ditch. In this Norman Castle lived the lords of that race. All lands were held of it on condition of serving it and defending it at all times from the enemy. Hence it was called "The Honour of Carisbrook."

Fitz-Osborne's Castle was repaired and enlarged during the reign of Richard II., by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; and it was again enlarged, and some parts wholly rebuilt, by the unfortunate Lord Woodville, who suffered at Pontefract, June 13, 1483, two months after the death of Edward IV. The outer walls of the fortress form an irregular pentagon, and are faced with stone, and defended by five bastions,

having a break in the centre of the north side. These fortifications were the work of Queen Elizabeth, who, at the instigation of Sir George Carey, gave 4000*l.* towards the repair of the fortress, when the Spanish Armada was expected. The gentlemen of the Island raised 400*l.*, and the commonalty cheerfully dug the outer ditch gratuitously. Camden tells us (1594), that the Castle had been lately restored in a magnificent manner by the Captain of the Island.

Among the curiosities pointed out by the guides to the stranger's notice are two wells—the one in the centre of the Keep, said to have been three hundred feet deep, but now partially filled up; the other in the Castle yard, two hundred feet deep, where water is drawn by means of a wheel turned by a donkey, working precisely as did the dogs called “turnspits” in our kitchens in former times. The wheel is broad and hollow, and furnished inside with steps, or projecting pieces of wood; the donkey is introduced into the interior of the wheel, and by treading from one of these steps to another turns it round, and makes the wheel act like a windlass. This second well is also famed for having the property of echoing the fall of a pin in a most singular manner.

Carisbrook Castle was in one instance made memorable by the heroism of a female, whose adventures in some respects resembled those of the celebrated royalist, the Countess of Derby. At an early stage of the Civil War, Jerome, Earl of Portland, who had been Governor for Charles I. during many years, was removed by Parliament as a Catholic, or as one who at least was a favourer of Popery. Shortly after, when he was suddenly imprisoned in London on this ground, and further accused by the Commons of a thoughtless and profligate expenditure of public money in ammunition, entertainments, and the drinking of loyal toasts in Carisbrook, the principal inhabitants of the Island drew up a petition in favour of their “noble and much honoured and beloved captain and governor,” in which, dropping all allusion to his wasting of the ammunition, &c., they stuck to the more important question of his religious faith, declaring that not only was he a good Protestant, but that there was not one professed Papist, or favourer of Papacy, in the whole Isle of Wight. This petition being disregarded by Parliament, they drew up a spirited remonstrance, in which they spoke of defending themselves by arms, and admitting no new Governor that was not appointed by the King. The people were very differently inclined; and they were led by Moses Read, the Mayor of Newport, who declared in favour of Parliament, and represented the great danger accruing to the State from the Countess of Portland being allowed to continue in the Castle, and retain Colonel Brett there as her warden. Read soon

received orders to seize the fortress, and secure Colonel Brett, the Countess, her five children, and other relatives who had taken shelter within the walls; and he marched upon Carisbrook with the militia of Newport, and four hundred sailors drawn from the vessels at anchor in the Island. The garrison of the old fortress did not exceed twenty men, but the Countess resolved not to surrender it except upon honourable conditions. At the approach of the force from Newport, with a lighted match in her hand, she walked deliberately to one of the bastions, declaring she would fire the first cannon at the foe. Moses Read, who expected no resistance, soon came to terms with the bold Countess; the Castle was surrendered on conditions, and her ladyship was removed from the Island.

The next memorable incident in the history of Carisbrook Castle, is its having been that to which the unhappy Charles I. fled from Hampton Court on November 5, 1647, attended by two confidential servants, but without having determined upon any particular place of refuge. They rode all night, and finding themselves at daybreak in the New Forest, in Hampshire, it was resolved to repair to Titchfield, a seat of the Earl of Southampton, in the neighbourhood. This, however, was not a place in which the King could remain in security; and it was then resolved to send a message to Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, intimating the King's desire to avail himself of his protection.

Charles thought that he might expect to find a friend in the Colonel, who was a nephew of his chaplain, Dr. Henry Hammond; but he was, in fact, a devoted partisan of Cromwell, through whose interest he had married a daughter of Hampden, and had also obtained his post of Governor at this station. At first, however, on receiving the King into Carisbrook Castle, he treated him as a guest rather than as a prisoner—permitting him to ride wherever he chose, and to receive all who desired to see him. It was not till after some time that his movements were subjected to any restriction. Hammond then informed him that orders had been sent down for the instant dismissal of all his attendants; and they were accordingly compelled to take their leave the day following. As soon as they were gone, it was further intimated to the unhappy King that he must for the future consider himself as a prisoner within the walls of the Castle. He was still, however, allowed as much freedom as was compatible with this species of confinement—being permitted to walk on the ramparts, and to amuse himself in a bowling-green, which Hammond caused to be formed for the purpose in a part of the Castle yard. He usually indulged himself in the former

exercise in the morning, and in the latter in the afternoon. Much of his leisure was also occupied in reading. Many persons, it would appear, also still contrived to gain admision to his presence, under the pretext of desiring to be touched for the king's evil. The condition in which he was kept, however, was now undisguisedly that of a prisoner; and his thoughts, as well as those of his friends, were naturally directed to the means by which he might effect his escape. The several attempts which he made for this purpose may be found detailed in the *Threnodia Carolina* of Sir Thomas Herbert, and still more minutely in Sir Richard Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, where many particulars are published for the first time from manuscript documents. The first attempt was made on December 29, and failed through the mismanagement of its conductor, Captain Burley, the Captain of Yarmouth Castle, who was besides so unfortunate as to be himself apprehended and executed for his share in the enterprise.

A faithful follower, of the name of Firebrace, having obtained permission to attend upon the King as one of his pages, next made use of the opportunities this appointment afforded him, in consulting with Charles, and devising schemes by which his escape might be effected. Among other plans, Firebrace proposed his getting out of the chamber-window, and fearing the bars might render the passage too narrow, he proposed cutting them with a saw; but the King, objecting the danger of a discovery, commanded him to prepare all things else for his departure, being confident he could get through the window, having tried with his head, and judging that where the head could pass, the body would easily follow. The design was imparted to some trusty friends, and with them, the following plan of operation was agreed upon. At the time appointed, Firebrace was to throw something up against the window of the King's apartment, as a signal that all was clear, on which the King was to let himself down by a cord provided for that purpose; Firebrace was then, under favour of the darkness, to conduct him across the court to the main wall of the Castle, from which he was again to descend into the ditch, by means of another cord with a stick fastened across it, serving as a seat. Beyond this wall was the counter-scarp, which being low, might easily be ascended; and near this place two other friends, Worsley and Osborn, were to be ready mounted, having a spare horse, with pistol and boots, for the King, while a fourth, Mr. Newland, remained at the sea-side with a large boat, ready to convey his Majesty wherever he should think fit to direct.

At the appointed time, all things being in readiness, and every one instructed in his part, Firebrace gave the expected signal, on which the

King attempted to get out of the window ; but found, when it was too late, that he had been entirely mistaken ; for, although he found an easy passage for his head, he stuck fast between the breast and shoulders, without the power of advancing or returning ; but having the instant before mistrusted something of this nature, he had tied a piece of cord to the bar of the window, by means of which he might force himself back again. Firebrace heard him groan, without being able to afford him the least assistance ; however, the King at length, with much difficulty, having released himself from the window, placed a candle in it, as an intimation that his attempt was frustrated. Had not this unfortunate impediment occurred, there is the greatest reason to believe his escape might have been effected.

It is said that a Major Rolfe, who happened at the time to have charge of the Castle, was ready to have shot the King should he have actually commenced making his descent.

After these fruitless efforts to obtain his liberty, Charles abandoned himself to despair. In this state he remained till September 18, 1648, when he was permitted to remove to Newport to confer with the Parliamentary Commissioners on giving his promise that he would not make another attempt to escape. On the 29th of November he was seized here by a party of soldiers, and conveyed to Hurst Castle, on the coast of Hampshire, which he left only to undergo his trial and execution about six weeks after.

The apartments in which the King was confined are now in ruins ; but a window is still pointed out as that by which he made the attempt to regain his liberty. This part of the Castle is on the left hand upon entering the first court from the gates.

At the south-east angle are the remains of Mountjoy's Tower, the walls of which are immensely thick. This tower is of great antiquity, and probably coeval with the Keep, which stands at the south-east angle. It was probably a fortress of the Saxons, round which Fitz-Osborne erected the outer walls. A lofty mound of earth has been thrown up, on the summit of which is the donjon or Keep. The entrance is by an exceedingly steep flight of eighty-one steps, whereby an assailing force might easily be precipitated. Seventy-two of these steps are external, the remainder leading through a small square portal to the interior of the Keep. This portion is assumed to be Saxon ; for the walls are not only rude in construction, but irregular in their polygonal form, and bear no similitude to that massive and imposing style which the Normans introduced, both in the Castles which they built anew as well as in those fortresses of their vanquished enemies which

they adopted. This hypothesis is strengthened by Grose, who informs us that the building of Whitgar falling into decay, was a second time rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, whose son, Baldwin, a partisan of the Empress Maud, endeavoured to defend this Castle against Stephen in 1136, but unsuccessfully, as the King took it in the first assault. It was again besieged in 1377 by the French, who were driven off by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, a Knight of Essex.

It was subsequently to the execution of Charles that his two youngest children, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, became inmates of Carisbrook Castle. They at first lived with the Countess of Leicester at Penshurst, in Kent, where Parliament allowed 3000*l.* a year for their maintenance. When they were removed to Carisbrook the young Duke was attended by his tutor, one Mr. Lovel, "an honest man," as Clarendon calls him, and both he and his sister were humanely treated. One of their greatest hardships, next to their loss of liberty, appears to have been the Parliament's order, "That no person should be permitted to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman." Mildmay, who was then Captain of the Castle, observed this order very exactly, so that the Duke was never called by any other style than Master Harry. Two years after the death of his sister Elizabeth, the young Duke was liberated by the advice and influence of Cromwell, who caused 500*l.* to be paid by the Treasury to defray the expenses of conveying him to the Continent—the only condition imposed being that he should sail directly from the Isle of Wight, and not touch at any part of the English coast.

It will be interesting here to tell the fate of the Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrook. About eighteen months after her father's death, she accidentally got wet on the bowling-green of the Castle; fever and cold ensued, and her weak form sunk to death. Supposing her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left the apartment for a short time: on their return she was dead, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and resting on an open Bible, her father's last and cherished gift. An idle story found its way into Hume's and other histories, to the effect that the Parliament designed to apprentice the poor Princess to a button-maker at Newport; but the idea never went beyond a republican joke in the mouth of Cromwell.

Her remains were embalmed, and buried with much pomp, in the church at Newport, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, whose murder and canonization were recent events at the date of the building of the

church, in 1172. The letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointed out the grave of the Princess. In time the obscure resting-place of a King's daughter was forgotten; and it came upon people like a discovery, when, in 1793, while a grave was being prepared for a son of Lord de la Warr, a leaden coffin, in excellent preservation, was found, bearing the inscription: "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8th, MDCL." Soon after the discovery of the vault a small brass plate with a brief inscription was placed over it, inlaid in the floor of the church, just within the screen.

The Church at Newport becoming ruinous, it was found necessary to rebuild it in 1856; and her Majesty the Queen, with the sympathy of a woman and a princess, took the opportunity of erecting a monument to the unhappy Elizabeth. The design was confided to Baron Marochetti: it represents the Princess lying on a mattress, her cheek resting on an open Bible, bearing the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From the Gothic arch, beneath which the figure reposes, hangs an iron grating, with its bars broken asunder, emblematising the prisoner's release by death. Two side windows with stained glass were added by her Majesty's desire, and the inscription thus gracefully records a graceful act: "To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, September 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This Monument is erected, a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."

In another part of the church is a curiously sculptured monument to Sir Edward Horsey, a Captain of the Wight in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Edward was a brave and fortunate commander, by sea and by land. He was much beloved by the favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who entrusted him with the secret of his clandestine marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whom the knight gave away in person. This circumstance, however, did not prevent his denying all knowledge of the nuptials when the worthless Earl fancied another fair one. In reward for services like these the favourite gave him the Captaincy of the Island.

The fate of the next notable inmate of Carisbrook Castle is thus agreeably related in *Knight's Journey Book of Hampshire*:—"After the removal of the Duke of Gloucester, the Commonwealth continued to use the Castle as a state prison. One of the most remarkable of the inmates of Carisbrook, at a somewhat later period of the Commonwealth, was Sir William Davenant, the poet, and god-son (at least) of

Shakespeare. Davenant had adhered to the Court, and fought repeatedly in the field against the Parliamentary forces. On the downfall of his party he fled beyond seas, where he was put to strange shifts, and derived all the help he could from a pretty apparent want of conscience. According to old Aubrey, when at Paris, "He laid an ingenious design to carry a considerable number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from thence to Virginia, and by Mary, the Queen-Mother's means, he got favour from the King of France to go into the prisons and pick and choose; so when the poor wretches understood what his design was, they cried *uno ore* (with one voice), '*tous tisserans*'—We are all weavers! Well, he took thirty-six, as I remember, and not more, and shipped them; and as he was on his voyage to Virginia, he and his weavers were all taken by the ships then belonging to the Parliament of England. The French slaves I suppose they sold, but Sir William was brought prisoner to England: whether he was first a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight, or at the Tower of London, I have forgotten. He was a prisoner at both. His *Gondibert*, 4to, was finished at Carisbrook Castle. He expected no mercy from the Parliament, and had no hope of escaping with his life. He was saved, however, by the intervention, according to one account, of two aldermen in his favour, according to another, by the wit of Henry Martin."

Osborne House.

Osborne, at East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, was originally the seat of Lady Isabella Blachford, of whom the property was purchased, in 1844, by Her Majesty. The mansion was in the occupation of Eustace Mann, Esq., during the Civil Wars between King Charles I. and his Parliament. Adjoining is a copse called Money Copse, where the proprietor, it is said, during the Wars, buried all his money, plate, &c., but upon searching for it the treasure could not be found; and it was long the general belief from tradition that the property still remained secreted.

Osborne adjoins Norris Castle, a modern edifice, where the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria resided in 1831. From a plain mansion Osborne was extended into an elegant marine villa, understood to have been partly planned by the lamented Prince Consort, and built by Mr. Thomas Cubitt.

DORSET.

Dorchester Castle and Priory.

Dorchester is a town of great antiquity; tessellated pavements, Roman urns, and coins of Antoninus Pius, Vespasian, Constantine, and other Roman Emperors, having been dug up in the neighbourhood. Placed on the Icknield Street, it must have been of some importance in the time of the Saxons, as two Mints were established here by King Athelstan. The town was nearly destroyed by fire in 1613. It was strongly fortified and entirely surrounded by a wall when in possession of the Romans; and the site where an ancient Castle stood is still called Castle Green. The fortress itself was totally demolished, and a Priory for Franciscan monks was constructed near the site of the old Castle out of the materials by one of the Chidlock family, in the reign of Edward III. The church of the Priory was pulled down at the Reformation. In Holy Trinity churchyard was buried Dr. William Cumming, physician and antiquary, 1788. He was placed in the churchyard, rather than in the church, at his own desire, "lest he who studied whilst living to promote the health of his fellow-citizens should prove detrimental to it when dead."

Many severe battles were fought near Dorchester, between the King's and the Parliamentary forces, during the Civil War. At the Assizes held here on the 3rd of September, 1685, by Judge Jeffries and four other judges, out of thirty persons tried on a charge of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, twenty were found guilty and sentenced to death. The following day 222 persons pleaded guilty, and eighty were ordered for execution. John Tutchin, who wrote the *Observer*, in Queen Anne's time, was sentenced to be whipped in every town in the county once a year, but on his petition to be hanged as a *mitigation* of his punishment, he was reprieved and subsequently pardoned.

The Abbey of Cerne.

The Benedictine Abbey of Cerne, in Dorset, was founded in 987, by Ailmer, Earl of Cornwall, or rather refounded; for it is said to

have owed its origin to St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons. Here was buried St. Edwold, brother of King Edmund the Martyr; here Canute committed one of his many robberies; and here the famous Cardinal Morton once lived as a simple monk.

Only a few loose fragments of this once magnificent Abbey Church remain, from time to time dug up on the site; among which is the small figure, of fifteen century date, executed in Ham Hill stone. From the crown or coronet on the brow, it would seem to represent a royal or noble lady who held the office of Abbess, for she appears *in pontificalibus*, bearing the staff in her right hand, and supporting a book in her left. Over the head is placed a hood, round the neck and chin a wimple or barbe, and she wears a long gown with ample sleeves. We rarely meet with an abbess equipped in official habit; but another and later instance occurs in the brass of Isabel Hervey, at Elstow, Bedfordshire. Quantities of encaustic tiles are met with, mostly of Perpendicular date; among which is one with a stag in a forest, chased by a hound.

In removing the wall of a pond formed on the line of the little stream which flows from St. Augustine's well, five stones were found, which were fragments of a most beautiful tomb of an abbot. The material was Purbeck marble; and the date, the very best period of Decorated architecture. The effigy is sadly ruined, yet enough remains to show an individuality of features; that the right hand held the abbatial staff, and the left a book. The folds of the dress had all the delicacy and grace of Greek art, or "water-drapery." There are also preserved at Cerne Church the fragments of a leaden chalice and paten, found in the grave of an ecclesiastic belonging to the Abbey.

All that remains of the Abbey is a stately, large, square, embattled tower, or gatehouse, now much dilapidated. There is also an ancient bridge, once an appendage of the Abbey. A mansion, called the Abbey House, was chiefly built from the ruins of the Abbey, and contains incorporated in it some remains of the more ancient Abbey House, built by Abbot Vanne, in the fifteenth century. The parish church was built by one of the late Abbots, for the use of the parishioners. Several beautiful overflowing wells still remain, probably the work of the Abbots, drawing their sources through subterranean channels from the spring of St. Augustine.

On the southern slope of Trendle Hill, near the town, is the outline of a remarkable figure of a man bearing a club, cut into the chalk; the height of the figure is about 180 feet; the outlines are about 2 feet broad. There are various traditional and conjectural statements respecting the

origin of this figure. It is repaired by the townspeople once in seven years. One of the traditions is that the giant, after eating some sheep, laid himself down on the hill to enjoy his *siesta*, and was pinioned by the inhabitants, who took his dimensions that way! On the south point of the hill, over the giant's head, has been an ancient fortification, and on the north point a barrow. There are several barrows on the surrounding hills.

Wimborne Minster.

Wimborne Minster, a very ancient town in the eastern part of Dorsetshire, is supposed to have been a Roman station, called Vindogladia; by the Saxons, Vinburnam. A Nunnery was established here in the beginning of the eighth century, by the sister of Ina, King of the West Saxons, upon the site of which the present Minster, or Collegiate Church was built. The Nunnery was destroyed by the Danes, when the establishment was converted into a college of secular canons, which continued to exist until the Dissolution. Some of the lands were set apart by Queen Elizabeth towards the support of the Grammar School, originally founded by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., in 1497, though now called after Queen Elizabeth.

A strange accident is recorded to have happened unto this Church in the year 1600, when the choir, being full of people, and the streets, by reason of the market, a sudden mist arose, all the spire, of very great height, was strangely cast down; the stones battered all the lead, and broke much of the timber in the roof of the Church, yet without any hurt to the people; but the whole was repaired about 1610, with the Church revenues, "for sacrilege hath not yet swept away all, being assisted by Sir John Hanham, a neighbour gentleman, who enjoyed the revenues of the Church, and hath done commendable to convert part of it to its former use."

Parts of the Minster were built soon after the Conquest. It is a cruciform structure, 108 feet in length. It once contained ten altars of alabaster and other costly materials; the high altar was particularly splendid. There are two quadrangular towers, one at the west end, and the other, once surmounted by a very lofty spire, at the intersection of the cross. The whole edifice is particularly deserving of notice.

In this Minster was buried King Ethelred, the brother of Alfred, who was slain in an engagement with the Danes, in 872. Among the

relics preserved here before the Reformation, were pieces of Our Lord's manger, robe, and cross; some of the hairs of his beard, and a thorn of his crown; the blood of St. Thomas à Becket; and part of St. Agatha's thigh.

The royal burial places are very interesting. Aldhelm, one of the brightest lights of the Middle Ages, was consecrated first Bishop of Sherborne, c. 705; King Beortric was buried at Wareham, c. 784; the elder brothers of King Alfred, Kings Ethelbald and Ethelbert, were buried at Sherborne; and Ethelred, the next brother and successor, at Wimborne—King Cenwalh, who died A.D. 672, is said to have been a benefactor to Sherborne. Cuthburh, sister to King Ina, built the Monastery at Wimborne, A.D. 718. King Alfred founded the Benedictine Nunnery at Shaftesbury, c. 888; King Athelstan, the Benedictine Monastery at Milton about 933; Ethelmar, Earl of Devon, that at Cerne, c. 987; and Orc, the House-carle (or *Æconomus*) of King Canute, that at Abbotsbury, c. 1026.

In the south aisle, beneath an arch, is a raised coffin of painted marble, which enshrines the ashes of one Ettrick, the first Recorder of Poole, an eccentric old gentleman, who was fully persuaded that he should die in 1691, and accordingly procured his tomb to be made, and had the date cut thereon, as may be plainly seen, the same being altered to 1717, in which year he died and was buried. It is said to have been placed *here* by his heirs, because in his lifetime, being offended with the inhabitants of Wimborne, he had made many solemn protestations that he would never be buried either in the church or churchyard.

There was also a Castle at Wimborne, which, after the death of Alfred, and Edward his son had succeeded to the kingdom, Ethelwald the atheling seized, together with the Castle at Twincham (Christchurch), without leave of the King and of his witan. "Then rode the King with his forces until he encamped at Badbury, near Wimborne; and Ethelwald sat within the vill, with the men who had submitted to him; and he had obstructed all the approaches towards him, and said that he would do one of two things—or there live, or there die. But notwithstanding that, he stole away by night, and sought the army in Northumbria; and they received him for their King, and became obedient to him. And the King commanded that he should be ridden after; but they were unable to overtake him. They then beset the woman whom he had before taken, without the King's leave, and against the Bishop's command; for she had been previously consecrated a nun." (*The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.) It is implied that she had eloped

with Ethelwald out of her convent. This lady, who followed her husband, was pursued with equal pertinacity by Edward, but she also had the good fortune to escape.

Winbourne St. Giles, and the Shaftesbury Family.

Down in the "garden of England," Dorsetshire, there winds a little stream called the Allen, once called the *Elain*, or Fawn, on the banks of which stream stands St. Giles, in the parish of Winbourne St. Giles, Upwinbourne, Upwinbourne Malmaynes, or Upwinbourne Plecy—Upwinbourne, in contra-distinction to Winbourne itself, which lies lower—Upwinbourne Malmaynes, because, long long ago, when Edward I. was King, the house and estate belonged to the Malmaynes, of whom, however, nothing is recorded, save that they came from Hampshire—Upwinbourne Plecy, because still in the days of Edward I. it passed into the hands of Robert de Plecy, a near relative of the Earl of Warwick—Winbourne St. Giles, after the Plecy family had dwindled down to

"One fair daughter, and no more,"

who gave her hand and fortune to a Cornish gentleman of the name of Hamelyn. It was a female descendant again who brought this estate into the family of its present owners, for Egidia Hamelyn, after having married a husband of the name of Thame or Tame, whom she survived, made the second venture with Robert Ashley, a Wiltshire gentleman. By him she had three children, when he too died. This lady appears to have been nothing daunted, however, in her matrimonial career, for she returned again to the old stock, and took as a third husband a second Thame, whose Christian name was Thomas. The children of her second husband increased and multiplied, and their family tree has spread into two branches, one boasting amongst its historic names James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury; and the other Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, in whose family the ancient manor-house and park of Winbourne St. Giles at present remain. This manor-house is interesting more from its age and the great names with which it has been connected, than from any beauty or merit of its own. The walls of this "parallelogram in three parts," as it is described in the *County History*, are ornamented only by cheerless rows of monotonous windows, and a coating of Roman cement. The angles are strengthened by massive quoins of the same material, and a long line of battlemented roofs protects it from any attempted siege on

the part of the cawing rooks in the neighbouring trees. The water, however, whether arranged by nature or art, is excellent, tumbling over little falls, winding through narrow passes into deep-shaded dells, where it looks dark as night, yet clear as crystal, and spreading into a miniature lake in front of the house, where the teal and widgeon and wild-duck flock as unconcerned as though the wild moor still surrounded them, and not the shade even of a Malmaines, a Plecy, or a Shaftesbury had ever wandered on the bank. Girding the park there is a double belt of pine-trees, tall and solemn; and between them a wide walk or drive, carpeted with thick soft turf. This delicious monotony is, they say, ten miles long. Before entering the house there is one more object which remains to be noticed, and that is the "grotto." It is said to be the finest in England, and to have cost 10,000*l.*; to be composed of, goodness knows how many million shells; and to have taken two years to construct, during which time no one saw it save one man, who was employed to assist in the work; and the Countess of Shaftesbury, who conceived the glorious idea. A greater service to Englishmen has been given by Sir Anthony Ashley first bringing to Winbourne St. Giles cabbages from Holland in the year 1628.

There was business and bustle here in the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I., during which the first Earl of Shaftesbury, then Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, played so conspicuous and varied a part; first, when attempting a reconciliation scheme between the King and the people by a system of mutual concession, which was frustrated at the outset by those about him, as indeed it would have been at the conclusion, by the falseness of one of the contracting parties. St. Giles was gay with bright colours and cavalier feathers then. When the Clubmen were associated (a sort of armed neutral body to repress the excesses of either side), soldiers paced its halls, where ladies and carpet knights had stood before; and they, in their turn, shifted with the changing fortunes of its master, and gave place to the lank looks and sober garb of the Puritans. Courted by both parties, and mistrusted by both parties, placed in high commands, and disgraced, by both parties, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper seems yet to have been more consistent than the times in which he lived. He is said to have been inordinately ambitious; but there is generally a system in ambition, and there was but little in the career of this man. Now in the King's confidence and of his party; now passing over to that of the Parliament, but yet refusing to bring the secrets of the other side over with him; now fighting at the head of fifteen hundred men in his own county on the popular side; now assisting the Restoration, and finally taking his place as Lord

Chancellor under the new *régime*; and this not for long—he and a Court so corrupt could not be friends, so that his last public appearance is at his trial on a groundless charge of high treason, and then he retires to Holland to die. His portrait is here in his Chancellor's robes. There are two portraits by Lely of the second Earl and Countess, the lady with that *décolté, dégagé* air, peculiar to that age and painter; two large landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and many smaller pictures of more or less merit. In the library there is a portrait of old Henry Hastings, related to the Earls of Huntingdon, with a sketch of his character, supposed to have been written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury. There is a portrait, too, of a Countess of 1854, more beautiful by far than that Dorothy of 1684, and with a grace and lady-like air which ought to put that bold person to the blush. A chimney-piece, a ceiling, and a doorway by Inigo Jones, complete the artistic embellishments of the place.—*Abridged from a Communication to the Builder.*

Shaftesbury Nunnery, and Prize Byzant.

Shaftesbury is supposed to have existed in the time of the Britons, and to have been called by them *Caer Palladwr*. Drayton speaks of Mount Pallador as though it were the name of the hill on which the town stands. Roman coins have been found here. Alfred restored Shaftesbury after it had been destroyed by the Danes. An ancient inscription on a stone removed from the ruins of a religious house, and mentioned by William of Malmesbury, led Camden and others to ascribe to Alfred the foundation of the town: it contains the words, "*Ælfredus Rex fecit hanc urbem.*" The town was called by the Saxons "*Seefstesbyrig*;" the name in Domesday Book is "*Scepterberie*;" it was variously written by the historians of the Middle Ages, until it assumed its present form, which is sometimes altered into Shaston, or, more correctly, Shafton. In the reign of Athelstan there were in the place two Mints, and an Abbey of Benedictine Nuns, of which Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, was the first Abbess. This Nunnery became the richest in England. To this place was removed from Wareham the body or part of the body of King Edward the Martyr for burial. The possession of this relic added much to the reputation of the Abbey, and among other visitors attracted by it was Canute the Great, who was very bountiful, and we are told that he "scattered gold and silver" with unparalleled liberality. Canute died at Shaftesbury, and was buried at Winchester, the usual place of inter-

ment of the Saxon Kings. Canute, successful in war, was in peace humane, gentle, and religious. William of Malmesbury says of him, that by his piety, justice, and moderation, he gained the affections of his subjects, and an universal esteem among foreigners.

Shaftesbury is said to have had twelve churches prior to the reign of William I., but there are only three at present. Of the Abbey there are no remains, and scarcely of the conventual buildings. In the Abbey, Elizabeth, wife of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, was detained a prisoner in 1313-14. On the brow of the hill west of the town is a small mound, or earthwork. The ground adjacent is called the Castle-green, or Castle-hill, but there is no account of a Castle having stood there.

Shaftesbury has been from time immemorial ill supplied with water. On the top of the hill on which the town is built, is a well of prodigious depth, from which the inhabitants are partly supplied with water, which is drawn by machinery worked by a horse. The town was formerly supplied from Motcombe, on the backs of horses, for which the corporation of Shaftesbury paid tribute. This scarcity of water seems to have given rise to the observance of a popular celebration of good in everything.

The first written authority for this custom occurs in 1527, to the effect that it hath been the custom in the tithing of Motcombe, Dorset, time out of remembrance, on the Sunday after Holycross Day, in May, for the villagers to assemble at Enmore Green, at one o'clock, and with minstrels, and "mirth of game," to dance till two o'clock; "the Mayor of Shaston shall see the Queen's bailiff have a penny-loaf, a gallon of ale, and a calf's-head, with a pair of gloves, to see the order of the dance that day. And if the dance fail that day, and the Queen's bailiff have not his duty [*i.e.*, the calf's head, &c.], then the bailiff and his men shall stop the water from the wells of Shaston from time to time."

In 1662 the time of observance was altered from the Sunday after Holyrood Day to the Monday before Holy Thursday, on which the feast has since been celebrated. The Mayor of Shaftesbury then dresses up the Besome or Byzant, which somewhat resembles a palm-tree, surmounted by a gilded crown, and the arms of the corporation and town; of which the former are, a cross between two fleurs-de-lys, and as many leopards' faces; those of the town, a lion rampant, pawing a tree with a dove upon the top of it. The branches of the palm-tree are hung with peacocks' feathers, like a May-Day garland; to which are added gold rings, meda's, plate, coin, and jewels, often to the value of 1500*l.* or 2000*l.*, principally borrowed from the neighbouring

gentry. This device, preceded by a band of music, is carried in procession by the sergeant-at-mace, followed by a man and woman gaily and fantastically dressed, and who, as lord and lady, dance to a tabor and pipe. The Byzant is then presented to the Steward of the Manor, upon Enmore Green, together with the appurtenances enjoined. The former he immediately restores—usually with a donation of bread and beer for the populace; and the procession then returns to the Town Hall.

Sherborne Abbey.

Sherborne, in the northern division of the county of Dorset, is of remote antiquity. The place was of considerable importance in the time of the Saxons, who called it *Sciraburn*, or *Scireburn*, from *scir*, clear, and *burn*, a spring. Ina, King of the West Saxons, on the division of the diocese of Winchester, then the sole bishopric of the West Saxons, made Sherborne the seat of an episcopal see, A.D. 705. One of its most eminent bishops was the celebrated Asser, who was tutor to Alfred the Great, and who wrote that King's life. The see of Sherborne was, in 1075, finally removed to Old Sarum. A Monastery for secular canons was established here after the conversion of the West Saxons, and many of the Saxon monarchs were principal benefactors. In the reign of Ethelred, Bishop Wulfsin expelled the clerks, and placed monks in the Monastery, which he had rebuilt. By bulls from different Popes, and charters from the Kings and nobility of England, this Abbey (rule of St. Benedict) rose to be of such great consideration, that though the Abbots did not sit in Parliament yearly, they were esteemed spiritual barons, and had particular writs to parliaments and great councils. In the Abbey had sepulture Ethelbald, King of England, 860; his brother and successor, Ethelbert, 866; and Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, 810.

The tenor-bell, said to weigh 60,000lb., and to be the largest tenor-bell in England ever rung in a peal, was given to the Abbey by Cardinal Wolsey: it was imported from Tournay, and recast in 1670, and bears this distich:—

“By Wolsey's gift I measure time for all;
To mirth, to griefe, to church I serue to call.”

In 1858, the Wolsey bell was unfortunately cracked; but in 1865 it was recast by the Warners, of Cripplegate, and taken back to Sherborne.

At the Dissolution, the church was made parochial, and purchased by the inhabitants and the vicar for 100 marks. It is dedicated to St. Mary, is a magnificent cross edifice, and from its enriched architecture and magnitude, more resembles a cathedral than a parochial church. It is of different dates. The south porch is a curious specimen of Norman. The largest portion is good Perpendicular, and was partly erected in the reign of Henry VI., after a fire, occasioned through a dispute between the monks and the townsmen, and which originated in removing the font. Leland tells us, the latter were so irritated that a *Priest* of Allhallows shot a shaft with fire into the top of the church, that divided the east part which was used by the monks from that frequented by the town. This partition, happening at the time to be *thatched* in the roof, was soon in a blaze, and nearly the whole church was consumed. The east end was quickly rebuilt. The height of the tower is 154 feet. The groining of the interior is rich and good, at the intersection of the tracery-work is dight with shields of arms, with roses and portcullises; and among the devices are the letters H.E., connected with a lover's-knot, said to be the initials of Henry VII. and his Queen. Attached to the church are four ancient chapels. In the church was buried Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet, and friend of the accomplished Earl of Surrey, 1541. (See Allington Castle, p. 259 of the present volume.) On the north side were the cloisters and domestic buildings of the Abbey, and a small portion of the refectory or dining-hall remained to our days. Here are also some parts of the Abbot's lodgings; the Abbey gateway, barn, and mill; and the Abbey-house, erected out of the ruins of the house soon after the Dissolution. The Alms-house on the south side was originally an Hospital of St. Augustine, formed *temp.* Henry VI. It has a chapel, where an ancient custom was observed till our time: every Midsummer night a garland was hung up at the door, in honour of St. John, and watched by the almsmen until next morning.

Sherborne Castle, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

There was an ancient Castle at Sherborne, which was built by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, in the reign of Henry I., and changed hands once or twice in the Civil War of Stephen and the Empress Maud.

There is an old story well known in Dorsetshire respecting this Castle, to the effect that Osmund, one of William the Conqueror's knights, who had been rewarded, among other possessions, with the Castle and Barony of Sherborne, in the decline of life resigned his

temporal honours, and resolved to dedicate himself to religion. In pursuance of this object, he obtained the Bishopric of Sarum, and gave thereto Sherborne with certain lands, annexing to the gift the following conditional curse:—"That whosoever should take those lands from the Bishopric, or diminish them in great or small, should be accursed, not only in this world but in the world to come, unless in his lifetime he made restitution thereof." Upon his death, the Castle and lands were succeeded to by the next Bishop, Roger Niger, who was dispossessed of them by King Stephen. After Stephen they came into the hands of the Montagues, all of whom it is pretended, so long as they held, were subjected to grievous disasters, insomuch that the male line became altogether extinct. About two hundred years from this time, the lands again reverted to the Church; but in the reign of Edward VI., the Castle of Sherborne was conveyed by the then Bishop of Sarum to the Duke of Somerset, who lost his head on Tower-hill. King Edward then gave the lands to Sir John Horsley, but the same Bishop alleging that he had conveyed them to the Duke, they were decreed again to the Bishopric, with which they remained until the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, who not having the fear of the ancient curse before his eyes, obtained them from the Crown. It was to expiate this offence, we are to suppose, that he ultimately lost his life. In allusion to this idle superstition, Sir John Harrington tells gravely how it happened one day that Sir Walter, riding post between Plymouth and the Court, "the Castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Ahab did upon Naboth's vineyard; and once above the rest being talking of it (of the commodiousness of the place, and of the great strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the Bishopric), suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good one) ploughed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous, and no question he was apt to consider it so."

After Raleigh had married Elizabeth Throgmorton, he retired to his Castle of Sherborne, which had belonged to the see of Salisbury, but a grant of which had been begged and obtained from the Queen. In the first instance, it had been his design to repair the Castle, but, changing his mind, he erected "a most fine house," which he "beautified with orchards, gardens, and groves of much delight, so that, whether we consider the pleasantness of the seat, the goodness of the soil, or the other delicacies belonging to it, it rests unparalleled in these parts." Raleigh had a genius for ornamental gardening. During his retirement at Sherborne, Mr. Tytler, one of his biographers,

suggests that in the gardens and groves he had planted, he composed his beautiful poem "A Description of the Country's Recreations."

Sir Walter, it will be remembered, towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, settled his Sherborne estate upon his son Walter. His enemies, ill at ease until his ruin was complete, caused the deed of conveyance to be scrutinized, and it was then referred to Sir John Popham, the Chief Justice, who gave it as his opinion, that the deed, wanting a single word, could convey nothing; yet he owned that the omission was clearly the fault of the clerk who had engrossed the document. Some time subsequently, Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset, a young Scotch favourite of James, took an opportunity of calling his Majesty's attention to the flaw in Sir Walter's conveyance, and solicited Sherborne of his royal master—and obtained it! The letter of Raleigh to Carr was, of course, of no avail. Neither was the appeal of Lady Raleigh on her knees, with her children, to James, more effectual. He only answered and reiterated, "I mun have the land; I mun have it for Carr." Elizabeth Raleigh was a woman of high spirit. There, on her knees, before King James, she prayed to God that He would punish those who had thus wrongfully exposed her and her children to ruin. That prayer was not long unanswered. For no length of time did Carr enjoy Sherborne. Committed to the Tower for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was at length released and restricted to his house in the country. There, in constant companionship with the wife, for the guilty love of whom he had become the murderer of his friend, he passed the remainder of his life, loathing the partner of his crimes, and by her as cordially detested. King James lost his pearl, Prince Henry, in 1612, while Raleigh was yet in the Tower. That most hopeful Prince, had Heaven permitted, might have averted the doom which fell upon his brother Charles, who had played false in this very matter of Sherborne, with Raleigh's son, Carew. Lady Raleigh, who survived her husband many years, lived long enough to be assured of that misguided King's impending fate.

Raleigh did not repair the Castle, which was an unpicturesque pile, but built in the fine pleasure grounds Sherborne Lodge, in which he resided; and a grove which he planted still bears his name. The Lodge subsequently became the residence of the Earl of Digby, and contains some interesting portraits.

The remains of the Castle are on a rocky eminence at the east end of the town of Sherborne; the whole area comprehends four acres, and is surrounded by a deep ditch, on the inner bank of which the foundations and fragments of the Castle walls (six or seven feet thick)

enclosing the greater ballium, or court, may be traced. The gate-tower and some portion of the buildings, in the centre of the ballium, remain. The whole place,—the Castle, the Lodge, and the Park,—is, however, fraught with reflections upon the fate of one whose “fortunes were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses. Raised to eminent station through the favour of the greatest female Sovereign of England, he perished on the scaffold through the dislike and cowardly policy of the meanest of her Kings. To crown all, his fame in letters, particularly as the author of that memorable work with which ‘his prison hours enriched the world,’ placed his name in glorious association with those of Bacon and Hooker, as it otherwise was with those of Essex and Vere, of Hawkins and Drake.”—*Macvey Napier*.

Lullworth Castle.

On an eminence in the south-east corner of an extensive park on the beautiful coast of Dorset, and commanding a fine view of the sea through an opening between the hills, is placed the Castle of Lullworth, not of any great antiquity, but supposed to be on or near the site of a Castle mentioned as far back as the year 1146. The materials for building it were brought principally from the ruins of Bindon Abbey, not far distant. The foundation was laid in the year 1588; but the building was not completed until after 1641, when it was purchased by the Weld family.

Lullworth Castle is an exact cube of eighty feet, with a round tower at each corner thirty feet in diameter, and rising sixteen feet above the walls (six feet thick), which, as well as the towers, are embattled. The principal front is on the east, and faced with Chilmark stone; the landing-place was called the Cloisters, because paved with the stones from the cloisters of Bindon Abbey.

At a short distance from the Castle is a Chapel for Roman Catholic worship, built by Mr. Weld, subsequently raised to the rank of Cardinal. This structure is circular in plan, increased by four sections of a circle, so as to form a cross, and finished with a dome and lantern. The interior is sumptuously decorated. The Castle was sometime tenanted by the late Sir Robert Peel; and when Charles X. of France was deposed in 1830, he took up his abode at Lullworth Castle through the devotion of its sympathizing proprietor. Neither is this a solitary instance of Mr. Weld's philanthropy, since he long accommodated some emigrant monks of the order of La Trappe, in the vicinity of the

site of Bindon Abbey, also his property. A visitor to this colony in 1832, describes silence as the rule of the establishment during the twenty-four hours, the exceptions being very few; one of the brethren it is said, had never been known to speak for about thirty years, in accordance with a vow, and was supposed to have become dumb. When one monk met another, the salutation was limited to "Brother, we must die;" and lest this fact should not be kept in recollection, a grave was constantly open in the cemetery at hand, the digging of which was a source of bodily exercise and recreation to the brethren, a new grave being always made when a tenant was found for that which already gaped to receive him. The order of La Trappe includes no females in its over-zealous ordinances. The only books allowed those who could read were Missals and the Bible, which were constantly in their hands. In case of sickness, the ordinary management of the *materia medica* furnished by the garden rested with such of the fraternity as were gifted in the healing art. These monks removed to the Continent about the year 1833. Lullworth Castle was visited by James I., Charles II., James II. (when Duke of York), George III. and his Queen Charlotte, and George IV. (when Prince of Wales.)

Corfe Castle.

This famous fortress, the strongest in the kingdom, and situate in the Isle, or rather peninsula, of Purbeck, to a town of which it gives name, is a very ancient foundation, esteemed of great strength in the early Saxon ages. It is nearly in the centre of the Isle, at the foot of a range of hills, on a rising ground, declining to the east. Its origin must undoubtedly be attributed to the Castle, which existed previous to the year 980; though the town itself does not appear to have attained any importance till after the Conquest, as it was wholly unnoticed in the Domesday Book. The Manor and Castle seem always to have descended together, and were often granted to princes of the blood and the favourites of our kings, yet as often reverted to the Crown by attainder or forfeiture. In the reign of Richard the Second, they were held by Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, jointly with Alicia, his wife. In the reign of Henry the Fourth, they were granted to the Beauforts, Earls of Somerset; but were taken from that family by Edward the Fourth, who bestowed them on Richard, Duke of York, and next on George, Duke of Clarence; on the attainder of the latter they reverted to the Crown. Henry the Seventh granted them to his mother,

the Countess of Richmond, for life. In the 27th year of Henry the Eighth, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which they were given to Henry, Duke of Richmond, his natural son. After his death they reverted to the Crown, and were, by Edward the Sixth, bestowed on the Duke of Somerset; whose zeal for the Reformation was undoubtedly invigorated by the numerous grants of abbey-lands made to him after the Suppression of the monasteries. On the Duke's attainder the demesne-lands of the Castle were leased for twenty-one years, on a fee-farm rent of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* In the 14th year of Elizabeth, the Castle and Manor, with the whole Isle of Purbeck, were granted to Sir Christopher Hatton, whose heirs continued possessors till the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the Manor and Castle were given by Sir William Hatton, to his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and afterwards second wife to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who sold them, in the year 1635, to Sir John Bankes, Attorney-General to Charles the First, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in whose family the property remains.

Corfe Castle stands a little north of the town, opposite to the church, on a very steep rocky hill, mingled with hard rubble chalk stone, in the opening of those ranges of hills that inclose the east part of the Isle. Its situation between the ends of those hills deprives it of much of its natural and artificial strength, being so commanded by them that they overlook the tops of the highest towers; yet its structure is so strong, the ascent of the hill on all sides but the south so steep, and the walls so massive and thick, that it must have been one of the most impregnable fortresses in the kingdom before the invention of artillery. It was of great importance in respect to its command over the whole Isle: whence our Saxon ancestors justly styled it Corf Gate, as being the pass and avenue into the best part of the Isle.

The fortress is separated from the town by a strong bridge of four very high, narrow, semicircular arches, crossing a moat of considerable depth, but now dry. This bridge leads to the gate of the first ward, which remains pretty entire, probably from the thickness of the walls, which, from the outward to the inner facing, is full nine yards. The ruins of the entrance to the second ward, and of the tower near it, are very remarkable. "The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch at the time of the demolition of the Castle, and is moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on the contrary, inclined so much that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular

position of these towers seems to have been occasioned through the foundations being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner. On the higher part of the hill stands the Keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of considerable extent to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution from its original height; the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement. The upper windows have Saxon arches, but are apparently of a later date than any other part of the building west of the Keep, the stones of which being placed *herring-bone fashion* prove it to be of the earliest style. The chapel is of a very late date, as appears from its obtuse Gothic arches; and, writes Dr. Maton, I have really an idea that almost all the changes of architecture, from the reign of Edgar to that of Henry the Seventh, may be traced in this extensive and stupendous ruin.

"We could not view without horror the dungeons which remain in some of the towers: they recalled to our memory the truly diabolical cruelty of King John, by whose order twenty-two prisoners, confined in them, were starved to death. Matthew of Paris, the historian, says, that many of those unfortunate men were among the first of the Poitevin nobility. Another instance of John's barbarous disposition was his treatment of Peter of Pontefract, a poor hermit, who was imprisoned in Corfe Castle for prophesying the deposition of that prince. Though the prophecy was in some measure fulfilled by the surrender which John made of his crown to the Pope's Legate, the year following, yet the imprudent prophet was sentenced to be dragged through the streets of Wareham, tied to horses' tails."*

The exact period when this fortress was erected is unknown, though some circumstances render it probable that it was built by King Edgar. That it did not exist previously to the year 887, or 888, the time when the Nunnery at Shaftesbury was founded, is certain, from an inquisition taken in the fifty-fourth year of Henry the Third; wherein the jurors returned, "that the Abbess and Nuns at Shaston (Shaftesbury) had, without molestation, *before the foundation of the Castle at Corfe*, all wrecks within their Manor of Kingston, in the Isle of Purbeck." Aubrey, in his *Monumenta Britannica*, observes, he was informed, that "mention was made of Corfe Castle in the reign of King Alfred; yet it seems very improbable that this should be the fact;

* Dr. Maton's *Observations*, vol. i. p. 12.

for if it had actually existed in the time of that monarch, it would surely have been more publicly known. The short reigns that succeeded would not allow time for so extensive an undertaking; but Edgar enjoyed more peace than almost any of his predecessors, was superior in wealth and power, and a great builder; he having founded, or repaired, no fewer than forty-seven monasteries." To him, then, the origin of this Castle may with the greatest probability be ascribed, as his second wife, Elfrida, resided here at the commencement of her widowhood. During this residence is said to have been committed the foul murder on King Edward, Edgar's son and successor, of which William of Malmesbury relates the ensuing particulars.

"King Edward being hunting in a forest neare the sea, upon the south-east coast of the countie of Dorset, and in the Isle of Purbecke, came neare unto a fair and stronge castell, seated on a little river called Corfe, wherein his mother-in-law, Elfrida, with her sonne, Ethelred, then lived: the King, ever beareing a kinde affection to them, beeing soe neare, would needs make knowne soe much by his personall visitation; which haveing resolved, and beeing either of purpose or by chance, singled from his followers, hee rode to the Castell gate. The Queene, who long had looked for an opportunitie, that, by makeing him awaye, shee might make waye for her own sonne to the Crowne, was glad the occasion nowe offered itselfe; and therefore, with a modest and humble behaviour, she bade him welcome, desiringe to enjoye his presence that night. But hee, haveing performed what hee purposed, and doubting his companie might find him misseing, told her that he now intended on horseback to drink to her and his brother in a cuppe of wine, and soe leave her; which beeing presented unto him, the cuppe was no sooner at his mouth, but a knife was at his back, which a servant, appointed by this treacherous woman, stroke into him. The Kinge, finding himselfe hurt, sett spurs to his horse, thinking to recover his companie; but the wounde beeing deepe, and fainting through the losse of much blood, he felle from his horse, which dragged him by one foot hanging in the stirrop, untill he was left dead at Corfe Gate, Anno Dom. 979."

Thus far Malmesbury: Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, relates the circumstances of this event in the following words:—"The first mention of this Castle in our histories, is A.D. 978, in the Saxon Annals (though some of our historians say 979 and 981), upon occasion of the barbarous murder of Edward, King of the West Saxons, son of King Edgar, committed here by his mother-in-law, Elfrith, or Elfrida, 15 cal. April, in the middle of Lent: the foulest deed, says the

Saxon annalist, ever committed by the Saxons since they landed in Britain. He was in life an earthly King; he is now, after death, a heavenly saint."

This tragical scene is thus recorded in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*: "A. 979. This year was King Edward slain, at eventide, at Corfe Gate, on the 15th before the Kalends of April, and then was buried at Wareham, without any kind of kingly honours.

There has not been 'mid Angles,
a worse deed done
than this was,
since they first
Britain-land sought.
Men him murdered,
but God him glorified.
He was in life
an earthly king;
he is now after death
a heavenly saint.
Him would not his earthly
kinsmen avenge,
but him hath his heavenly Father
greatly avenged.
The earthly murderers
would his memory

on earth blot out,
but the lofty Avenger
hath his memory
in the heavens
and on earth wide spread.
They who would not erewhile
to his living
body bow down,
they now humbly
on knees bend
to his dead bones.
Now we may understand
That men's wisdom
and their devices,
and their counsels,
are like nought
'gainst God's resolves."

"A. 980. In this year St. Dunstan and Alfre the ealdorman fetched the holy King's body, St. Edward's, from Wareham, and bore it with much solemnity to Shaftesbury."

Amid the conflicting accounts of this event, it has been remarked that the *Chronicle* simply says that Edward was killed at eventide at Corfe Gate—not at Castle Gate, but a cleft or gap in the hills, high above where Corfe Castle now stands. The romantic story is thought to have arisen from misreading the word *geate*. There was, probably, no castle there at the time.

In the reign of King Stephen, the Castle was seized by Baldwin de Rivers, Earl of Devon; and though the King afterwards endeavoured to dispossess him, his efforts were ineffectual. King John appears to have made it for some time his place of residence, as several writs, issued by him in the fifteenth and sixteenth years of his reign, are dated at Corfe. On the coronation of Henry the Third, Peter de Mauley, the Governor of the Castle, was summoned to attend the ceremony, and to bring with him the regalia "then in his custody in this Castle, where-with he had been entrusted by John." The following year he delivered up the Castle to the King, with all the military engines, ammunition, and jewels committed to his charge. Edward the Second was

removed hither from Kenilworth Castle, when a prisoner, by order of the Queen, and her favourite Mortimer. Henry the Seventh repaired the Castle for the residence of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, the Parliament having granted 2000*l.* for that purpose ; yet it does not appear that it was ever inhabited by th's Princess. It was again repaired by Sir Christopher Hatton, and most probably by Sir John Bankes, whose lady became illustrious from the gallant manner in which she defended it from the attacks of the Parliament forces, in 1643 ; the blockade and defence are admirably described in the *Story of Corfe Castle*.

In the year 1645 and 1646, the Castle was again besieged, or rather blockaded, by the Parliament forces, who obtained possession through the treachery of Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer of the garrison. When it was delivered up, the Parliament ordered it to be demolished ; and the walls and towers were undermined, and thrown down, or blown up with gunpowder. "Thus this ancient and magnificent fabric was reduced to a heap of ruins, and remains a lasting monument of the dreadful effects of anarchy, and the rage of civil war. The ruins are large, and allowed to be the noblest and grandest in the kingdom, considering the extent of the ground on which they stand. The vast fragments of the King's Tower, the round towers leaning as if ready to fall, the broken walls, and vast pieces of them tumbled down into the vale below, form such a scene of havoc and desolation, as strikes every curious spectator with horror and concern. The plenty of stone in the neighbourhood, and the excellency of the cement, harder to be broken than the stones themselves, have preserved these prodigious ruins from being embezzled and lessened."—*Hutchins*.

DEVONSHIRE.

Exeter Castle.

Exeter is supposed to have been a settlement of the Britons before the Roman invasion. It was then called *Caer-Isc*, and *Caer-Rydb*; the former derived from its situation on the Exe or Isc, the latter from the red soil on which the Castle is built. From the number of coins, small bronze statues (Penates), tessellated pavements, and other Roman antiquities discovered near the walls and in the neighbourhood of the city, Exeter must have been a Roman station of some importance. In the reign of Alfred it had acquired the name of *Exan-Cestre* (Castle on the Exe), whence its present name. In the reign of King Stephen, Baldwin Rivers, Earl of Devon, fortified Exeter on behalf of the Empress Maude, and did not yield till reduced by famine, after a long siege. It was besieged in the twelfth year of the reign of Henry VII. by Perkin Warbeck, and again by the rabble of Devonshire and Cornwall in 1549.

The city of Exeter was formerly surrounded by walls and strongly fortified. Leland says of it:—"The toune is a good mile and more in compasse, and is right strongly waulled and maintained. There be diverse faire towers in the toune waul betwyxt the south and west gate." Situated on a high eminence, north of the town, are the remains of the Castle, called Rougemont. When this fortress was first erected is unknown; but it was either rebuilt or much repaired by William the Conqueror, who bestowed it on Baldwin de Brionno, husband of Albrina, his niece, in the possession of whose descendants it remained till the fourteenth year of the reign of Henry III., who then took it into his own hands. It was completely dismantled during the Civil War, and has never since been rebuilt. To the north of the Castle is a delightful walk, shaded by fine old elm-trees, called Northernay.

In January, 1554-5, Sir Peter and Sir Gawen Carew, Sir Thomas Dennis, and others, being up in arms to oppose King Philip coming to England to wed our Queen Mary, are said to have taken possession of the city and Castle of Exeter.

Tavistock Abbey.

Tavistock, on the Tavy, had its origin from a magnificent Abbey for the order of St. Augustine, in the tenth century. Orgarius, Earl of Devonshire, whose daughter, Elfrida, is so well known to the readers of English history, may be considered as the original founder, though some ascribe it wholly to his son Ordulph. Orgarius, the tradition goes, being admonished in a dream, began at Tavistock, A.D. 961, a splendid Abbey, which he dedicated to St. Mary, but did not live to complete it. It was, however, finished in 981 by Ordulph, his son, and endowed by him and his lady with many manors, that of Tavistock included. Ordulph was nephew to King Etheldred, and is said to have been of such gigantic stature and herculean strength, that he could break the bars of gates, and stride across a river of ten feet wide. Some huge bones, said to be those of Ordulph, are still preserved in Tavistock Church. Amongst other benefactors, King Etheldred was a considerable one to his nephew's establishment, and the institution became very wealthy and flourishing. The Danes, in the year 997, sailing round the Land's End, entered the mouth of the Tamar, and proceeding a considerable distance up that river, marched to Tavistock; where, after having spoiled the Monastery they burnt it to the ground, and carried off the plunder to their ships.

The Abbey was shortly after this devastation rebuilt, and soon became more flourishing than ever, additional grants and immunities having been given by various persons. Leving, or Living, Bishop of Worcester, is mentioned by Speed as "a special benefactor." Henry I. (1100-1135) granted to the Abbot the jurisdiction and whole hundred of Tavistock, together with the privilege of a weekly market, and a fair once a year for three days. Soon after its re-establishment, a school for the study of Saxon, which had grown greatly into disuse, was founded; "and," says Camden, "continued down to the last age, lest (that which hath almost now happened) the knowledge of it should be quite lost." In the succession of the Abbots several were learned men, and soon after the introduction of the art of printing into England, there was established in the Abbey a press, from which many books were issued, and amongst the rest a Saxon grammar. Richard Barham, the thirty-fifth Abbot, obtained from Henry VIII., in 1513, the privilege of sitting in the House of Peers; or, in other words, became a mitred abbot. This he probably gained by purchase, in order to be revenged on Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, with whom

he had great disputes, and finally caused to be excommunicated. In 1539, John Peryn, the thirty-sixth and last Abbot, surrendered his Monastery on being allowed the sum of 100*l.* per annum for life. The lands were granted by Henry VIII. to John Lord Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is now owner of its site and ruins. The revenues of the Abbey were valued at the Suppression at the yearly rent of 902*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*; but it must be observed that the Abbots and Priors foreseeing the impending storm, set the yearly rents very low, and the fines very high, that they might have a sufficient support if expelled their houses.

The following, extracted from Risdon, relates a circumstance whereby a considerable addition was made to the possessions of the Abbey. "It is left us by tradition," says he, "that one Childe, of Plimstocke, a man of faire possessions, havinge noe issue, ordained, that whereever he shoulde happen to be buried, to that church he lands should belong. It so fortun'd that he, ridinge to hunt in the forest of Dartmoor, casually lost his companie, and his waye; likewise the season beinge so colde and he so benumbed therewith, that he was enforced to kill his horse, and havinge so killed him, to creepe into his bellye to gett heat; which not beinge able to preserve him, he was there frozen to deathe; and so founde, was carried by Tavystokemen to be buried in the church of the Abbye; which was not so secretlye done, but the inhabitants got knowledge thereof; which to prevent, they resorted to hinder the carrynge of the corpse on the bridge, where they concluded necessitye compelled them to passe. But they were deceived by a guile. For the Tavystokemen forthwith builded a slyghte bridge, and passed on at another place without resistance, buried the bodye, and enjoyed the lands. In memorye whereof, the bridge beareth the name of Gylebridge to this daye." Neither this bridge nor the Abbey Church are now in existence, although there are still some remains of the institution; among these are part of the walls, the refectory, the still-house, Ordulph's tomb, and a small gateway. Not far from Tavistock is the Abbots' hunting-seat, which, from its capaciousness and other visible marks of its former grandeur, displays the sumptuous manner in which these dignitaries lived.

It is recorded that a printing-press set up in Tavistock Abbey was the second set up in this country; its productions are now extremely rare.

Berry Pomeroy Castle.

The parish of Berry Pomeroy, near the river Dart, about two miles from Totness, is named as follows:—Barry, or more properly Berry, signifies a walled town, and the addition of Pomeroy is from the family which, for many centuries, held possession of the manor. This family was descended from Ralph de Pomerat, one of the followers of William the Conqueror, who gave him not only the manor of Berry, but many other lordships and estates in the county. This person built a Castle here, and made it the seat of a barony or honour. The family of the Pomeroy's continued to reside here and hold the chief rank in this part of the country until the reign of Edward VI., when the manor of Berry came, by forfeiture, cession, or sale, it is not agreed which, from the hands of Sir Thomas Pomeroy to the Protector Somerset, one of whose descendants, Sir Edward Somerset, second Baronet, in the latter part of his life, lived in retirement at the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, upon which he is said to have expended upwards of 20,000*l.* His eldest son, Sir Edward, sat for Devon in the last two Parliaments of Charles I., by adhering to whom Sir Edward had his Castle plundered and burnt to the ground. A mansion was then built on the brow of a steep hill, and has since remained with Sir Edward's descendants. The Duke of Somerset is impropiator of the great tithes, which formerly belonged to the Priory of Merton, in Surrey. Prince, the author of *The Worthies of Devon*, was Vicar of Berry Pomeroy; in the parish church are some handsome monuments of the Seymour family.

The magnificent ruins of the Castle erected by the Pomeroy's are seated upon a rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from a narrow valley, through which winds a small stream of water. Being overhung by the branches of trees and shrubs, and incrustated with moss and mantled by ivy, the ruins form, in combination with the other features of the scene, one of the most striking and picturesque objects in the county. The great gate, with the walls of the south front, the north wing of the court, or quadrangle, some apartments on the west side, and a few turrets, are all that now remains of this Castle, which suffered most severely in the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I. According to tradition, the town of Berry Pomeroy was destroyed by lightning.



Lydford Castle.

Lydford, situated about seven miles north of Tavistock, though now a village of rude cottages, was once a place of importance. Here Ethelred had a Mint; and at the accession of King William I. it had as many as one hundred and forty burgesses. Some remains of its ancient state may still be seen in a square tower, or Keep, of a Castle, which was formerly used as a court and a prison, where those criminals were tried and confined who offended against the Stannary Laws. The law of Lydford is a proverbial phrase, expressive of too hasty judgment; as where the judge condemns first and hears the cause afterwards. Ray gives it thus:—

"First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford law."

It is jocularly accounted for by the bad state of the Castle, where imprisonment was worse than death, by William Browne, a poet of some eminence in his day, born at Tavistock in the year 1520; and who, being anxious for the reputation of his county, attempts to show that the above summary method of procedure originated from merciful motives:—

"I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wondered at it much;
But since I find the reason such
As it deserves no laughter.

"They have a Castle on a hill;
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vanes blown off by weather.
To lie therein one night, 'tis guessed
'Twere better to be stoned and pressed,
Or hanged, now choose you whether.

"Ten men less room within this cave
Than five mice in a lantern have.
The keepers they are sly ones,
If any could devise by art
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

"When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford, when I saw all;
I know none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Than tarry for a trial."

Lydford has, too, its romantic waterfall and bridge; the latter in situation resembling the celebrated Devil's Bridge, in Wales. It

consists of one rude arch thrown across a rocky chasm which sinks nearly eighty feet from the level of the road. At the bottom of this channel, the small river Lyd is heard rattling through its contracted course. At a little distance below the bridge, "the fissure gradually spreads its rocky jaws; and instead of the dark precipices which have hitherto overhung and obscured the struggling river, it now emerges into day, and rolls its murmuring current through the winding valley, confined within magnificent banks, darkened with woods, which swell into bold promontories, or fall back into sweeping ranges, till they are lost to the eye in distance. Thickly shaded by trees, which shoot out from the sides of the chasm, the scene at Lydford Bridge is not so terrific as it would have been had a little more light been let in upon the abyss, just sufficient to produce a darkness visible. As it is, however, the chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering; nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the terrific anecdotes connected with the spot."

Scenes of this description frequently give rise to marvellous stories; and Lydford Bridge has its tales of terror. It is related, that a London rider was benighted on his road, in a heavy storm, and wishing to get to some place of shelter, spurred his horse forward with more than common speed. The tempest had been tremendous during the night, and next morning the rider was informed that Lydford Bridge had been swept away with the current. He shuddered at his narrow escape, his horse having cleared the chasm by a great sudden leap in the middle of his course, though the occasion of his making it at the time was unknown. Two or three persons have chosen this spot for self-destruction, and in a moment of desperation have dashed themselves from the bridge into the murky chasm.

Compton Castle.

Compton Castle, on the south-east coast of Devon, and about two miles from Torbay, was, in the reign of Henry II., the property and residence of Sir Maurice de Pole. Afterwards the Lady Alice Pole bestowed it on Peter, surnamed *de Compton*, whose descendants continued owners for seven generations, when it was conveyed to the co-heiresses of the Gilbert family. Towards the close of the last century the estate was purchased of the Templers, of Stover Lodge; but on its being sold in parcels, about the year 1808, the old castellated mansion of the Comptons was converted into a farm-house.

Compton Castle is almost unique as a specimen of the early fortified mansion, and dates from the period of Edward III. Though the greater portion of the mansion lies in ruins, and the other portion has been much altered, yet the remains are not deficient in interest. The buildings, constructed of the native limestone, are very massive. The chapel is vaulted; and it is remarkable that the eastern window is the only ancient part of the fortress left unprotected by the extraordinary contrivance of a walled screen-work (or machicolation) erected upon corbels. It was probably considered that, as the chapel formed a distinct and independent mass, the penetration so far would not endanger the security of the fortress. There appeared in the *Graphic and Historical Illustrator* in 1834, the following stanzas on these castellated remains:—

- “ Record of other men and days,
The Autumn leaf around thee falls;
The wailing breeze of Autumn strays
Amid thy ruin'd walls!
A loftier pile I oft have seen,
With stately front, and hoary towers;
But not more pensively, I ween,
Through spacious hall, and fretted bowers,
I've slowly paced, than pace I here,
Taught wisdom by the waning year.
- “ To distant times I backward glance,
In dreaming reverie, and see
The warrior, laid aside his lance,
The palmer, and the maiden free,
Of guileless heart—and courteous dame,
Of matron look, and minstrel old,
With lays of love and martial fame,
Assembled in thy lordly hold;
While brightly blaz'd the hearth, and song
Chas'd nights of wintry gloom along.
- “ Or o'er thy ample park the deer
Fly swift before the baying hound—
Or falcon, 'mid the azure clear,
Strike her fleet quarry to the ground:
Or vassals, at the trumpet's call,
In mustering speed—a fearless band,
March forth, to conquer or to fall,
Beneath their haughty chief's command:
While many a gentle heart, in fear,
'Throbb'd the departing clang to hear.
- “ And now dismantled—prostrate all
Thy former might, there scarce remains
Enough of what thou wert, to call
Thy bulwarks and thy wide domains
Back to the musing mind; and e'en
Tradition's voice, all hush'd and still,

Restores not to the changeful scene,
 From the sepulchre, dark and chill,
 The names, the exploits of the dead,
 Ere thy brief day of pride had fled.

“ The peasant finds in thee a home,
 The rustic shed beside thee stands;
 Thy ancient dwellers, like the foam
 That sinks beneath the ocean sands,
 Have perish'd, and have left no trace
 Of what they would have been, or were;
 Forgotten in their natal place
 Their virtues, and their lineage fair:
 Forgotten too, perchance, the crime,
 That stain'd the annals of their time!

“ To twilight bat, to midnight owl,
 A dwelling place for many a year,
 As stormy clouds above thee scowl,
 Methinks the doom of all I hear!
 The loves, the joys, the hopes, the fears,
 The pride, the pomp, of living man
 (E'en as thy glory disappears),
 Shall perish with his fleeting span:
 While mute, unhonour'd, and forgot,
 Another race shall know him not.

“ Sad is the lesson: but more wise
 By sadness made, may it be mine
 To seek a mansion in the skies,
 Where changeless suns for ever shine!
 Though low my lot—my path unknown
 To monarch's gaze—no trump of fame
 To sound above my funeral-stone
 The transient honours of a name;
 Mine be the hopes of endless day,
 When worlds themselves have pass'd away!”

Combe Marten Celebrities.

Little Hangman Hill, in this place, derives its name from the Hanging Stone, a boundary-mark, so called “from a thief, who, having stolen a sheep and tied it about his neck, to carry it on his back, rested himself for a time on this stone, until the sheep, struggling, slid over the side and strangled the man.”

Combe Martin is commonly known as the Pack of Cards, and bearing no fanciful resemblance to one of those unstable piles built by children. The long irregular village lies in a valley opening to a rocky picturesque bay, and in the reign of Henry II. belonged to Martyn de Tours, a Norman baron, after whom it was called. It is well known for its silver lead mines, which have been worked at intervals from the

reign of Edward I. Camden informs us that they partly defrayed the expense of the French war in the reign of Edward III., and that Henry V. also made good use of them in his invasion of France. From that period they seem to have been neglected until the reign of Elizabeth, when a new lode was discovered and worked with great profit by Sir Beavis Bulmer, Knight, as appears by the following quaint inscription on a silver cup presented by the Queen to William Bouchier, Earl of Bath, when lord of the manor:—

“ When water workes in broken wharfes
 At first erected were,
 And Beavis Bulmer with his arte
 The waters 'gan to reare,
 Disperced I in the earth did lye,
 Since all beginninge olde,
 In place called Coombe, where Martyn longe
 Had hydd me in his molde.
 I dydd no service on the earth,
 And no man set me free,
 Till Bulmer, by his skille and charge,
 Did frame mee this to bee.”

Another cup, weighing 137 ounces, and, like the former, made of Combe Marten silver, was presented by Elizabeth to Sir R. Martin, Lord Mayor of London. It bore an appropriate inscription, beginning thus:—

“ In Martyn's Coombe long lay I hydd,
 Obscured, deprest with grossest soyle,
 Debased much with mixed lead,
 Till Bulmer came, whose skille and toyle
 Refined me so pure and cleane,
 As rycher no where els is scene.”

Totness Castle.

The ancient town of Totness “from the margin of the river Dart climbs the steep acclivity of a hill, and stretches itself along its brow, commanding a view of the winding stream, and of the country in its vicinity, but sheltered at the same time by higher hills on every side.” It was anciently called “Dodonesse,” *i.e.*, rocky town; its present name being probably derived from the Saxon *tot*, *toten*, to project, as in Tothill, Tottenham. In early times it was situated upon a Roman road which ran from Exeter to the Tamar by Ugbrooke, Newton Abbot, Totness, and Boringdon Park; and its antiquity is shown by the old historic tradition, which here places the landing of Brutus of Troy.

It is one of the oldest boroughs in the county, and there are fragments remaining of the walls with which it was formerly surrounded.

The Castle of Totness stands on the summit of the hill, and is said to have been built by Junel de Totenais, a Norman baron, on whom the manor was bestowed at the Conquest. The Keep is the only part now remaining. It is circular in form, and a ruin of crumbling red stones, thickly mantled with ivy.

Buckfastleigh, and its Abbey.

The tradition common to churches on high ground belongs to that of Buckfastleigh, a large village, encompassed by steep hills. It is added that the Devil obstructed the builders by removing the stones, and a large block bearing the mark of the "enemy's" finger and thumb is pointed out on a farm about a mile distant. The churchyard is darkened by black marble tombstones, and contains the ivied fragment of an old building, within which two grassy mounds mark the burial-place of Admiral Thomas White, R.N., and of his wife, late of Buckfast Abbey.

The ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Buckfastleigh, supposed to have been founded in the reign of Henry II. by one of the Pomeroyes (but on the site of a Benedictine house of Saxon antiquity), are situated north of the village, on the right bank of the Dart. The remains of this Abbey are, however, inconsiderable, consisting of little more than an ivied tower close to the present mansion of Buckfast Abbey, and the tithe barn, a building about 100 feet long, at the Grange. A part of the Abbey site is occupied by a large woollen factory. The woollen trade at this place is probably of great antiquity. The Cistercians were all wooltraders; and a green path over the moors towards Plymouth, known to this day as the "Abbot's Way," is said to have been a "post road" for the conveyance of the wool of the community. On the other side of Buckfastleigh is a wooded hill, called the "Lover's Coomb," commanding the Totness road; and about two miles from the town is Hembury Castle, an oblong encampment of about seven acres, attributed to the Danes.

From Buckfastleigh, on the southern slopes of Dartmoor, is the Vale of Dean-Burn. Polwhele remarks: "It unites the terrible and graceful in so striking a manner, that to enter this recess hath the effect of enchantment." Half way up the glen are some picturesque waterfalls. Dean Prior, once belonging to the Priory of Plympton, was the

native parish of Herrick the poet, who wrote most of his *Hesperides* there; he is buried in the churchyard. — *Abridged from Murray's Handbook for Cornwall and Devon.*

Torrington and Appledore.

The pleasantly situated town of Torrington, near North Molton, is an ancient place, containing fragments of a Castle which is said to have been founded by Richard de Merton in the reign of Edward III. The site is now a bowling-green, and commands a fine view. Editha, the mother of Harold, was endowed with lands of this tything; and during the Rebellion stirring incidents occurred in the town and on the adjacent hills. In 1643 a body of rebels advanced from Bideford to attack Colonel Digby, who had marched upon Torrington to cut off the communication between the North of Devon and Plymouth. No sooner, however, were they met by a few of the Royalist troopers than they "routed themselves," to quote Clarendon's words, and were pursued with much slaughter. The consequences of this action were the immediate surrender of the fort of Appledore, and subsequently, of the towns of Barnstaple and Bideford. "The fugitives," says Clarendon, "spread themselves over the country, bearing frightful marks of the fray, and telling strange stories of the horror and fear which had seized them, although nobody had seen above six of the enemy that charged them." In 1646 the townspeople were witness to a far more fatal engagement, when Fairfax came suddenly by night upon the quarters of Lord Hopton. The action which ensued was furious but decisive, and the Royalists were totally defeated. Upon this occasion the church, together with 200 prisoners and those who guarded them, were blown into the air by the explosion of about 80 barrels of gunpowder. The capture of Torrington was the death-blow of the King's cause in the west. In 1660, the celebrated General Monk was created Earl of Torrington. In 1669, the town gave the title of Earl to Admiral Herbert; and, in 1720, of Viscount to Sir George Byng. The Monks were seated for many generations near Merton, a village between Torrington and Hatherleigh; but their mansion, sumptuously rebuilt about 1670 by General Monk, when Duke of Albemarle (he was born at Merton), was pulled down in the last century.

Appledore, a village near Bideford, is interesting for its antiquity, and for a legend of the renowned Danish warrior Hubba, who is said to have landed near this village, in the reign of Alfred, from a fleet of

thirty-three ships, and to have laid siege to a neighbouring Castle called Kenwith, the site of which is now only surmised to be a hill called Henny Castle (near Kenwith Lodge, Dr. Heywood's), north-west of Bideford. The strength of this place, however, proved too great for its assailants. Hubba was slain under its walls, and his followers driven with slaughter to the shore. At one spot, it is said, they rallied, and so checked their pursuers as to be enabled to regain their ships; and a field by the roadside, near the village of Northam, is to this day pointed out as the place where they turned, and has been known from time immemorial as the "Bloody Corner." In this fight the so-called Raven banner was taken by the Saxons. It was a black bird, probably a stuffed specimen of the raven, which hung quiet when defeat was at hand, but clapped its wings before victory. Hubba, we are told, was buried on the shore, and the name of "Hubblestone" would seem to mark the locality.—*Abridged from Murray's Handbook for Cornwall and Devon.*

Dartmouth Castle.

Dartmouth by its present name first occurs in a charter granted by Henry III. to Edward de Gloucester in 1226. The town was first incorporated under the title of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness in the reign of Edward III., 1342, at which time it was evidently a port of great consequence, as it furnished no less than thirty-one ships to the fleet intended for the siege of Calais, a larger quota than was supplied by any other town in the kingdom, excepting Fowey and Yarmouth. Chaucer has taken his "shipman" from Dartmouth, and contemporary with the poet, there were merchants at this place so wealthy, and possessed of so many ships, that it was said of one Hawley—

" Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's hoe."

It is said that a fleet of crusaders, under Cœur de Lion, assembled in Dartmouth harbour in 1190. In 1347, the town contributed a large quota to the armament of King Edward. In 1377 it was destroyed by the French, who in that year swept our shores from the Isle of Wight to Plymouth. In 1403 it returned the visit of the Frenchmen, when, Du Chastel having a second time destroyed Plymouth, Dartmouth combined with that town in ravaging the coast of France, burning and sinking forty of the enemy's ships. In 1404, the French in their turn sought revenge. Du Chastel again descended on Dartmouth, but

the expedition this time was so roughly received as to be compelled to draw off with the loss of 400 killed and 200 prisoners, including Du Chastel himself. In the wars of the Roses, the Lancastrian party used Dartmouth as their port. In the Great Rebellion the town declared for the Parliament; and in 1643 was taken by Prince Maurice, after a siege of a month. The Royalists, however, after an interval of three years, were attacked by Fairfax, who carried the place by storm in Jan., 1646. Upon this occasion upwards of 100 pieces of ordnance were captured; and the many old towers and forts, now in ruins, on the shore or the heights of Dartmouth, show the formidable number of the works with which the general had to contend.

Dartmouth Castle, a picturesque building situated at the extreme point of the wooded promontory which bounds the entrance of the harbour, consists of a square and a round tower, the latter of which is the elder, and supposed to date from the reign of Henry VII. Adjoining this building are three platforms of guns, the little church of St. Petrox (containing an armorial gallery and a brass), and the ruins of a more ancient castle, the whole being enclosed by a wall and ditch. The hill, which rises behind to the height of 300 ft., is crowned by the remains of another fort, which is mentioned by Fairfax in his despatch to the Parliament under the name of "Gallant's Bower." The round tower of the Castle is now a magazine, but formerly no doubt received the iron chain which was stretched as a defence across the mouth of the harbour, and was here drawn tight by a capstan. That this was its use has been made apparent by the discovery of Mr. Holdsworth, in the wall of the ground floor, of a large wooden bolster or roller, which was evidently intended to ease the chain as it passed through the wall. Should the stranger be incredulous and require farther proof, he can examine, on a visit to the opposite shore, a groove in the rock, also discovered by Mr. Holdsworth, which as clearly was scooped out for the reception of the chain. This excellent *précis* is from *Murray's Handbook for Cornwall and Devon*.

CORNWALL.

Mount St. Michael.

"Mountain, the curious Muse might love to gaze
 On the dim record of thy early days;
 Oft fancying that she heard, like the low blast,
 The sound of mighty generations past.
 Here the Phœnician, as remote he sailed
 Along the unknown coast, exulting hailed;
 And when he saw thy rocky point aspire,
 Thought on his native shores, of Aradus or Tyre.
 Thou only, aged mountain, dost remain!
 Stern monument, amidst the deluged plain,
 And fruitless the big waves thy bulwarks beat,
 The big waves slow retire, and murmur at thy feet."

Bowles.

This beautiful and romantic spot is situated on the southern coast of Cornwall, immediately opposite the little market town of Marazion, and about three miles and a half from Penzance. The Mount itself is about 231 feet above the level of the sea, exclusive of the buildings with which it is crowned. Its magnitude is seen in the most impressive point of view from its base, for when observed from a distance, its form appears trifling, amidst the vast expanse of waters with which it is surrounded.

A narrow neck of land, little more than a quarter of a mile in length, connects it with the main land: this natural causeway is passable at low water to foot passengers and carriages, but at high tide is completely covered by the sea. The Mount is supposed by some writers to have been originally surrounded by a dense forest, which idea is strengthened by the remains of trees having been discovered in its neighbourhood, at the time of an extraordinary high tide, as Borlase, the historian of Cornwall, relates, and also from its Cornish name, *Carakb-ludgh en luz* (The Grey Rock in the wood).

It is supposed to be the island called *Ictis* by Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient authors, from which the Gauls and other nations of the Continent fetched the tin, which Cornwall was known to produce, even in those early ages. As far back as 1070, we find it the site of a priory of Benedictine monks. After the Norman Conquest, it was

bestowed upon Robert, Earl of Mortaigne, who made it a cell (chapel) to the Abbey of St. Michael, in Normandy.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the alien priories were suppressed, an exception was made in favour of St. Michael, on condition of the same tribute being paid to the English Crown as was formerly remitted to its parent abbey.

The Mount is said to have been regarded with religious reverence as early as the fifth century. In the dark ages it was much resorted to as a place of pilgrimage. It was regarded, also, as a stronghold, and a Castle was built upon it.

It was occasionally occupied, at early periods of our history, as a military station. During the captivity of Richard Cœur de Lion in Austria, it was seized by Hugh de la Pomeroy, who expelled the monks, and fortified the place, for the purpose of favouring the meditated usurpation of the throne by Prince John. On the return of the King, Pomeroy, dreading his vengeance, fled hither from the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, and, after bequeathing a large portion of his lands to the monks, caused himself to be bled to death, after which the Priory was surrendered to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the Wars of the Roses, a short time after the discomfiture of Henry VI. at Barnet, John, Earl of Oxford, arrived here by sea, and having disguised himself and some of his adherents in pilgrims' habits, obtained entrance, overpowered the garrison, and held the place against the forces of King Edward, until he obtained honourable terms of capitulation. The Yorkists besieged the place for several months. Perkin Warbeck had possession of the Castle for awhile, and left his wife here as in a place of security. Upon the suppression of the Monastery, the Mount was given to Humphrey Arundell, of Lanherne; and when he placed himself at the head of the Cornish insurgents in 1549, the possession of this stronghold was obstinately contested. In the Civil War, in the time of Charles I., the Mount was held for the Royalists by Sir Francis Bassett, but was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1646.

In Leland's time there were houses at the foot of the Mount, with shops for fishermen; but, before 1700, the place was reduced to one cottage, inhabited by a widow. In 1726-27, Sir John St. Aubyn rebuilt the pier, from which the place increased. The ascent of the Mount is steep, and is defended by two small batteries: on the summit are the remains of the monastic buildings, which have been converted into a dwelling-house. Formerly the inhabitants had no other water than rain-water, collected in drains; but on sinking a well, a fine spring

was found, at the depth of 37 feet. Specimens of tin ore are said to be plentiful all over the Mount, which is principally composed of granite. Human bones are frequently dug up wherever the soil was deep enough to allow of interment.

At the present time the monastic remains are occupied as a country seat; and, although the rooms are very small, yet its delightful situation renders it a desirable residence during the summer months. The dining-room was formerly the refectory of the Convent, and contains a curiously-carved frieze, representing hunting subjects. It was formerly famous for a fine peal of bells, which have now entirely disappeared.

At one of the angles of the tower at the Mount is to be seen the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, during the fishing season, and in dark, tempestuous nights, it may reasonably be supposed that the monks, to whom the tithe of such fishery belonged, kept a light as a guide to sailors, and a safeguard to their own property. This lantern is now vulgarly denominated St. Michael's Chair, since it will just admit one person to sit down in it: the attempt is not without danger; for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it; notwithstanding the danger, however, it is often attempted; indeed, one of the first questions generally put to a stranger, if married, after he has visited the Mount, is—Did you sit in the chair?—for there is a conceit, that if a married woman has sufficient resolution to place herself in it, it will at once invest her with all the regalia of petticoat government; and that if a married man sit in it, he will thereby receive ample powers for the management of his wife. This is probably a remnant of monkish fable, a supposed virtue conferred by some saint, perhaps a legacy of St. Keyne, for the same virtue is attributed to her well:

“The person of that man or wife
Whose chance or choice attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.”

Tintagel Castle.

Bossiney is situated on a wild bleak part of the northern coast of Cornwall, and appears formerly to have been a place of some importance. Leland speaks of it as having “beene a bygge thing of a

fischar-towne, and having great advanttages graunted unto it. A man may see there the ruines of a greate number of houses."

Near this place is the Castle of Tintagel, supposed to have been the birthplace of the famous King Arthur. Built on a high rock that juts out into the sea, by which it is nearly surrounded, this fortress must have been a place of considerable strength. Both Norden and Carew speak of it as almost inaccessible; and Leland calls it "a marvellous strong and notable fortress, and almost *situ loci inexpugnabile*." In his time a chapel seems to have occupied part of the site of the Keep, which he calls the dungeon of St. Ulette, *alias* Ulianne.

The Church of Tintagel is supposed by the author of the *Magna Britannia* to have been appropriated to the Abbey and Convent of Fontevault, in Normandy, and that having passed in the same manner as Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, it was given by Edward IV. to the collegiate church of Windsor; the dean and chapter are the patrons.

King Arthur's Castle and King Arthur's Cliffs have of late years been much frequented by painters and *littérateurs*, and the artistic tastes of the vicar of the parish have led to much kindly intercourse between him and the visitors to the place. An effort on his part to restore his ancient church has called forth contributions from several artists, who have specially charged themselves with the care of the north, or, as it will be henceforth named, the Painters' Transept.

Memorials of King Arthur in Cornwall.

Our island abounds with sites associated with the fame of this celebrated British chief; two of which are in Cornwall, where Arthur closed his chivalric career.

First is Slaughter Bridge, so called from its having been the scene of two desperate battles—one between King Arthur and his nephew Mordred, in 542; and the other between the Britons and Saxons, in 823. It lies about one mile north of Camelford, on the river Camel, and three miles east of King Arthur's Castle, and St. Knighton's Kieve, at Tintagel. Here, tradition says, Arthur was mortally wounded by Mordred; and a little further on, where a bridge of flat stones is placed upon uprights across the stream, the bloodiest scene of the battle is said to have occurred. From this circumstance it has come down to us as "Slaughter Bridge."

At about 150 yards north-east, on the same river (Camel), tradition points to a spot as King Arthur's grave, where temporarily his remains

were deposited, and removed hence to Glastonbury for interment. Mr. Davies Gilbert, in his *History of Cornwall*, says of this locality:—"At the head of this river, Alan or Camel (from Cabmalan, the crooked river), is a little village, formerly Kambton, in the opinion of Leland, who tells us that Arthur, the British Hector, was slain here; for, as he adds, pieces of armour, rings, and brass furniture for horses are sometimes dugged up here by the countrymen; and after so many ages, the tradition of a bloody victory in this place is still preserved. There are also extant some verses of a Middle-Age poet about the Camel running with blood after the battle of Arthur against Mordred. The following are the lines alluded to:—

"The river Camel wonders that
His fountaines nature showes
So strange a change the bloody streame
Of swelling ouerflowes.
His both side banks, and to the sea
The slaughtered bodies beares;
Full many swimme, and sue for ayde
While wave their life outweires.

"In the meantime, not to deny the truth of this story concerning Arthur, I have read in 'Marianus,' mentioned also in the *Saxon Chronicle*, of a bloody battle here between the Britons and Saxons, in the year 820, so that the place may seem to be sacred to Mars; and if it be true that Arthur was killed here, the same shore both gave him his first breath and deprived him of his last. Harrison also saith 'that to this day men that do eare (till) the ground there do oft plough up bones of a large size, and great store of armour; or else it may be (as I rather conjecture) that the Romans had some field or *centra* thereabout, for not long since (and in the remembrance of men) a brass pot full of Roman coins was found there, as I have often heard.' Carew, another historian of Cornwall, writes: 'Upon the river Camel, neare to Camel-ford, was the last dismal battel strooken between the noble King Arthur and his treacherous nephew Mordred, where the one took his death and the other his death's wound. For testimony whereof the olde folke thereabout will show you a stone, bearing Arthur's name, though now depraved to Atry.'"

Bodmin, and its Monasteries.

Bodmin, or Bodman, in Cornish Bosuennar, or Bosuenna, "The Houses on the Hill," and in some of the ancient charters called Bosnana and Bodminian, "the Abode of the Monks," owes its origin to the circumstance of St. Petroc having taken up his abode in the valley

occupied by the present town, about the year 520. That saint, to whom St. Guron, a solitary recluse, had resigned his hermitage, greatly enlarged it for the residence of himself and three other devout men, who accompanied him with the intention of leading a monastic life, according to the rules of St. Benedict. St. Petroc, who died about the middle of the sixth century, was buried here; and, according to William of Worcester and Leland, his shrine was preserved in a small chapel to the east of Bodmin Church. The hermitage was inhabited by Benedictine monks till 936, when King Athelstane founded a Priory near the site of the old hermitage. This Monastery soon fell into disuse, and its large possessions were seized by Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall; and after the death of his son William, they became the property of the Crown. Having passed through various hands, and been alternately inhabited by Benedictine and St. Augustine monks, nuns, and secular priests, the Monastery was granted to one Algar, who, with the licence of William Warlowast, Bishop of Exeter, refounded the Monastery in 1125, and filled it with Austin canons, who continued in it till the Dissolution. The last Prior was Thomas Vivian, *alias* Wannyworth: an award in his time shows that the Convent received considerable benefit from the tin works in the neighbourhood. Among other privileges, the Prior held a market and a fair, and possessed a pillory, gallows, &c.; from the latter of which it may be inferred that he had the power of inflicting capital punishment.

The site of the Monastery, with its large demesnes, was granted to Thomas Sternhold, one of the first translators into English metre of the Psalms of David, and was subsequently purchased by some of the Rashleigh family. Some antiquaries have supposed that Bodmin was the primary seat of the Bishop of Cornwall, who resided here from 905 till 981, when the town and church having been burned and sacked by the Danes, they removed to St. Germans. But Whitaker has shown that the see was founded as early as 614, and that St. Germans was made the original seat of it; though he asserts, on the authority of a grant from King Ethelred, that the Monastery of Bodmin was annexed to St. Germans, and that both these places continued to give a title to future prelates until the annexation of the bishopric of Cornwall to that of Crediton, in Devon, in 1031, about twenty years after which time Exeter was made the head of the diocese. The same writer also states that it was another religious house, dedicated to St. Petroc, at Padstow, that was burnt by the Danes. An imperfect impression of the Abbey seal is attached to the surrender in the Augmentation Office. In its area the Virgin and Infant Jesus and St. Petroc

are represented under canopies of Gothic tracery, with the words, "S. Maria et S. Petroc," below them. The word Bodmyn is all that is left of the legend which went round.

Some centuries ago, Bodmin must have been a place of considerable extent, for we find that in 1351 no less than 1500 persons died of the pestilence. William of Worcester, who visited Cornwall in the reign of Edward IV., speaks of this as recorded in the registry of the friars; and he adds that during the same year there died in various parts of the world 13,883 persons of the order of friars.

In the vicinity of Bodmin is Halagaver Moor, where a low kind of festival called Bodmin Riding, was formerly held. A mayor was elected, before whom was brought some person, "charged with wearing one spur, or wanting a girdle, and some such like felony, and after he hath been arrayned and tried with all requisite circumstances, judgment is given in formal terms, and executed in some ungracious prank, more to the skorne than hurt of the party condemned. Hence is sprung the proverb, when we see a man slovenly dressed, 'He shall be presented in Halagaver Court.'" It is said that Charles I. once rode to Halagaver Court. Out of this arose the custom of a large body of the populace assembling on some particular day in July, and marching to Halagaver, some on horseback and some on foot, carrying garlands of flowers.

Near Bodmin is the celebrated Scarlet's Well, which was supposed to have the miraculous power of curing all diseases. "Its fame," says Carew, "grew so farre and so fast, that folke runne flocking thither in large numbers, from all quarters; but the neighbouring justices finding the abuse, and looking into the consequences, forbad the resort, sequestered the spring, and suppressed the miracle." It is certain that the water of this well is uncommonly pure, and its specific gravity is higher than that of any other spring water. It will continue the best of the year without any alteration of scent or taste, only then you see it represent many colours, like the rainbow, "which, in my conceite," saith Carew, "argueth a running thorow some minerall vein, and therewithal a possessing of some virtue."

Launceston Castle.

Upon the area of a hill, whereon stands the town of Launceston, anciently, Dunheved, or the Swelling Hill, are the remains of the Castle, to which is ascribed the most remote antiquity, on account of its dissimilarity from castles built by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or

Normans. Launceston, in mixed British, signifies the Church of the Castle, which latter structure probably gave rise to the town. The remains cover a considerable extent of ground. The walls are from 10 to 12 feet thick; the covered-way betwixt the walls is pierced with narrow windows, yet covers the communication between the base court and the Keep or dungeon, which is built on a lofty taper hill, partly natural and partly artificial, 320 feet diameter, and very high; the Keep itself is 93 feet diameter.

The building of the Castle has been generally attributed to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, the son and heir of Robert, Earl of Moreton, to whom 288 manors in this county were given by William the Norman. The workmanship is, however, of a much earlier date: the Keep, in particular, is inferred to be in foundation as remote as the time of the Britons, who would, undoubtedly, endeavour to defend their territory both from Romans and Saxons by fortifying the more advanced and important situations. Leland says: "The hill on which the Keep stands is large and of a terrible height, and the *ark*, i.e., Keep, of it, having three several wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest, that I ever saw in any ancient work in England." About 1540, were found certain *leather coins* in the Castle walls, which, had they been preserved, or their impressions copied, might have thrown some light on the age of the building, as money of similar *substance* was employed by Edward I. in erecting Carnarvon Castle, in Wales, "to spare better bullion." Some Roman coins have been found at Launceston, so that it is not all unlikely that the Romans had possession of this fortress, which (from its situation near the ford of the river Tamar) was a fort of great importance. The earliest history known of the Castle mentions the displacing of Othomarus de Knivet, its hereditary constable, for being in arms against the Conqueror. It was then, as before mentioned, given to Robert, Earl of Moreton, whose son William kept his court here. From him it reverted to the Crown, but continued attached to the Earldom of Cornwall, till 11th Edward III., when it constituted part of the inheritance of the Duchy, which it still continues. In Leland's time, several gentlemen of the county held their lands by *Castle-guard*, being bound to repair and defend the fortifications of this Castle. During the Civil Wars, the fortress was garrisoned for King Charles; and it was one of the last supports of the royal cause in this part of the country. There is still enough left to enable us to trace the stratagems of war in the mounds and lines of Dunheved or Launceston Castle.

The Priory of St. Germans.

St. Germans was at a remote period the seat of a bishopric, which was afterwards united with that of Crediton, and from this union arose the see of Exeter. Athelstane, King of England, had established there a college of priests, who were afterwards made canons of the Order of St. Augustine; and the manor of St. Germans was divided between the Priory thus formed and the Bishop of Exeter. The conventual church, now used as a parish church, was formerly much more extensive. The seat of the Earl of St. Germans, called Port Eliot, occupies the site of the ancient Priory.

The site and other lands were at the Dissolution leased to John Champernowne and others, and afterwards granted in fee, in consideration of a sum of money, to Catherine, widow of John, and to two other persons. Champernowne is said to have obtained his share in the monastic plunder by a trick creditable to his ingenuity rather than to his fairness. Two gentlemen making suit to the King for these lands, Champernowne, then in attendance at court, kneeled behind them when they kneeled to his Majesty, as though he, Champernowne, had been a party to the petition, joined with them in returning thanks, and afterwards claimed his share, which, on an appeal to the King, was allowed him. From the Champernownes the estate passed to the Eliot family, of which the present Earl of St. Germans is the representative.

Carn-brea Castle.

Of Castles in Cornwall, intended for residence as well as defence, is Karn-bre, or Carn-brea Castle, near the Land's End. This is very small, scarcely 60 feet long by 10 wide, built upon a ledge of rock, whose uneven surface has caused great difficulty in the level of the rooms upon the ground-floor. The building had three stories in some parts, in others but one. Part of the Castle is very ancient and of rude architecture; and the less ancient portion is thought to have been built on older foundations. Carn-brea Hill abounds with antiquities: there are an ancient camp of irregular form, some cairns, and other antiquities of rough stone.

The country people tell some marvellous tales of Carn-brea: among others that a giant of mighty bone lies buried beneath it; and a block of granite, indented into five nearly equal parts, is pointed out as the

hand of the Goliath, which, protruding through the surface, has been converted into stone. This hill is also the fabled scene of a combat between his satanic majesty and a troop of saints, in which Lucifer was tumbled from the heights; the rocky boulders having been on this occasion "the seated hills," which were loosened from their foundation and used as missiles.

Land's End is a vast aggregate of Moorstone, which a Cornish poet has thus depicted:—

" On the sea
The sunbeams tremble, and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium; seat of storms.
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
There sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
Wild, dreary are the schistine rocks around
Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and far beyond,
Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands, grey in mists."

Sir Humphry Davy.

Subterranean Chambers and Bee-hive Houses in Cornwall.

It is impossible to visit the western part of the Duchy of Cornwall without being struck with the number and variety of pre-historic remains which surround you on every side. There is scarcely a headland which is not traversed by its lines of fortification; there is scarcely a hill which is not crowned by its "caer;" there is scarcely a down which is not strewn with circlets, and cromlechs, and ruined villages, of which not only the owners, but the very names themselves, have long passed away, or are known only to the peasants at this day by some such vague appellation as "old men's workings."

These dwellings are generally to be found in clusters, and are, in many cases, surrounded by a low wall or bank of earth, apparently for purposes of defence. Some of the huts are oblong, some round. The roofs were, probably, in most cases, once composed of turf or wattles; although in some of the circular ones, where strength or durability was aimed at, the builder completed his dome with granite, and formed the structure known as the "bee-hive" hut.

Beneath three of these villages, namely, those at Chysoster, Bodinnar, and Chapel Euny, subterranean chambers also have long been known to exist, and doubtless many others, if not destroyed, have yet to be discovered. Some years since, the careful scrutiny of Mr. Edmonds,

author of "The Land's End District," discovered in a hollow of the ground, at Chapel Euny, traces of the 'bee-hive construction.' This fact at once connects such caves as these with habitable dwellings, and clearly shows that they were not merely secret passages to and from the villages, as was the prevailing opinion, nor storehouses for plunder or grain, as the "skulking-holes of the Danes" are said to have been in Ireland, but actual dwelling-houses of the Britons; probably the winter quarters of the inhabitants, built with a view to greater strength, warmth, and security, and bearing a striking resemblance to the "Picts' houses" of Scotland and the north of Britain. "Following up the discovery of Mr. Edmonds," says Mr. Borlase, "I have thoroughly explored one of these caves, and the discoveries I have made since, fully confirm me in the opinion which the bee-hive construction at once suggested.

"Many other caves are to be found, within the distance of a few miles, which, although judging from the similarity of their construction we cannot assign to the same people, yet are found in localities where there is no trace of a village ever having existed. Such caves, inasmuch as they are, almost invariably, found under hedges or large banks of earth, I shall venture to place in a separate class, and term 'hedge caves.' Two of the most remarkable of these may be noticed in passing—one, at Pendeen, in the parish of St. Just, which legend connects with an Irish lady, who, dressed in white, and bearing a red rose in her mouth, is to be met with on a Christmas morning at the cave's mouth, where she confides to you tidings brought from her native land through the submarine recesses of that mysterious cavern; and another at Bolleit, in the parish of Buryan, which was so large and perfect in the time of the Great Rebellion, that Cavaliers were for some time concealed there; where, like the prophets of old, they were fed by Mr. Levellis, of Treewoof, until opportunity offered for them to return to the King's army.

"These caves consist of one or more passage-chambers, averaging from 4 to 7 feet in height, faced in most cases, though not invariably so, with granite, and spanned with roofing stones of the same material. The entrances to the chambers, at Pendeen especially, are very low. What the design of the inhabitants really was in building structures of this kind we have no evidence to show. Whether they were intended for dwellings (as those under villages certainly were), or whether they were simply retreats for the inhabitants in case of invasion, or for marauders from fear of justice, is a question which, hitherto, investigation has failed to explain.

"Scarcely a mile to the west of the parish church of Sancreed, and situated on a slope commanding a most extensive view of the western district of Cornwall, stand the few isolated cottages which form the hamlet of Chapel Euny. In the valley beneath, a crystal spring, with a few pieces of broken arch by the side, is all that remains of the ancient baptistry from which it derived its name. The spot itself is surrounded on every side by objects of interest to the antiquary. On the north-east lie the ruinous mounds which once were *Caer Bran* (*Anglicè*, Castle Royal), while more to the north is the hill of *Bartinnè* (Hill of Lights), surmounted by a vallum enclosing three circles of stones. In the west, again, is the heap on which once stood *Chapel Carn Brea*, one of those lonely hermitages of the early Irish saints; and in the valley below is a most curious cone-shaped barrow, which has been long rifled of its contents.

"Mr. Borlase then describes the caveas a small enclosure levelled artificially out of the side of a rocky slope, and overgrown by fern and furze, in which may be seen traces of four circular huts or pens, while several mounds of upright stones in the vicinity mark the site of a village of some considerable extent. In one instance the circular walling was distinctly visible, and in the other what appeared to be the entrance to a chamber leading towards the circular chamber, the walls of which were formed of rough granite blocks, rudely but solidly fitted together without mortar; and the roofing-stones, four in number, were occasionally supported by an upright stone inserted in the wall. The floor was composed of the hard subsoil of the country, called by the Cornish "*rabman*," through the centre of which runs a small trench or drain, covered over with paving-stones. The circular chamber must have been at least 12 feet in height, constructed of large granite blocks, each overlapping the one below it, and so gradually approaching each other as they reached the top; the diameter of the chamber was about 15 feet.

"Branching from the passage chamber was another long chamber, the floor consisted of several strata, the uppermost being composed of what appeared to be decomposed vegetable matter, and the lowest of a black slimy deposit, while the intermediate strata contained ashes, burnt stones, and small pieces of baked clay. From the latter strata the following objects were taken:—

"One small piece of beautiful red pottery, possibly Samian.

"An iron crook resembling a pot-hook, much corroded.

"An iron spear-head $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, containing a fragment of wood in the socket, and ornamented at the side with a semi-circular device.

"A circular perforated stone, an annulet, or spindle-whorl, 1 inch in diameter.

"Several flat pieces of a corroded substance.

"Numerous pieces of a white metallic concrete, very heavy; these from the lowest stratum.

"Numerous whetstones, mullers, ashes, teeth of animals, red pottery very coarse, and black pottery of three kinds, all very rude, and apparently all portions of vessels of domestic use."

Mr. Borlase adds a few deductions:—

"1. That the purpose of the builders was to construct a habitable dwelling is clearly indicated by the commodiousness of the two large chambers, and especially by the presence of the bee-hive one, which is a recognised type of a British dwelling, and also by the presence of the drains, which can only have been formed with a view to the comfort of the inmates.

"2. That these chambers *were* inhabited is as clearly pointed out by the presence of ashes and charred substances on the floor, as well as of fragments of pottery in the drains.

"3. That, the objects discovered being those invariably found in Romano-British settlements, and attributed to the Celtic people at that time, this cave was, therefore, *occupied* at that period, although the absence of any trace of the use of any implement upon the walls or roof of the building implies that the use of iron had not become general among the inhabitants of the country at the time when the chambers were built. I dwell on these points in order to show my reasons for differing with those who would make the Cornish caves either sepulchres, such as those described by Worsaae, or secret entrances to fortifications, as many in Ireland undoubtedly are.

"That the earth with which the chambers were filled was placed there at a very early date is evident from the discovery amongst it of the various objects above mentioned, and that the persons who placed it there did so with the intention of effectually blocking it up is equally clear from the fact of the large stone being wedged into the entrance of the small chamber. The destruction of the bee-hive hut was possibly the work of the same hands. But what could be the object of these people in taking so much pains to make their dwellings uninhabitable is inexplicable."—*Abridged from the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, 1868.*

Cornish Hill Castles.

The Land's End district, of small extent, is bounded on the east by an imaginary line drawn from Lelant Church southwards to Cuddan Point, on the eastern confines of Mount's Bay, and in other directions by the sea. Within the peninsula thus defined, of about twelve miles in breadth from east to west, there are no less than seven hills crowned with British fortifications, which are well described in a communication to the *Builder*.

The fortress of Chûn, on the summit of a hill overlooking the Atlantic and the mining operations at Botallack, is in better preservation than the other hill-castles in the neighbourhood, if not in the entire county.

The plan of the Castle may be thus described. First a ditch, 20 feet in width, extends round the fortress. Then two concentric walls—the space between them forming another ditch, 30 feet wide—enclose a central area approximately circular, although in reality a slight ellipse. These walls are formed of dry-stone masonry, *i.e.*, a collection of loose granite stones heaped together with some attempt at order, but without the aid of cement. This class of work is found in many of the hill-castles and other primitive Celtic dwellings.

The entrance to the interior of Chun Castle affords a remarkable instance of the military ingenuity of the old Britons. The opening through the outer wall on both sides is bounded by immense slabs of unwrought granite. Thence, turning to the left, a passage nearly 40 feet in length conducts us to the opening through the inner wall, where two jambs, each about 5 feet high, still remain on the innermost side. This second entrance has a due west aspect, and measures in its widest part 16 feet, and in its narrowest 6 feet, splaying outwardly. For further protection, another wall was built from the right-hand side of the outer entrance to within 3 feet of the inner wall, where it turned at right angles towards the inner entrance. Besides this, one of the three transverse walls before mentioned was so adjusted as to extend from the left-hand side of the inner entrance to the outer wall. The whole of this work, the neatness and regularity of the walls, providing such security for their entrance, flanking and dividing their fosse, shows a military knowledge superior to that of any other works of this kind seen in Cornwall.

Castle-an-dinas, on the summit of a hill in the parish of Ludgvan, is 735 feet above the sea-level, and, with the exception of Carminnis Hill, north-west of Towednack, the highest spot of elevated ground in the

district. The hill on which Castle-an-dinas stands is easily recognised from others by a modern building on its summit, in the Gothic style, generally known as Rogers's Tower. This watch-tower, or "folly," was erected apparently of stones taken from the encampment.

Castle-an-dinas consisted of two circular stone walls, built one within the other, of great height and thickness. There was also a third and outmost wall. Within the walls are many little enclosures of a circular form, about 7 yards diameter, with little walls round them, of 2 feet or 3 feet high. They appeared to have been so many huts erected for the shelter of the garrison.

The Castles of Caer Bran and Bartinney are on adjacent hill-tops west of Sancreed Church-town. The former consists of an outer vallum of earth, and an inner wall of stone. The outer vallum sometimes attains the height of 15 feet, and is protected on each side by a ditch, so that there is an interval of 20 yards between the inner wall and the outer ditch. This wall formerly had a general thickness of about 12 feet.

Bartinney Castle consists of a single vallum, but what now remains of it is almost entirely overgrown with furze. The circular enclosures in the interior, however, can still be traced; one has a diameter of nine yards, the other two only seven. This fort is 689 feet above the sea, and is remarkable as being the only spot in England where the sun can be seen to rise and set in the sea on the same day, December 21.

Trecobben Hill, between Castle-an-dinas and Leland Church, and Castles Horneck and Lescudjack, in the immediate vicinity of Penzance, were also the sites of British encampments. That on Trecobben Hill is in a fair state of preservation, of an irregular plan, and occupies the entire summit.

It seems probable that these and similar hill-castles in Cornwall are the work of the aboriginal inhabitants, who thus sought to defend themselves from the attacks of their foreign foes. Although this is now the general belief, yet some of the antiquaries of the last century ascribed these works on the hills to foreign invaders rather than to the native Celts. Thus, *Castellan Denis* or *Danis* was thought to have been the work of the Danes; whereas, *denis* or *dinas*, in Cornish, signifies a bulwark or fortress.

The following interesting exploration of ancient British fortifications and villages has been made by the Royal Institution of Cornwall and the Penzance Natural History Society in the neighbourhood of Gurnard's Head, on the north coast of the county, and Gulval Downs:—

Gurnard's Head is a rocky promontory, jutting some distance into the sea, and bearing very distinct traces of having been fortified by the ancient Britons against an enemy attacking from the sea, this being the only specimen of an ancient British fortification where traces of sea defences have been found. In all other cases they seem to have been erected as a protection from attack from the land side, and were evidently the last retreat of the natives. Bosphreunis Bee-hive Hut, which was first brought to light by the Cambrian Archæological Society, was visited and further investigated by the aid of the magnesium light. On crossing the moor the party were fortunate enough to discover an unexplored barrow, but, not being provided with the necessary tools, they were unable to open it, and its exploration is accordingly postponed. The party next discovered near the village of Trereen a Kistvean, in a very good state of preservation; the walls of this sepulchral tenement are formed of blocks of granite, with a massive slab on the top. The chamber was 3 feet by 8 feet, and 3 feet high; it was perfectly dry, and some good specimens of Cornish ferns were growing on the walls. On an eminence near the village of Porthmeor was found a large enclosed circle, now hidden by briars and ferns, and which, on examination, showed the remains of several circular huts, leaving no doubt that here a considerable ancient British village had once existed.

The Great Tolmaen of Cornwall.

This great natural and historical curiosity—one of the most celebrated wonders of its class—to the great regret of all lovers of antiquarian lore, was in the year 1869 ruthlessly destroyed. The Tolmen, more properly written Tol-Maen, or Hole of Stone, in the ancient Celtic language of West Britain, but usually called the Main Rock, or Men Rock, by modern Cornishmen, stood in the parish of Constantine, half way between Penrhyn and Helston, and four miles from Falmouth. It is thus described by Borlase, in his work on the antiquities of Cornwall:—

“The most astonishing monument of this kind is in the tenement of ‘Men,’ in the parish of Constantine, Cornwall. It is one vast oval pebble, placed on the points of two natural rocks, so that a man may creep under the great one and between its supporters through a passage about 3 ft. wide and as much high. The longest diameter of this stone is 33 ft., pointing due north and south, 14 ft. 6 in. deep, and the breadth in the middle of the surface (where widest) is 18 ft. 6 in. from east to

west. I measured one half of the circumference, and found it, according to my computation, $48\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; so that this stone is 97 ft. in circumference, about 60 ft. across the middle, and, by the best information I can get, contains at least 750 tons of stone. Getting up by a ladder to view the top of it, we found the surface worked like an imperfect or mutilated honey-comb in basins; one much larger than the rest was at the south end, about 7 ft. long, another at the north end about 5 ft., the rest smaller; seldom more than 1 ft., oftentimes not so much; the sides and shape irregular. Most of these basins discharge into the two principal ones (which lie in the middle of the surface), those only excepted which are near the brim of the stone, and they have little lips or channels which discharge the water they collect over the sides of the Tolmen; and the flat rocks which lie underneath receive the droppings into basins which they have cut into their surfaces. The stone is no less wonderful for its position than for its size; for, although the under part is nearly semicircular, yet it rests on the two large rocks, and so light and detached does it stand that it touches the two under stones but, as it were, on their points; all the sky appears between them and beneath the Tolmen. The two Tolmens at Scilly are monuments, evidently of the same kind with this, and of the same name, and may with great probability be asserted to be the works of art, the under stone appearing to have been fitted to receive and support the upper one. It is remarkable that these Tolmens rest on supporters, and do not touch the earth, agreeably to an established principle of the Druids, who thought everything that was sacred would be profaned by touching the ground, and therefore ordered so as that these deities should rest upon the pure rock, and not be defiled by touching the common earth. Another thing is worthy of our notice in this kind of monuments, which is, that underneath these vast stones there is a hole or passage between the rocks. What use the ancients made of these passages we can only guess at; but we have reason to think that when stones were once ritually consecrated they attributed great and miraculous virtues to every part of them, and imagined that whatever touched, lay down upon, was surrounded by, or passed through these stones, acquired thereby a kind of holiness, and became more acceptable to the gods. This passage might also be a sanctuary for the offender to fly to and shelter himself from the pursuer; but I imagine it chiefly to have been intended and used for introducing proselytes or novices, people under vows or going to sacrifice, into the more sublime mysteries; and for the same reason I am apt to think the vast architraves, or cross stones, resting upon the uprights at Stonchenge, were erected—namely,

with an intent to consecrate and prepare the worshippers, by passing through those holy rocks, for the entering upon the offices which were to be performed in their penetralia, the most sacred part of the temple."

Immediately beneath "The Tolmaen" was a valuable granite quarry, which has been worked to the depth of forty feet, close up to the bed where the Tol-Maen rested. This was rented by some one, who, unknown to the proprietor, had a hole bored underneath the rock and charged, and this, when fired, threw the Tol-Maen off its bed, and caused it to roll into the quarry, forty feet below.

It is said that an ancient popular tradition of Cornwall denounces a terrible superhuman vengeance against the destroyer of the Tol-Maen.

Pendennis Castle.

On the western side of the harbour of Falmouth are the grey walls of Pendennis Castle, at 198 feet above the sea level. A circular tower, erected in the reign of Henry VIII., and now the residence of the lieutenant-governor, is the most ancient part of this fortress, which was strengthened and enlarged in the reign of Elizabeth. The Castle is fortified on the N.E. and N.W. by bastions and connecting curtains. The defences on the other sides have been constructed in conformity with the shape of the ground. Pendennis Castle in 1644 was the residence of Queen Henrietta Maria, who here embarked for France. It is celebrated for its gallant resistance to the Parliamentary troops in 1646, when, with the exception of Ragland in Monmouthshire, it was the last fort which held out for King Charles. For six months it endured a siege by sea and land, which its gallant commander, John Arundel of Trevice, in his 87th year, resisted until the garrison were forced by hunger to capitulate. The ramparts command a view of extreme beauty.

On the opposite side of the harbour is St. Maw's Castle, of much inferior defence to Pendennis, erected about the same time, being commanded by a neighbouring height.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Castle Cornet, Guernsey.

Little is known of the early history of Guernsey. It appears to have been desolate and uninhabited when first visited by the Romans, about seventeen years before the Christian era. The religion of the Druids must have subsequently flourished here, as is evident from the discovery of five Druidical temples. The Christian religion was first introduced about the year 520. As Christianity advanced, chapels were built in different parts of the island, near the sea-shore; the priests who officiated were allowed the tithe of all the fish that were caught, a custom which has been continued to our time.

About the middle of the tenth century an Abbey was founded, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. The inhabitants of the island, who, shortly after this period, from the persuasion of the monks, had taken in hand the plough as well as the oar, suffered greatly from the piratical incursions of the Danes, to repel whom a stronghold, or Castle, was commenced: this was subsequently completed in a style of great magnificence, by the order of Robert, Duke of Normandy, who, in the year 1030, had been preserved from shipwreck here, by the exertions of the Guernsey fishermen. Little more than the shell of this structure, consisting of the outer walls and the flanking towers of the old portal, now exists. The Normans afterwards erected two other very strong fortresses, one of which has now wholly disappeared; the shattered ruins of the other, from its walls being mantled with ivy, are known by the name of Ivy Castle.

The French, in the reign of Edward III., twice held possession of Guernsey. The island remained loyal to the Crown during the Civil War, at which period it was twice besieged by the forces of the Parliament; but the inhabitants, after a protracted defence, were ultimately obliged to surrender on honourable terms. During the Revolution, in 1688, the inland fortification, called Castle Cornet, which had been garrisoned with Roman Catholic soldiers by James II., was taken by a well-concerted stratagem, on the part of the officers of the Protestant soldiery and the magistrates of St. Peter's. Fort George, a regular

fortification on the heights, was begun in 1775, and named after George III.: it is considered to be of great strength.

Castle Cornet, a venerable pile of very high antiquity, is about a mile and a half to seaward, and situated on a rocky islet of St. Peter's Port. It is an important defence to the harbour, and has sustained several sieges. Some parts of the structure are considered of Roman origin.

Christopher Viscount Hatton was Governor of Guernsey in 1672, and, with his family, in Castle Cornet, was blown up, in consequence of the powder-magazine being struck with lightning, at midnight. He was in bed, was blown out of the window, and lay some time on the walls of the Castle, unhurt. His mother and wife, with several attendants, perished; but an infant daughter was found the next day, alive and sleeping in its cradle, under a beam of the ruins, uninjured by the explosion. This was Anne, afterwards married to Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, by whom she had issue five sons and eight daughters; besides ten other children, who died young, and seven who were still-born—in all, thirty.

Jersey.—Castles Elizabeth and Mont Orgueil.

Of the Channel Islands,* Jersey is most remarkable for its Castles and warlike defences, of great importance at various periods of its history. In the reign of Edward III., the island was attacked by Du Guesclin, Constable of France, but the arrival of succour from England prevented him succeeding. In the War of the Roses, it was attacked by a Norman Baron, Pierre de Brezé, avowedly for the Lancastrian party, but really for the French King. After holding part of the island for a time, he was forced to surrender. Henry VII., while Earl of Richmond, and an exile, and Charles II. while an exile, both before and after his father's death, found refuge in Jersey, which was held for the King by the valour and constancy of Sir George Carteret, until taken by the Parliamentarians, under Admiral Blake and General Haines.

During the first American War, Jersey was thrice attacked: first, May, 1779, by an armament, with a land force of 5000 or 6000 men, under the Prince of Nassau, but the attempts to land were repulsed.

* In the French journal *Cosmos*, in 1870, it is asserted that it has been demonstrated by reference to authentic documents that Guernsey and Jersey have sunk more than fifteen yards during the last five centuries.

Secondly, the French fleet was attacked and destroyed by Sir James Wallace. Thirdly, December, 1780, the Baron Rullecourt landed with 700 men, took possession of the town of St. Helier, made the Lieutenant-General Major Corbet prisoner, and induced him to sign a capitulation. The British troops and island militia, under Major Pierson, next in command, refused to recognise the capitulation, and attacking the French, killed Rullecourt, with the greater part of his men, and obliged the rest to surrender. Major Pierson fell in the beginning of the attack.

On approaching the island, the fantastic outline of the Corbière promontory, on the western side, is very striking. When first seen through the haze of morning, it resembles a huge elephant supporting an embattled tower; a little after it assumes the similitude of a gigantic warrior in a recumbent posture, armed *cap-à-pie*; this apparition vanishes, and in its stead rises a fortalice in miniature, with pigmy sentinels stationed on its ramparts.

The bay of St. Aubin is embraced by a crescent of smiling eminences thickly sprinkled with villas and orchards. St. Helier crouches at the base of a lofty rock that forms the eastern cape: the village of St. Aubin is similarly placed near Noirmont Point, the westward promontory; and between the two stretches a sandy shelving beach, studded with martello towers. The centre of the bay is occupied by Elizabeth Castle—a fortress erected on a lofty insulated rock, the jagged pinnacles of which shoot up in grotesque array round the battlements. The harbour is artificial, but capacious and safe, and so completely commanded by the Castle, as to be nearly inaccessible to an enemy. The jetties and quays are of great extent and superior masonry.

The rock on which Elizabeth Castle is perched is nearly a mile in circuit, and accessible on foot at low water by means of a mole, formed of loose stones and rubbish, absurdly termed "the Bridge," which connects it with the mainland. In times of war with France, this fortress was a post of great importance, and strongly garrisoned; but in these piping days of peace, will be found only one sentinel pacing his lonely round on the ramparts. The barracks are desolate—the cannon dismounted—and grass sufficient to have grazed a whole herd, has sprung up in the courts, and among the pyramids of shot and shells piled up at the embrasures.

The hermitage of St. Elericus, the patron saint of Jersey, a holy man who suffered martyrdom at the time the pagan Normans invaded the island, is said to have occupied an isolated peak, quite detached from the fortifications, which commands a noble seaward view of the

bay. A small arched building of rude masonry, having the semblance of a watch-tower, covers a sort of crypt excavated in the rock, into which, by dint of perseverance, a man might introduce himself; and this, if we are to credit tradition, is the cave and bed of the ascetic. Here, like the inspired seer of Patmos, he could congratulate himself on having shaken off communion with mankind. Cliffs shattered by the warfare of the elements—a restless and irresistible sea, intersected by perilous reefs—and the blue firmament—were the only visible objects to distract the solemn contemplations of his soul.

An Abbey, dedicated to St. Elericus, once occupied the site of Elizabeth Castle. The fortress was founded on the ruins of this edifice in 1551, in the reign of Edward VI., and according to tradition, all the bells in the island, with the reservation of one to each church, were seized by authority, and ordered to be sold, to defray in part the expense of its erection. The confiscated metal was shipped for St. Malo, where it was expected to bring a high price; but the vessel foundered in leaving the harbour, to the triumph of all good Catholics, who regarded the disaster as a special manifestation of divine wrath at the sacrilegious spoliation.

The works of Fort Regent occupy the precipitous hill that overhangs the harbour, and completely command Elizabeth Castle, and indeed the whole bay. They are of great strength, and immense masses of rock have been blown away from the cliff in order to render it impregnable. The barracks are bomb-proof, and scooped in the ramparts; and the parade ground, which in shape exactly resembles a coffin, forms the nucleus of the fortifications. This fortress has been completed since the Peace; but little of the pomp and circumstance of warlike preparation is visible on its ramparts. The prospect seaward is magnificent, and includes a vast labyrinth of rocks called the Violet Bank, which fringes the south-eastern corner of the island. One glimpse of this submarine garden is sufficient to satisfy the most apprehensive patriot, that Jersey is in a great measure independent of “towers along the steep.”

About three miles inland from St. Helier, is a singular structure named Prince's Tower, erected on an artificial mound or tumulus, and embowered in a grove of fine trees.

But it is the traditionary history of Prince's Tower that renders it interesting in the eyes of the islanders. In former times it was known by the name of La Hogue-Bye, and the following legend, quoted from *Le Livre noir de Coutances*, gives the origin of its celebrity:—In remote times, a moor or fen in this part of Jersey, was the retreat of a

monstrous serpent or dragon, which spread terror and devastation throughout the island. At length a valourous Norman, the Seigneur de Hambye, undertook to attempt its destruction, which, after a terrible conflict, he accomplished. He was accompanied in this adventure by a vassal of whose fidelity he had no suspicion, but who, seeing his lord overcome by fatigue, after having vanquished the reptile, suddenly be-thought himself of monopolizing the glory of the action. Instigated by this foul ambition, he assassinated his lord, and, returning to Normandy, promulgated a fictitious narrative of the encounter; and, to further his iniquitous views, presented a forged letter, which he said had been written by De Hambye to his widow just before his death, enjoining her to reward his faithful servant, by accepting him as her second husband. Reverence for the last injunction of her deceased lord induced the lady to obey, and she was united to his murderer. But the exultation of the homicidal slave was of short duration. His sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams; and at length, in one of his nightly paroxysms, he disclosed the extent of his villany. On being arrested and questioned, he made a full confession, and was tried, found guilty, and publicly executed. De Hambye's widow, in memory of her lord, caused a tumulus of earth to be raised on the spot where he was buried; and on the summit she built a chapel, with a tower so lofty as to be visible from her own mansion at Coutances.

So much for the fable. As to the word *Hogue*, there are several places in Jersey called *Hougues*, which are always situated on a rising ground. The word has evidently originated from the German *hoch*, from which is derived our English *high*. A *bougue*, therefore, means a mound or hillock, and in the present instance, the addition of *bye* is obviously a contraction of Hambye; and, in accordance with the foregoing tradition, means literally the *barrow* or tomb of the Seigneur de Hambye.

The Chapel at la Hogue is said to have been rebuilt in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, by one of the Popish deans of Jersey, in the reign of Henry VIII. La Hogue-bye remained for many years in a dilapidated state, till about 1790, when the late Admiral d'Auvergne, a native of Jersey, better known under his French title of Duke of Bouillon, became its owner by purchase, and hence it obtained its present name. At his death, in 1816, it was purchased by the late lieutenant-governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Mackay Gordon, whose heirs afterwards sold it to Francis le Breton, Esq.

The most prominent object in the noble panoramic view from the top of Prince's Tower, is a huge fortress on the eastern side of the

island, called the Castle of Mont Orgueil. It crests a lofty conical rock, that forms the northern headland of Grouville Bay, and looks down, like a grim giant, on the subjacent strait. The fortifications encircle the cone in picturesque tiers, and the apex of the mountain shoots up in the centre of them, as high as the flagstaff, which is in fact planted upon it. During war a strong garrison constantly occupied Mont Orgueil, but now a corporal and two privates of artillery compose the whole military force. A small circular apartment, forming one of the suite appropriated to officers, was the habitation of Charles II. when a wanderer. This Prince, when his unfortunate father fell into the hands of the regicidal party, found a loyal welcome in Jersey. Here he was recognised as King, when in England they sought his blood: here he remained in security, when his fatherland afforded him no asylum. During his lonely sojourn in this remote portion of his hereditary dominions, he is said to have employed himself in making a survey and delineating a map of the island. The natives, flattered by the confidence he reposed in them, and justly proud of eight centuries of unblemished loyalty to the throne of Great Britain, still refer to his residence as a memorable event; and in no other part of the British dominions is the memory of the "merry monarch" more respected. When Cromwell, after the disastrous issue of the battle of Worcester, sent an expedition, under Admiral Blake, to reduce the island, it made a most gallant and protracted defence; and had not circumstances conspired to favour the invaders, their victory would have been dearly purchased.

Mont Orgueil, in point of historical association, is by far the most interesting spot in Jersey. A part of the fortifications, according to tradition, is coeval with Cæsar's incursions into Gaul; and the islanders hold it famous in their oldest story, and of antiquity beyond record. In 1374, the celebrated Constable du Guesclin passed over from Bretagne at the head of a large army, including some of the bravest knights of France, and encamped before this fortress, then called Gouray Castle, into which the principal inhabitants had retired for safety; but after a siege of several months, he was obliged to draw off his forces in despair, and quit the island. Henry V. added much to the strength and beauty of Gouray—made it a depôt of arms, and conferred on it the proud name of Mont Orgueil. About 1461, Nanfant, the governor, a dependent of Henry VI., was prevailed upon, by an order of Queen Margaret, to surrender it to Surdeval, a Frenchman, agent of Peter de Brezé, Count of Maulevrier; but though de Brezé kept possession of it for several years, the natives, under the command of Philip de

Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, a family long illustrious in Jersey annals, prevented him from completely subjugating the island. Sir Richard Harliston, vice-admiral of England, afterwards recaptured Mont Orgueil, and put an end to Maulevrier's usurpation.

The Romans, the pioneers of discovery and civilization in Europe, conferred on Jersey the name of *Cæsarea*, in honour of their leader; and Cæsar and Tacitus concur in describing it as a stronghold of Druidism, of which worship many monuments still exist. The aborigines were doubtless sprung from the Celtic tribes spread over the adjacent continent; but the present inhabitants are universally recognised as the lineal descendants of the warlike Normans, who, under the auspices of the famous Rollo, conquered and established themselves in the north of France in the ninth century. It was first attached to the British crown at the Conquest; and though repeated descents have been made on it by France during the many wars waged between the countries since that remote era, none of them were attended with such success as to lead to a permanent occupation of the island.

The introduction of Christianity, and final extirpation of idolatry, is said to have occurred in the sixth century. In the latter days of the reign of Popery, Jersey formed part of the diocese of Coutances in Normandy, where the ancient records of the island were deposited; but at the Reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was attached to the see of Winchester—an annexation, however, merely nominal, for the island is in reality exempt from the dominion of the Church of England.

The Isle of Alderney.

Alderney, a dependency of Guernsey, and the nearest of the group of islands to the French coast, is about seven miles from Cape La Hogue, in Normandy. Upon its rocks Prince William, only son of Henry I., perished by shipwreck, in the year 1120, and in 1744, the *Victory*, of 110 guns, was lost with 1100 men. The island has now an extensive harbour of refuge. An ancient monastery at Longy Bay serves as a military dépôt and hospital. On the heights above the Bay of Longy are the ruins of a Castle, which bears the name of Essex Farm, from having been for a time the residence of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The Normans settled here at a very early period, and the island remained under the English monarchs, who were also Dukes of Normandy, when their continental dominions were lost.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

Castles of Peele and Rushen.

About midway between the rocky coast of Cumberland and the lofty and precipitous shore of Ireland, and about half the distance from the indented Scottish coast, breasting the wide waters of the Irish Sea, lies the Isle of Man—the *Mona* of Cæsar; the *Monopia* of Pliny; *Monoda* of Ptolemy; *Menavia* of Orosius and Bede; and *Eubonia* of Nennius. Its derivation is traceable to the British word *mon*, which means isolated. This is altogether one of the most singular spots in the British dominions; either as regards its natural surface or its historical interest. The central parts are occupied by three chains of hills, the highest point being Sanfield, 2004 feet above the sea; whence, upon a clear day, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are visible. The coast is in many places very precipitous, and its picturesque wildness is heightened by rocky islets, upon one of which is Peele Castle. Upon the adjoining or west coast is the small, decayed town of Peele, formerly Holme Peele. The Castle is built of old red sandstone, of which rock along this coast lies a belt about two miles in width. The space inclosed by the fortress wall exceeds two acres, and is separated from the town by a natural channel, scarcely a foot deep at low water. A strong wall, built as security for the harbour, connects the island and Castle with the mainland; and in the centre of the fortress is a pyramidal mound of earth, surrounded by a ditch five feet and a half broad. Limestone extends several miles on the east side of Castletown; the steps at the main entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, presented to the Dean and Chapter by Bishop Wilson, consist of the first variety of this rock.

The early history of the Isle of Man is obscure. It was governed by a succession of Norwegian kings until Magnus, finding himself unable to preserve the Western Isles, sold them to Alexander III., King of Scotland, 1264. Soon after this, Alexander reduced the Isle of Man, and appointed Regulus king, with whom he entered into a treaty, stipulating that the King of Man should furnish ten ships for Scotland, on condition that Alexander defended the Isle from all foreign enemies.

William de Montacute, with an English force, afterwards drove out the Scots; but his poverty prevented him from keeping the Isle, and it thus became the property of the Kings of England. In 1307, Edward II. bestowed the Isle first upon the Earl of Cornwall, and then on Henry Beaumont. The Scots, under Robert Bruce, recovered it and held it until 1340, when the Earl of Shaftesbury wrested it from Scotland in the reign of Edward III., and sold it to the Earl of Wiltshire, who was afterwards executed for high treason, and his estates were confiscated. Henry IV. granted the Island to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and in 1403 the Earl being attainted of high treason, and the Isle of Man forfeited, the King of England gave it, with the patronage of the bishopric and other ecclesiastical benefices, to William Stanley and his heirs, afterwards the Earl of Derby, for his aid in putting down the rebellion of Henry Percy, on condition that he should give the Kings of England two falcons on their coronation. Thomas, Earl of Derby, relinquished the title of King of Man, and took that of Lord. A new grant of the island was made to James, Earl of Derby, in consequence of his adherence to Charles I. It will be recollected that, when about to perform the greatest service at Manchester, Lord Molyneux received peremptory orders from the King to take the forces raised by the Lord Derby and bring them at once up to Oxford, while Lord Derby was commanded to go to the Isle of Man. The faithful and patriotic nobleman, thus thwarted by a Court intrigue, when about to perform the greatest act of service, though he bitterly resented such treatment, would never disobey his prince. He sailed for the Isle of Man, which was indeed threatened by the Scots, as well as disturbed by a popular agitation. He left the Countess to take care of Latham House.*

* The story of her brave and successful defence of that mansion, from the end of February to the end of May, aided by five or six gentlemen of the neighbourhood, against the army of General Sir Thomas Fairfax, is a brilliant passage of the Civil War. The house was large and strong, encompassed with a wall six feet thick, having nine towers, each mounted with six cannon; besides the Eagle Tower in the centre and the gatehouse, which were also furnished with artillery, and sheltered a number of musketeers; the whole was surrounded by a moat, eight yards wide, and a stiff palisade. Lady Derby appointed a skilful Scotchman, Major Farmer, to command her garrison, with Captains Molyneux, Radcliffe, Rosthern, Chissenhall, Ogle, Charnock, and Farrington, to help him. Her chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Rutter, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man, conducted the non-military business, and kept up the spirit of the defenders. The lady herself often stood upon the walls, or rode forth with her soldiers in a sally, amidst the enemy's fire; she was not frightened when the cannon-balls, and even bombshells, then newly invented, came into her own chamber. Fairfax departed elsewhere, leaving Colonel

After the memorable siege of Latham, the Earl and Countess of Derby remained several years without molestation, but they were not to abide happy in this retirement, consoled by the affection of their Manx tenants and subjects. The Earl could not reconcile it with his notions of honour and duty to acknowledge the supremacy of the Revolutionary Government over the little Island which he ruled for his King. It was, indeed, a separate principality, and the laws made by the English Parliament were not there current. In vain was he tempted with an offer of the full restoration of all his English estates if he would surrender Man. From his impregnable fortress of Castle Rushen, in July, 1649, he wrote to General Ireton, "I scorn your proffers, disdain your favour, and abhor your treason." He wrote to his own boy, Charles, "Fear God, and honour the King. When I go to the top of Mount Barrule, by turning myself round I can see England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and think it a pity to see so many kingdoms at once, which is a prospect, I conceive, no place in any nation that we know under heaven can afford, and have so little profit from all or any of them." The Republican new masters of England revenged themselves by seizing upon his children, and carrying them away from Knowsley House to a strict confinement at Chester. A few months later the Earl could not refrain from joining in the unlucky attempt of Charles II., in the third year after his father's decapitation, to reconquer England with a Scottish army. He landed, with a few hundred men, to rally his old friends in Lancashire around the young King's standard. His small party was surprised and cut up

Egerton and Colonel Rigby to continue the siege. The garrison now got the advantage, and repeatedly sallied out, capturing most of the enemy's guns, and spiking the rest. This went on till the Earl of Derby, hearing of the distressed situation of his house and wife, hastened from the Isle of Man, and implored King Charles to send troops for her relief. It was just after the Royalist victory at Newark, and Prince Rupert was sent into Lancashire, accompanied by the Earl. They fought and beat the enemy at Stockport, and were coming near Latham when Colonel Rigby, having lost half his forces, was fain to raise the siege. He shut himself up in the town of Bolton. It was immediately attacked, and taken by assault, Lord Derby being the first man to scale the town wall. From Bolton the Prince and the Earl marched to besiege Liverpool, which was fortified and garrisoned by the Parliament men; it was reduced by artillery in a few days. After these successes in Lancashire, Prince Rupert desired Lord and Lady Derby, with their children, to go to the Isle of Man, while he put a fresh garrison into their house at Latham, and withdrew his army to York. The battle of Marston Moor, fought a week later, made it impossible for him to return and support the Royalists of Lancashire once more; the defeat of Naseby, in the next year, was still more fatal. Latham House underwent a second siege; it was taken at last, and was utterly demolished by its captors.

in Wigan-lane; the Earl himself had a narrow escape; but he fought beside the King at Worcester, and aided Charles to escape in his hiding-place at Boscobel. A few days after this Lord Derby was taken prisoner, surrendering on promise of quarter; and, being tried by court-martial at Chester, he was unjustly sentenced to death, and executed at Bolton.

James, Earl of Derby, dying without issue, the inheritance devolved upon James, second Duke of Athol, who was descended from the youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby. In 1764, the Duke was empowered to sell his sovereign rights for 70,000*l.*, with his civil patronage, and the two Castles of Peele and Rushen; though the Duke retained the title of Lord of Man, and subsequently enjoyed the honour of Governor General. By a subsequent arrangement, Great Britain enjoyed all the sovereign rights and privileges of the Island.

No part of the kingdom abounds so much in Danish remains. The various tumuli, barrows, weapons, coins,* and Runic characters, afford clear evidence of the connexion which the Northmen had with this Island. The Tinwald "Mount" (which means either a fence for an assembly, or "a juridical hill"), is approached by turf steps to the summit, where the King of Man formerly sat on solemn occasions. The local laws of the Island, in our time, continued to be read and promulgated here annually before the Governor, two deemsters, keys, council, and various officers of State; and divine service concluded the solemnities of the day.

To return to Peele Castle. The area once included four churches: the remains of two—St. Patrick's and St. Germain's—are now only to be seen. The former was probably built before the Norman Conquest; the latter, which was erected about 1245, is the cathedral church of the Island, but is only now used as a burial-place. Under these churches Waldron and others after him describe certain places of penance: "These have never been made use of since the times of popery; that under the bishop's chapel is the common place of punishment for delinquents;

* The arms of the Isle of Man are, *gules*, three legs conjoined in the fess-point, &c., *or*. The symbol of three legs conjoined no doubt denotes the triangular shapes of the Isle of Man, and Sicily or Trinacria. It is somewhat curious, that the earliest coinage of this island, A.D. 1709 (which, by the way, is cast, and not struck in the usual way: obverse, the crest of the Earls of Derby, the eagle and child, *SANS CHANGER*; reverse, the three legs), has the motto *QUOCUNQUE GESSERIS STABIT*. The coinage of 1723 is exactly similar, but struck; whereas that of 1733, and all the succeeding coinages, have *QUOCUNQUE JECERIS STABIT*, which is clearly the correct reading.

but the soldiers of the garrison permit them to suffer their confinement in the Castle; it being morally impossible for the strongest constitution to sustain the damp and noysomeness of the cavern even for a few hours, much less for months and years, as is the punishment sometimes allotted." Waldron's account of these ecclesiastical prisons is, however, doubted. He relates also the following:—

"An apparition, which they call the Manthe Doog, in the shape of a shaggy spaniel, was stated to haunt the Castle in all parts, but particularly the guard-chamber, where the dog would constantly come, and lie down by the fire at candlelight. The soldiers lost much of their terror by the frequency of the sight; yet, as they believed it to be an evil spirit, waiting for an opportunity to injure them; that belief kept them so far in order, that they refrained from swearing and profane discourse in its presence; and none chose to be left alone with such an insidious enemy. Now, as this Manthe Doog used to come out and return by the passage through the church, by which also somebody must go to deliver the keys every night to the captain, they continued to go together, he whose turn it was to do that duty being accompanied by the next in rotation.

"But one of the soldiers, on a certain night, being much disguised in liquor, would go with the key alone, though it really was not his turn. His comrades in vain endeavoured to dissuade him: he said he wanted the Manthe Doog's company, and he would try whether he were dog or devil; and then, after much profane talk, he snatched up the keys and departed. Some time afterwards a great noise alarmed the soldiers, but none would venture to go and see what was the cause. When the adventurer returned, he was struck with horror and speechless, nor could he even make such signs as might give them to understand what had happened to him; but he died, with distorted features, in violent agony. After this none would go through the passage, which was soon closed up, and the apparition was never more seen in the Castle."

Castle Rushen, in Castletown, one of the principal towns in the Isle of Man, was built, according to tradition, in the year 960, by Guttred, a Danish Prince, who is said to have been buried here. The stone glacis by which it is surrounded is supposed to have been built by Cardinal Wolsey. The stonework of the Keep and several of the interior portions of the buildings is nearly entire; but in consequence of the damage done by repeated sieges, the other parts have been repaired. The prisoners must have been lowered into the Keep by ropes, as there are no steps for descending.

Waldron, having described the entrance to the Castle, where there is

a stone-chair for the governor, and also two for the judges, or deemsters, next relates the following:—

“Further on there is an apartment which has never been opened in the memory of man. The persons belonging to the Castle are very cautious in giving any reason for it, but the natives, who are very superstitious, assign this: they tell you that the Castle was first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in possession of it till the days of Merlin. He, by force of magic, dislodged the greater part of them, and bound the rest in spells which they believed would be indissoluble to the end of the world. For proof of this they say, there are a great many fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men, of more than ordinary courage, have, in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place, but as none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw, it was judged convenient that all the passages to it should be kept continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. But about fifty years since, a person of uncommon courage obtained permission to explore the dark abode. He went down, and returned by the help of a clue of packthread that he took with him, and brought this wonderful discovery:—That after having passed through a great number of vaults, he came into a long narrow place, which the further he penetrated, he perceived he went more and more on a descent, till having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a little gleam of light, which, though it appeared at a vast distance, was the most delightful sight he had ever beheld. Having at last come to the end of the lane of darkness, he perceived a very large and magnificent house, illuminated with a great many candles, whence proceeded the light just mentioned. Having, before he began this expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which a servant, at the third knock, having opened, asked him what he wanted? ‘I would go as far as I can,’ he replied, ‘be so kind as to direct me, for I see no passage but the dark cavern through which I came hither.’ The servant directed him to go through the house, and accordingly led him through a long entrance passage, and out at the back door. He then walked a considerable distance, and at length beheld another house, more magnificent than the first; where, the windows being opened, he discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. He was about to knock, but had the curiosity first to step on a little bank, which commanded the view of a low parlour. Looking in, he saw a vast table in the middle of the room: it was of black marble, and on it lay extended at full length a man, or rather

monster, for, by his account, he could not be less than 14 feet long, and 10 round the body. This prodigious figure lay as if asleep, on a book, and a sword beside him of a size proportioned to the hand supposed to make use of it. This sight was more terrifying to the traveller than the dark and dreary cavern he had passed through: he resolved, therefore, not to attempt to enter a place inhabited by a person of such extraordinary stature as that he had witnessed, but made the best of his way back to the first house, where the servant reconducted him, and informed him that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but never would have returned. On this he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed. But the other replied, These things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and by the same dark passage got into the vaults, and soon after once more ascended to the light of the sun."

Nor is this the only tale of terror related of the Castle, for the people of the island say that, besides the fairies and wonderful beings already mentioned, it is also visited by the apparition of a woman that was executed some years previously, for the murder of her child. In this, as in similar cases, there are several testimonies adduced, and among them some of persons of good sense, and equal veracity, all of which tend to prove that a phantom in the form of a woman, makes a practice of passing in and out of the gates when they are shut, in the presence of the soldiers and others, insomuch that the sight has grown familiar to them; yet none has ever had the courage to speak to her, for which reason she cannot unfold the object of her coming.

NORTH WALES.

Flint Castle.

It is conjectured by Pennant that Flint, the capital of the county, was a Roman station; and some fortification probably existed here from an early period. The site occupied by the town was a rectangle surrounded with a vast ditch and two great ramparts; and having four gates, with streets regularly laid out, and crossing each other at right angles; many antiquities apparently Roman, have been dug up in the neighbourhood; and there is a tradition that in very remote times there was a large town upon this spot. Here are traces of Roman establishments for the smelting of the lead-ore dug in the neighbourhood. On an insulated rock in a marsh on the Dee, a Castle was built, most probably by Edward I., a short time before the year 1280; though some writers carry back its foundation to the time of Henry II. Soon after its erection it appears to have been taken by the Welsh, in their revolt, A.D. 1282. In the Civil War of Charles I. this Castle was garrisoned for the King by Col. Sir Roger Mostyn, but taken after a gallant defence by the Parliamentarians. It shortly after fell into the hands of the Royalists; but was finally taken by the opposite party, under General Mytton, and was, with the other Welsh castles, dismantled in 1647, by order of the Parliament.

As the railway traveller proceeds along the Holyhead line from Chester to Rhyl, the remains of the Castle are conspicuous on a low freestone rock. It is supposed that the low-water channel of the Dee once ran close under the fortress walls, and there are still, in some parts, the rings to which ships were moored.

The design is a square, with a large round tower at three of the corners; and a fourth, or Keep, of huge size and strength, which was called the double tower, and was detached from the main building, to which it was joined by a drawbridge. This large tower was the donjon of the Castle, and from its situation and the great thickness of the walls, was almost impregnable. It has a lofty circular gallery on the lowest floor, vaulted by four arched openings into a central area more than 22 feet in diameter. One part is suddenly lowered, sloping

towards the Castle, and afterwards rising upwards, it had a communication with an upper gallery: the windows were all on the upper floors. It was in one of these rooms that the unkingship of Richard II. was performed. To this "dolorous castell," as Hall terms it, the unfortunate monarch was inveigled by the Earl of Northumberland, with the assurance that Bolingbroke wished no more than to be restored to his own property, and to give the kingdom a parliament. Northumberland, with a small train, first met Richard at Conway, then on his return from Ireland. The King distrusted the Earl, who, to remove all suspicion, went with him to mass, and at the altar took an oath of fidelity. Richard fell into the snare; and proceeded with the Earl for some time, till he perceived about the precipice of Penmaen Rhôs, a large band of soldiers with the Percy banners. The King would then have retired; but Northumberland, catching hold of his bridle, forcibly directed his course. Richard was hurried on to Rhuddlan, where he dined, and reached Flint the same night, attended by Owen Glendower, squire of the body to the King, whose fortunes he followed to the last. Next day, the Duke of Lancaster having arrived at Flint, went to the King, who said to him, with a cheerful countenance, "Cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome." The Duke, bowing thrice to the ground, replied, "My Lord the King, I am come sooner than you appointed me; because the common fame of your people is, that you have for this one-and-twenty years governed very ill and rigorously, with which they are not at all satisfied; but if it please God I will help you to govern them better for the future." To which the King returned, "Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me also."

Froissart, the Chronicler, speaking of Richard's departure from Flint Castle, in the custody of the Duke of Lancaster, says:—"I heard of a singular circumstance that happened, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice nor follow any one but the King. Whenever the King rode abroad the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two forefeet on the shoulders. It fell out that as the King and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the Castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied; but, instead of running as usual to the King, he left him, and leaped to the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the King. The Duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the King the meaning of this fondness, saying, 'What does this mean?' 'Cousin,' replied the King, 'it means a great

deal for you and very little for me.' 'How?' said the Duke; 'pray explain it.' 'I understand by it,' answered the King, 'that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed, for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him; keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you.' The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the King had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men."

The story of Richard's imprisonment and reputed death in Pontefract or Pomfret Castle will be found at pp. 274 and 275 of the first volume of the present work; since which account appeared there has been published the following remarks upon this much vexed question, in a very interesting Memoir of Bishop Braybrooke, 1381-1404, by Edward W. Brabrook, F.S.A., in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*, vol. iii. part x. 1870:—

"The controversy carried on in the Society of Antiquaries with excellent temper in the year 1819 between Mr. Amyot and the Rev. John Webb, leaves the precise manner of Richard's death still a matter of historic doubt. The theory of violent assault by Piers Exton, as vividly described by Shakspeare, is very weakly supported: that of slow starvation has greater probability. 'Men sayde forhungered he was,' says Hardyng, the contemporary chronicler. But whether this starvation was an act of murder by Henry's orders, or an act of voluntary suicide, is uncertain. The secrets of the dreadful prison-house at Pomfret have never been revealed; and the documentary evidence, when allowance is made for the partialities of the writers, is about equal on either side. There remains, however, another alternative, for which there is no documentary evidence whatever, but which may, after all, afford the true explanation—that Richard's death was natural; that the few short steps between the prisons and the graves of princes were traversed the sooner by the natural effect of his recent sad experiences on a constitution weakened by indulgence. Not a single testimony rests upon any personal knowledge, and the tongues of rumour are always busy when the great ones of the earth die suddenly.

"Richard's remains lay for two days (the 12 and 13 March, 1399-1400) in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'in the state of a gentleman, to show him to the people of London, that they might believe for certain that he was dead.'

"At Poules his masse was done and diryge."

The body so exposed, it is maintained, was not the King's, but that

of Maudelyn, a priest, who bore a strong resemblance to him, and is believed to have been his natural brother.

Rhuddlan Castle.

The grand stronghold of Rhuddlan remains on the site of which the Welsh were the first to take advantage; for the artificial mount called Tuthill, a furlong south of the Castle, was undoubtedly occupied by a strong Border tower: this was strengthened very early in the eleventh century by Llewelyn ap Sitsylt, Prince of Wales, who also fortified a portion of the ground on which the existing fortress stands. Llewelyn's structure, in the time of Gryflydd ap Llewelyn, A.D. 1063, was surprised and burnt by the Saxons under Harold: it was soon restored, but shortly afterwards reconquered by Robert, nephew of Lupus, Earl of Chester. Robert fortified the Castle with new works; and at subsequent periods it was repeatedly attacked and taken by the Welsh and refortified by the English. Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his progress through Wales, was nobly entertained here. In the invasion of Wales by Edward I., that monarch made Rhuddlan his *place d'armes*, and magazine of provisions. In 1281, it was attacked by Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales, and his brother David, but without success. David was confined here previous to his removal to Shrewsbury, where he was executed as a traitor, by hanging, drawing, and quartering.

Edward, sensible of the importance of the place, built the Castle which we now see, a little to the northward of the former one; the finishing of which occupied a considerable time. A large garrison was always maintained here, and in the other Norman castles; and the politic monarch made the town of Rhuddlan a free borough, granting it various privileges, the object of which was to conciliate the Welsh, and to induce them to keep up a friendly intercourse with their conquerors. He also assembled here, in 1283, a Parliament or Council, in which Wales was divided into counties, ancient laws and customs which appeared detrimental were abolished, new and more advantageous ones introduced, and many important regulations established, by what was called the *Statute of Rhuddlan*. Here he also promised the Welsh to give them for their Prince a native of the Principality, who never spoke a word of English, and whose life and conversation no man could impugn. He fulfilled the letter of his promise by presenting to them his infant son, then just born at Carnarvon. An old building called the Parliament House, was, probably, the place where the King held the

above Council. Rhuddlan Castle was, in the Great Civil War, garrisoned for the King, and was able, for a time, to resist General Mytton, who battered it from Tuthill, in 1646, in which, or the following year, it was dismantled.

The castle of Edward I. is placed on a steep bank, washed by the Clwyd. It was built of red sandstone from the neighbouring rocks, and formed a square externally. Six massive towers flank the lofty curtain walls. All the sides except the North are tolerably entire, and "the King's Tower" is shown.

From a roll of the expenses of Edward I. at Rhuddlan in the tenth and eleventh years of his reign (1281-2) we gather the rate of wages paid to the different workmen, tradesmen, archers, &c., at the above period. Carpenters 14*d.* per day, their constable 8*d.*; overseers 6*d.*, smiths 3*d.* and 4*d.* per day, shoeing smiths 3*d.*, sailors of the King 3*d.* and 6*d.* per day, cross bowmen 4*d.*, and archers 2*d.* per day, master masons 6*d.* and workmen 3*d.* and 4*d.*, mowers 1½*d.* per day, spreaders of hay 1½*d.* and 2*d.* per day. Hire of a cart and three horses 6*s.* 10*d.* per day "Carriage of turf, with which the house was covered in which the hay was placed, 1*s.* 5*d.*" For an iron fork to turn the hay 3*d.* "For the carriage of turves to cover the King's kitchen, 7*s.* For 22 empty casks, bought to make paling for the Queen's courtyard, 16*s.* 4*d.*" Fisherman 10*d.* per day, and his six companions, the Queen's fishermen, 3*d.* per day each, fishing in the sea. "Repairing a cart of the King's, conveying a *pipe of honey* from Aberconway to Rothelan, 1*s.* 4*d.* Men carrying shingles to cover the hall of the Castle 2½*d.* each per day. *Gifts:* To a certain female spy, as a gift, 1*s.* To a certain female spy, to purchase her a horse, as a gift 1*l.* To Ralph de Vavasour, bringing news to the Queen of the taking of Dolinthalieu, as a gift, 5*l.* To John de Moese, coming immediately after with the same news, with letters of the Earl of Gloucester, by way of gift, 5*l.* To a certain player, as a gift, 1*s.*"

On a marsh, in the neighbourhood of Rhuddlan, was fought, in 795, a battle between the Saxons and the Welsh, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of their prince, Caradoc; the event was considered as so disastrous, that a plaintive tune, long popular in Wales, was composed on the occasion, and lasted until our time.

To the south of this Castle, at about a furlong distance, is a large artificial mound called Tut-hill, or Toot-hill, in which the Castle of Llewelyn ap Sitsylt and Robert of Chester seems to have stood. About half a mile south of the Castle stood the Priory of Black Friars, founded some time before A.D. 1268: a fragment remains, used as a

farmhouse and a barn. The Toot-hill and ruins of the Priory are comprehended in an extensive area, surrounded by a fosse, which communicates with the Castle ditch. In Cliffe's *North Wales*, we read:—"At the village of Newmarket, in this neighbourhood, it is conjectured that the great battle between the Britons and Agricola, at which 60,000 of the former fell, took place; and the names of places, especially near Castell Edwin, tell a wild and plaintive story. Thus we have Bryn y Saethau, or *the Hill of Arrows* (the brow of Coparleni); Bryn y Lladdfa, *the Hill of Slaughter* (which is full of human bones); Pant y Gwae, *the Hollow of Woe*; Bryn y Coaches, *the Hill of War Chariots*; Pwll y Crogwen, *the Hollow of Execution*; Braich y Dadleu, *the Hillock of Contention*; Pant Erwin, *the Hollow of Severity*; Coetia yr Orsedd, *the Tribunal Field*. At Bryn Sion, a golden torque of great beauty was found some years ago, and added to the Eaton Hall collection by the Marquis of Westminster, who purchased it for 400*l*."



Holywell, and St. Winifrede's Well.

Holywell, now the second town in North Wales, though a place of great antiquity, was at the beginning of the last century but an inconsiderable village. The houses were few, and for the most part thatched, the streets unpaved, and the place destitute of a market. It is now a prosperous and well-built town.

About a mile to the northward of the town are the ruins of Basingwerk Abbey, of which the wall and some pillars of the refectory are the chief remains. The Knights Templars had an elegant chapel here, founded in 1131, by Randle, Earl of Chester.

Before entering upon a description of the Well, as it now exists, we must make our readers acquainted with the ancient legend of St. Winifrede, of whom there is a life, in MS., in the Cottonian Library, of the date of 1100. In the seventh century lived a virgin of the name of Winifrede, of noble parents, her father, Thevith, being a rich noble, and second man in the kingdom of North Wales, next to the King. At a very early age she was placed under the care of her maternal uncle, Beuno, a holy man and a priest. Under his care she lived with certain other pious maidens, in a small nunnery, erected for her by her father, near the site where the spring now is. Having been seen by Caradoc, Prince of Wales, he was struck by her great beauty, and, finding it impossible to gain her in marriage, he attempted to carry her off by force; she fled towards the church, pursued by the prince, who,

on his overtaking her, in the madness of his rage, drew out his sabre and struck off her head. The severed head bounded down the hill, entered the church-door, and rolled to the foot of the altar, where St. Beuno was officiating. Where the head rested, a spring of uncommon size burst forth,—a fragrant moss adorned its sides; her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the facts by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. St. Beuno took up the head, and, at his prayers and intercessions, it was united to the body,—the virgin was restored to life, and lived in the odour of sanctity fifteen years afterwards. Miracles were wrought at her tomb, the waters of the spring proved as sanative as those of the Pool of Bethesda, all the infirmities to which the human body is liable were cured by the use of the waters. The votive crutches, barrows, &c., to this moment remain pendant over the well as so many evidences of those miraculous cures.

Setting aside this fabulous legend, the Well of St. Winifrede is sufficiently remarkable, more so than the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, near Avignon. At the foot of a steep hill, from an aperture in a rock, rushes forth a torrent of water, which, from its quantity and regularity, is calculated to astonish the ignorant and interest the geologist. Pennant, who resided near this place, says in his *History of North Wales*, that the quantity of water which issues from this spring is twenty-one tons (which is about eighty-four hogsheads) per minute; it varies very little in wet or dry seasons, and has never been known to freeze. The water is so clear, that though the basin is four feet deep, a pin may be easily perceived lying at the bottom.

The Well is surrounded at certain seasons by a fragrant moss, called by the vulgar St. Winifrede's hair; but this moss is by no means peculiar to the fountain, the same being found in another spring in Caernarvonshire. It is the *Jungermania asplenoides* of the naturalist. The redness on the stone at the bottom of the basin is also produced by a peculiar kind of moss, called by Linnæus *Bissus iolithus*, or the violet-smelling. It causes any stone to which it adheres to have the appearance of being smeared with blood, and if rubbed, yields a smell like violets. Linnæus considered it serviceable in eruptive disorders. The waters of this spring are indisputably endowed with every good quality attendant upon cold baths, and multitudes have, no doubt, experienced the good effects that result from their natural qualities.

The spring-head is a fine octagon basin, twenty-nine feet two inches in length, and twenty-seven feet four inches in breadth. An elegant and highly ornamented dome covers the basin, rising eighteen feet

above the spring, and supports a chapel. The present exquisite Gothic building was erected by Henry VII., and his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby. The ceiling is curiously carved, and ornamented with coats of arms and figures of Henry VII., his mother, and the Earl of Derby. The water flows from the first into a second basin, which is uncovered. It is forty-two feet long, and about fifteen broad, with a handsome flagged walk round, with steps for bathers to descend into the water, as the great impetuosity of the spring-head, which is like a boiling caldron, prevents its being used as a bath.

The resort of pilgrims to the fountain has considerably decreased. In the summer season, a solitary individual may occasionally be seen in the water in deep devotion, offering up prayers to the saint, or performing a number of evolutions round the Well. But these are rare occurrences; it has long ceased to attract the rich and enlightened amongst the Roman Catholics. James II., who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid a visit to this Well in 1686, and received as a reward the under garment worn by his great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, on the day of her execution.

A chapel of the order of Knights Templars was established at Basingwerk, and it was an extremely powerful Abbey; nor were other miracles beside that of St. Winifrede wanting to give it celebrity. There exist here certain sands which extend to a considerable distance: they are called "The Constable's Sands," for the following reason:—Hugh Lupus, the celebrated Constable of Chester, had a son, who, on his return from Normandy, inspired by pious fervour, resolved on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Winifrede. The turbulent Welsh attacked him on his way, and after a short struggle, unable to contend against numbers, he fled and took refuge in Basingwerk Abbey. He knew that his father's men would soon come to his relief if his danger was known; but the wide river was between them, and the Welsh were watchful; the pious pilgrim cast himself at the foot of St. Werburgh's altar, the saint who presided over the welfare of Chester, and implored his assistance. Suddenly a great cloud obscured the air, which, dispersing by degrees, discovered to the attentive monks that a huge bar of sand, firm and hard, had been miraculously placed between Flintshire and the opposite coast of Wirral, and across it, as by a bridge, the horses and mail-clad warriors of the Constable of Chester were seen advancing, with banners displayed, to the utter consternation of the Welsh marauders, and the exultation of the devout young knight and his holy friends.

In this neighbourhood is the seat of the Mostyn family, which gave refuge for a time to Owen Tudor's grandson, Henry of Richmond. An opening is still shown, called "the King's Window," through which the future monarch escaped when pursued by a party of Richard III.'s soldiers. Richard ap Howel, the host of the Duke, joined his forces at the battle of Bosworth, and was rewarded by the conquering Henry with the belt and sword he himself wore on that day.

Mold and Caergwrle Castles.—Tower.

Mold, the county town of Flintshire, is called in Welsh, "Yr Wyddgrug," a lofty hill, which designation it owes to the "Bailey-hill," an eminence partly natural and partly artificial, on which formerly stood an ancient Castle. There is no certain mention of the place until the time of William Rufus, when the Castle was in the possession of the English. In 1144 it was stormed by the Welsh, under their Prince, Owen Gwynedd, and razed. It was afterwards rebuilt, and repeatedly taken in the contests between the English and the Welsh. Of the Castle itself there is no part remaining, but the ditches which defended it or separated its parts from each other may still be traced. The "Bailey-hill," so called from the *Ballia* or courts of the Castle, is even now of difficult access; its summit, which was walled by art in order to the construction of the ancient fortress, is now completely covered with plantations of larches and other trees.

Caergwrle, a decayed place, nearly midway between Mold and Wrexham, is thought to be derived from *Caer Gawr Lle*, "the camp of the giant legion," from the 20th Roman Legion, which was named *Victrix*, and had its headquarters at Deva (Chester). It is conjectured that this legion had an outpost here, and the conjecture is confirmed by the circumstance of a Roman sudatory, or vapour-bath, hollowed out in the rock, roofed with polished tiles, on some of which was an inscription, "*Legio XX.*," having been found here. The Roman outpost is supposed to have been the spot now occupied by the ruins of the Castle. Its oblong form, its comparative deficiency of towers, and its general agreement in structure with other castles whose origin is known, lead to the conclusion that it was of Welsh rather than Saxon origin. Previous to the final subjugation of Wales, it changed masters more than once, and appears to have been known by the English under the name of Hope Castle, and gave name to the district of Hope Dale; while with the Welsh it bore its native designation, Caergwrle.

Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., rested here on her journey from Rhuddlan to Caernarvon. King Edward sent the Queen by this roundabout route through the interior, because it was much safer than that by the coast. In Leland's time the Castle was in a state of decay, and it is now a mere ruin. The importance of this fortress was derived from its strong position, and its command of the entrance into the Vale of Alen; the hill on which it stood is precipitous on one side, and of steep ascent on the other; on the accessible parts it was protected by deep ditches cut in the rock.

Near the town of Mold is a fortified house, or "Tower," of the fifteenth century, joined to a mansion of Queen Anne's time. The Tower is of three stories, machicolated and embattled. Cliffe describes it as the abode, during the Wars of the Roses, of Reinallt ap Gruffydd ap Bleddyn, a chief of royal descent, who kept up a constant feud with the citizens of Chester, of which Pennant and other writers give some curious particulars. The Chester men seem to have been frequently worsted by the stout Welshman, who, in an affray at Mold Fair, in 1475, which led to great loss of life, took the Mayor of Chester prisoner, conveyed him to Tower, and hung him to a staple in the hall there, where one is shown and believed to be such. "This produced great exasperation, and an attempt was made to seize Reinallt, 200 men having sallied from Chester for that purpose; but apprized of their design, he retired to a neighbouring wood, permitted part to enter his Castle, when suddenly rushing from his concealment, he fastened the door, and setting fire to the place, burned them without mercy. He then attacked the rest, and pursued them to the seaside, where those who escaped his vengeance perished in the channel. This Reinallt received pardon for these exploits from Thomas, Lord Stanley, which was afterwards confirmed by Edward IV."

Hawarden Castle.

This Castle, placed on an eminence in the village of Hawarden, five miles east of Chester, was the seat of the Barons of Montault, Stewards of the Palatinate of Chester, who greatly increased their honours by intermarriage with noble families. In 1281, the Lord of Denbigh, being reconciled to his brother Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, besieged and took this fortress, putting numbers to death, and carrying Clifford away captive.

The Castle was destroyed, but was rebuilt before 1280. On the

night of Palm Sunday, 1282, during a tempest, which favoured the design, it was stormed by David, brother of Llewellyn, in their last struggle with the English.

In the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I., a portion of his army that had served against the Irish, being recalled to support the royal cause in Britain, landed at Mostyn, and laid siege to Hawarden Castle. They sent a verbal summons, by a trumpet, to the garrison, in return to which they received a refusal, together with an admonition not to change Papist for Protestant enemies. The besiegers replied that "they came not to hear the garrison preach, but to demand them to surrender." Several letters passed between them, one of which, from the famous royal partisan, Sandford, is as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I presume you very well know, or have heard, of my condition and disposition, and that I neither give nor take quarter. I am now, with my firelocks (that never yet neglected opportunity to correct rebels), ready to use you as I have done the Irish. But loth am I to spill my countrymen's blood; wherefore, by these, I advise you to your fealty and obedience to His Majesty, and show yourselves faithful subjects, by delivering up the Castle into my hands for His Majesty's use. In so doing, you shall be received into mercy, &c.; otherwise, if you put me to the least trouble, or loss of blood, to force you, expect no quarter for man, woman, or child. I hear you have some of our late Irish army in your company; they will know me, and that my firelocks use not to parley. Be not unadvised; but think of your liberty; for I vow all hopes of relief are taken from you; and our intents are not to starve you, but to batter and storm you, and then to hang you all, and follow the rest of the rebel crew. I am no bread-and-cheese rogue, but, as ever, a loyalist, and ever will be, while I can write a name.

"THOMAS SANDFORD."

Though this letter did not take immediate effect, yet the Castle was surrendered after a fortnight's siege, without much bloodshed. It is supposed, however, to have fallen again into the hands of the Parliament before the taking of Chester. The building, probably, was laid in ruins by virtue of an order of the House, in a commotion (occasioned by long arrears), among their own soldiers in North Wales, when, in 1647, many castles were demolished.

The name of Hawarden is Saxon, and the place was, probably, at the time of the Conquest, one of the residences of Edward, Earl of Mercia. The remains of the Castle are a fine circular tower or Keep

on the summit of the mound ; there are no other remains, except a few walls and the foundations of some rooms.

"In this Castle, once a fortress of importance," says Miss Costello, in her charming book on North Wales, "where nothing now remains entire, and little but a part of the Keep can be traced, Llewelyn, the hero of Wales, and her last Prince, held a conference with the revolted Simon de Montfort, who had sided with him against the conquering Edward I. ; and in these walls was signed a peace between Wales and Cheshire, not fated long to endure. Probably, it was here that young Llewelyn first saw the infant beauty, Eleanore, daughter of Montfort, whom he never afterwards forgot. She was then promised him as a bride, when her age was more matured, and the youthful lover saw her depart for France, to her convent at Montargis, with a pang which his present successes could scarcely remove. Edward, then a discomfited foe, captive to the proud and overweening Montfort, heard in his prison of the promise given to his rival, and resolved, if possible, to thwart his hopes: fortune afterwards gave him the power, and for many years he detained the fair and constant Eleanore from him she loved. At length, he made her the means of reconciliation, and took advantage of the passage of Llewelyn to gain his object at the expense of the lover's interest. Eleanore was granted to the Welsh Prince, and Edward triumphed in his successful art. For a time the pair lived only for happiness, and the murmurs of Llewelyn's subjects were scarcely heeded. Whenever Edward's aggressions and oppressions roused her husband to resistance, Eleanore's voice was raised to obtain peace, and more than once she succeeded ; but relentless Fate, which had already spoken the doom of Wales, removed the only barrier between the foes. Eleanore died in giving birth to a daughter, and Llewelyn, after little more than two years of blissful dreaming, found himself desolate."

Denbigh Castle.

Castell Caledfryn yn Rhôs, "the Castle of the Craggy Hill in Rhos," has been compared to Stirling, and must in the seventeenth century, when the whole of the vast fortifications, including the walls of the old town, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, were entire, have presented a very noble object. The great gateway of the Castle is a majestic example of the military architecture of the end of the thirteenth century,—grand in desolation. You enter beneath a vast Gothic arch, over which is a stately robed statue of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the founder. It

was flanked by two large octagonal towers, one of which (the west) remains. The breaches, as Pennant expressively says, are "vast and awful." David, the ungovernable and treacherous brother of Llewelyn the Great, held Denbigh and its lordship in defiance of him; at which time there was a Welsh Castle here. "He made it his residence till the conquest of the country; soon after which he was taken near the place, and carried, laden with irons, to Edward at Rhuddlan." The King then granted Denbigh to the Earl of Lincoln, who built a great part of the present structure—incorporating no doubt some of the old one—but did not finish it, in consequence of the death of his only son, who was drowned in the Castle well. De Lacy was defeated near this place by the Welsh in 1294. Edward II. bestowed the Castle on the notorious Hugh Despenser; and the equally notorious Leicester made additions during the reign of Elizabeth. In September, 1645, the King, on his flight from Chester after the battle of Rowton Moor, passed two or three nights here, and then went on to Chirk; the tower in which he slept is still called *Siamber y Brenhin*, the King's tower. In 1646 the Royalists sustained a severe defeat at Llanrhaiadr, two miles from the town; but the Parliamentarians were unable to make any impression on the Castle, which held out against General Mytton until the end of October, when it was surrendered on honourable terms; it is said that the governor threw the keys to Mytton from the Goblin tower. Charles II. had it dismantled by blasting the walls with gunpowder. Seldom are such walls seen. The huge fragments that remain, with the shell of the exterior, impress the mind vividly with their stupendous strength. Passages and dungeons have been explored on the east side of the entrance, to the extent of 30 yards, in one of which the skeleton of a horse was found; these passages led into the town. A chamber near the entrance tower, which had been walled up, was discovered full of gunpowder.—*Abridged from Cliffe's North Wales.*

Chirk Castle.

This great quadrangular mansion, although partly modern, has a curious history. A fortress, called *Castell Crogen*, was built here early in the eleventh century. Leland, in the sixteenth century, describes it as "a mightie large and strong castel, with divers towers, a late well repaired by Sir William Standeley the Yerle of Derby's brother." In 1644, it was, curiously enough, besieged by its then owner, Sir Thomas Myddelton. Sir Thomas was a Parliamentarian, and his Castle had fallen into the hands of the Royalists, who kept possession of it, not-

withstanding some stout attacks, until the end of February, 1646, when Sir J. Watts, the governor, marched out with a gallant band, who were taken prisoners in a few days. Sir T. Myddelton became a devoted Royalist in 1648, being disgusted with his party, and rose against the Government in 1659, but was compelled to surrender, when the demolition of the Castle was resolved upon by Parliament; but, luckily, the political events that followed saved it. Still it had been so battered, that 30,000*l.* were subsequently spent in repairs. The Myddelton family purchased the property of Lord St. John in 1595: the famous Sir Hugh Myddelton, of "New River" celebrity, was one of them.

The chief entrance is under a lofty gateway in the centre of the north front, formerly defended by a portcullis and two towers. The south-west side preserves much of its original character, and its interior is a massive example of the feudal fortress. It is said that on a very clear day, portions of seventeen counties can be seen from the summit. The view from the terrace is exceedingly fine; and the grounds, within which is a large lake, are a combination of the beautiful and the wild, striking effects being frequently produced by inequalities of surface and judicious planting.

The deep and picturesque Vale of Ceroig, which runs from the Berwyn on the south side of the park, was the scene of a memorable but inconclusive encounter between the armies of Henry II. and Owen Gwynedd, at the beginning of a second campaign which the British monarch made against the Welsh. Henry soon afterwards advanced to the summit of the Berwyn, where he remained for some time, threatening Corwen; but was so harassed by dreadful rains, and by the activity and prudence of Owen, who cut off all supplies, that he was obliged to return ingloriously, with great loss of men and equipage.

Castle Dinas Brân.

This fortress, of which there remains a remarkably picturesque ruin, was situated on an artificial plateau on the top of a conoid hill, which rises about 1000 feet above the river Dee, in North Wales. The hill rises so suddenly, and it is so completely detached from the surrounding heights, that it frowns savagely down upon the quiet glens of the neighbourhood, and seems to overawe the valley of Llangollen. An earlier structure on the site is said to have been destroyed by fire in the tenth century.

The place, in its almost inaccessible seclusion, afforded a secure

refuge from the infuriated Welsh, when Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor—his sympathies weaned from his native Wales by his English wife—took part with Henry III. and Edward I. in their endeavours to subjugate his countrymen.

There is a tradition that the present building sustained a siege at the commencement of the fifteenth century by Owen Glyndower, when held by Thomas Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, a strenuous supporter of the House of Lancaster.

Dinas signifies beyond all doubt a fortified place; but as regards the signification of Brân there seems to be great difference of opinion. Some have supposed that it was derived from a corruption of the name of Brennus, King of the Gauls, the brother of Belinus, as conflicts are said to have taken place between the brothers in this neighbourhood; whilst others conjecture that the name was taken from Bryn, a mountain, or from Bran, the mountain stream which runs at the foot of its northern slope. The only author of reputation who advocates the former derivation appears to be Humphrey Llwyd, an antiquary of good repute, in 1568.

It should be mentioned that Bran, in Welsh, means a crow; and the Castle is called "Crow Castle" by the inhabitants of Llangollen, where is an inn with that sign. And in Gough's *Camden* it is noted:—"Dinas Brân is vulgarly called *Crow Castle*, from *Bran*, a crow, but more probably derived by E. Lhuyd, from the brook *Bran*, which is crossed by a bridge near Llangollen."

The walls are built chiefly of small slaty stones imbedded in a good mortar. In many places the wall of the enceinte can scarcely now be traced; and it is only at those parts which appear to have been the principal entrance and the Keep, that any considerable mass of masonry is now standing. In no part does any upper room remain; indeed the only portion of the ruins which is not open to the sky, is a chamber with three small circular holes in its vaulted roof, near the principal entrance, and which has proved an enigma to all recent inquirers. The Castle was in ruins in Leland's time; and the fragments that remain are falling rapidly into decay. In some places are to be found mutilated free-stone voussoirs, bases of shafts, groins, sills, and corbels, apparently of the stone of the neighbourhood obtained at Cefn. The principal approach was from the south-east, through Llandin farm, just below which a bridge once crossed the Dee on the road of communication between Castell Dinas Brân and Castell Crogen (Chirk Castle). This road doubtless formed a connecting link in the great chain of Border-fortresses in the Welsh Marches.

The ardour of a lover-bard, Howel ap Einion Lygliw, could not pass unnoticed the steepness of the hill ; for, writing a long poem to the celebrated beauty, Myfanwy Vechan, a descendant of the House of Tudor Trevor, and whose father probably held the Castle under the Earls of Arundel, in 1390, he says—

" Though hard the steep ascent to gain,
Thy smiles were harder to obtain."

It has been stated that the lovely Myfanwy's tomb is to be seen at Valle Crucis Abbey ; but this appears to have been the resting-place of another Myfanwy, the wife of Yeaf ap Adam of Trefor.

There were drawbridges over the fosse. About a mile distant to the west there existed formerly, it is said, a tower, which was a sort of advanced post of the Castle ; and there is the common rumour of a subterranean passage having existed between the two places.

What can be further said of the history of this interesting old fortress? The date of its abandonment is unknown ; and in the days of Henry VIII. Leland could only say—"The Castelle of Dinas Brane was never bygge thing, but sette al for strenght as in a place half inaccessible for enemyes. It is now al in ruine, and there bredith every yere an egle. And the egle doth sorely assant hym that distroith the nest, goyng down in one basket, and having a nother over his hedde to defend the sore stripe of the egle."

Conjecture, however, is busy on the subject. Pennant says that a primitive Welsh castle formerly occupied the position. He is further of opinion that Eliseg, prince of Powys, whose pillar still stands on a mound in one of the meadows near Valle Crucis Abbey, lived here ; and remarks that the letters on that pillar resemble those in use in the sixth century.

From the absence of any evidence of a later time, and notwithstanding the date which has been given to one of the voussoirs at the north-east entrance, it appears probable that the Castle was built in the days of Henry III., by one of the Welsh lords of Bromfield and Yale ; possibly by the Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor, to whom reference has already been made, and who was buried at Valle Crucis Abbey, in 1270. He was the only son of Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor, who founded the Abbey in 1200, and the great-grandson of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, about 1137. The Maelors seem to have been a powerful family. They were lords of Bromfield and Yale, of which Castell Dinas Brân formed part, and also of the territory of Tref y Waun, in which Chirk Castle, formerly called Castell Crogen, now stands.

Gryffydd retired to Dinas Brân to seclude himself from his infuriated fellow-countrymen, when, after his marriage with an English woman, Emma, daughter of James, Lord Audley, he transferred his sword as well as his heart to the foreigner. But what the Welsh in those days considered no doubt a righteous judgment fell upon him. After his death the guardianship of his young sons was conferred by Edward I. on two of his favourites; John, seventh Earl of Warren, received under his tutelage Madoc, and Roger Mortimer, son of Roger, Baron of Wigmore, was appointed guardian of Llewelyn. It is stated that the two children were soon afterwards drowned under Holt Bridge, which is seventeen or eighteen miles distant. This is said to have happened in 1281. John, Earl Warren, obtained the fortress of Dinas Brân, with the lordship of Bromfield and Yale; his grant bears date 7th October, 10 Edward I. (1282), whilst Mortimer made himself master of Tref y Waun. According, however, to a statement in Watson's *Memoirs of the Earls of Warren*, it is uncertain whether the King himself did not cause the children to be put to death. From the Warrens, Castell Dinas Brân passed by marriage to the Fitzalans; it now belongs to Colonel Biddulph, of Chirk Castle.—Abridged from an interesting Paper by Walter R. Tregellas, in the *Archæological Journal*, No. 84, 1854.

Bangor Iscoed.

Is situated on the banks of the Dee, in the detached part of Flintshire, and is well described by Cliffe, in his *Book of North Wales*. This is a most interesting place in the annals of the early British Church; the site of the most ancient British college, which contained 2400 monks. It appears to have been founded by Lucius, one of the last tributary Christian Kings of Britain under Roman rule, about A.D. 180, and was converted into a monastery by Dunawd, who, with many of his brethren here, had a celebrated contention with Augustine, and like the rest of the British clergy, strenuously resisted the pretensions of the Romish Church. Soon after the Second Synod, which was convened relative to the claims of Augustine, had been held, 1200 of the unarmed ecclesiastics of Bangor Iscoed were slain on a battle-field near Chester by Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria—a memorable event in Welsh history. This heathen warrior afterwards sacked the monastery, which was very rich in manuscripts; but the Welsh princes, having combined their forces, soon after gave him battle, and routed him with great slaughter. After the Norman Conquest, William of Malmes-

bury speaks of many ruined churches, and immense heaps of rubbish here; and Leland, much later, mentions that the extent of its walls was equal to those round a town, and that the two chief gates were half a mile asunder. Pennant gives engravings of five very interesting coffin-lids found at Bangor. Human bones and other relics, including Roman coins (the Roman *Bovium* has been placed here), have been ploughed up during the present century.

Vortigern's Castle—its Goblin Builders.

Nant Gwynant, the Vale of Waters, so called from its beautiful lake, extends for about six miles, and is full of sublimity and beauty. Here rises the steep rock called Dinas Emrys, the Fort of Merlin, the site of many wondrous traditions connected with the famous bard and necromancer,

“Who could call up spirits from the vasty deep?”

It is said that Vortigern, the British Prince, after having, in an evil hour, trusted the treacherous Saxons, and accepted the hand of Rowena, retired into the recesses of Snowdon, and there began to revolve in his mind the means of contending against those whom he found too powerful and dangerous. The fatal feast had taken place on Salisbury plain, and Hengist's awful words, “Take your swords,” had been followed by the massacre of 360 British nobles; and their imprudent weak prince, who had suffered himself to be lured by beauty, had been dragged captive to a dungeon, till he yielded to all the demands of the victors.

Sullen and heart-stricken, but yet not quite subdued, Vortigern summoned to his aid all the sages of his kingdom, and by their advice commenced the construction of a fortress in Nant Gwynant, which was to secure him against attacks and make him independent of his foes. All the materials for his building were got together, but the workmen found to their amazement that certain spirits called the Goblin Builders, whose dwelling is in Snowdon, every night removed the walls which they had constructed with so much care.

The wise men consulted together, and at length delivered their opinion to Vortigern: “This Castle,” they said, “will never be completed until the stones are sprinkled with the blood of a child who has had no earthly father.” The King sent east and west, in every valley and in every town throughout Britain; and still his workmen toiled,

and still the Goblin Builders destroyed all they had done. One day, as one of the emissaries was passing through a village, he observed a group of boys at play: presently they began to dispute with one, and called him, in contempt, "a son without a father." Vortigern's messenger immediately sought the mother of this child, and having secured both her and her son, brought them to the King. On being questioned, the woman acknowledged that her fate had been strange, and that the child before them owed his birth to an Incubus.

The death of this wonderful child was decreed beforehand; but even on his journey he had so amazed his conductors by the astonishing wisdom of his remarks, that they could not but report of him in such a manner as to excite the interest of Vortigern, into whose presence he was brought, and desired to reply to the sages, who were to decide on his fate. The boy, who was called Merlin, at the first word entirely confounded and shamed the wise conclave assembled, for he showed their ignorance, and offered to point out to Vortigern the reason of the failure of his building, if he would grant him a private interview. This was granted, and handing the King to the top of the mountain, Merlin made him look within, and there disclosed to him the fearful sight of two dragons furiously contending—one white, the other red. "While these contend," said Merlin, "it will be impossible to build your Castle, they have great power, and the spirits obey them; but you see before you one who is the son of a greater, and has knowledge which can control them. You cannot sacrifice me if you would; instead of that, I can be your friend if you will."

After this, there was no impediment to the building of Vortigern's Castle, and great and wonderful were the works which Merlin performed there. The King afterwards gave it to the necromancer for his own dwelling; and he constructed another in the Vale of Gwrtheyrn, where Vortigern at length retired to end his days, after the persecutions of the Saxons and the rage of his own subjects had driven him to despair.

To this day the curious inquirer may behold the Cell of the Diviner, in a dark rock, and near it the Tomb of the Magicians, which latter is a huge stone supposed to cover the grave where the ignorant *wise men* were enclosed, who had given false counsel to the British King. Whoever has courage to enter a black cavern nearly on the top of Snowdon, may, by searching far enough, discover the golden chair which Merlin concealed there from the Saxons, and the jewels and money which still lie scattered in heaps around. Some of the enterprising miners who

now search into the very heart of Snowdon, will, doubtless, come upon these treasures some day.

The Welsh traditions name this neighbourhood as the scene of Merlin's famous grotto, which he constructed for the love of the fairy Viviana, or the White Serpent, with whom he lived in that magical retreat, and whose treachery converted it into an eternal dungeon. Some say it is to be found covered with the stone which can never be removed near Carmarthen, though the Bretons claim it as belonging to their country. The voice of the mighty master may, at all events, be frequently heard here amongst the hollow rocks, reverberating along the mountains in thunder, and bewailing his weakness in yielding to the force of beauty, as his pupil Vortigern had done, to their mutual destruction.

We are indebted for this legend to Miss Costello's delightful *Fords, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales*, with cleverly executed illustrations by Thomas and Edward Gilks.

Caernarvon Castle.

The Romans, during their sojourn in Britain, founded an extensive military station on the shores of the Menai, called *Segontium*; in the immediate neighbourhood of which there is good ground for concluding that the native princes of the district first commenced the building of Caernarvon.

Constantine, who married Helena, a daughter of one of the Princes of North Wales, is supposed, from some remains which have been found here, to have resided for a short time at this station;—in Welsh it is called *Caer Custenit*, the City of Constantine.

The town of Caernarvon, which has been designated "the boast of North Wales," is beautifully situated at the mouth of the river Seiont, on the south-eastern side of the strait of Menai, about four miles from St. George's Channel. It is chiefly surrounded by the massive and lofty remains of its ancient walls, which are flanked and strengthened by numerous semicircular towers. But the glory of the place is its Castle; a fortress, which, it has been well observed, from whatever point or whatever distance it is viewed, assumes a romantic singularity of appearance, that excites mingled feelings of awe and pleasure in the beholder.

A fortification seems to have been erected here shortly after the Norman Conquest of England, by Hugh, Earl of Chester, who had,

after an arduous conflict, succeeded in temporarily dethroning the Welsh monarch, and in nominally possessing himself of the greater part of North Wales. The present structure, however, was built by Edward I., after the completion of his conquest of North Wales, in 1282. The care bestowed in the plan and construction of this magnificent fortress, sufficiently indicates the important light in which Edward regarded his acquisition, and the difficulty which he foresaw would arise in keeping it, from the restless and undaunted character of the Welsh people.

The Castle occupies the summit of an extensive rock, boldly projecting into the Menai Strait. On one side it was surrounded by the sea, on another by the river Seiont, whilst the two other sides were environed partly by a fosse and partly by a creek from the adjacent strait. Its external fortifications are still nearly perfect, and display an example of decorated castellated architecture, which is perhaps unrivalled; it is indeed this combination of strength with ornament which gives so remarkable an effect to Caernarvon Castle. Above the embattled parapets of the walls, rise numerous turreted towers of singular beauty, not uniform, but pentagonal, hexagonal, and octagonal in their shape, and 13 in number.

The walls of the Castle are of great height, and generally about 10 feet thick, having, within, a narrow gallery, with occasional loop-holes for the discharge of arrows in time of siege. In front of the principal entrance-tower is a statue of Edward, who is represented with a sword half-drawn from its scabbard in his hand. This massive gateway is defended by four portcullises. The interior of the Castle is in a state of considerable dilapidation, but it is magnificent in its ruin. The state apartments have been extremely extensive, and were lighted by spacious windows profusely adorned with tracery, much of which remains. A corridor, or covered way, ran completely round the entire structure, of which about seventy yards are nearly perfect. On the east side of the Castle is the Queen's Gate, so called, according to tradition, because Queen Eleanor entered this way.

We cannot even glance at the changeful history of this stupendous relic of the olden time. It was last used for the purposes of defence during the Civil War, when it was repeatedly taken and retaken by the Royalists and Republicans. In 1660, Charles II. issued a warrant for the demolition of the fortress and town walls, and it is not known how this was disregarded.

At the north-east corner was a deep well, and water was conveyed throughout the Castle by leaden pipes. Several dungeons may still be

traced: the only person of note confined here was the well-known Prynne, in the reign of Charles I. While imprisoned in the Tower, Prynne published his *News from Ipswich*, reflecting severely upon Laud and several of the bishops, for which he was prosecuted in the Star Chamber, and sentenced to pay a fine of 5000*l.*, to be set in the pillory, to be branded on both cheeks with the letters S. and L. (Seditious Libeller), to lose the remainder of his ears, and to be *closely imprisoned for life in Caernarvon Castle*. These sentences were rigidly executed; and the usual consequence of undue severity appeared in the popular sympathy and party spirit which it excited. The Puritan friends of Prynne flocked to Caernarvon Castle in such numbers, that it was thought necessary to change the scene of his confinement; and after he had been at Caernarvon about ten weeks, he was illegally removed by a warrant from the lords of the council to the Castle of Mont Orgueil, in the island of Jersey.

The Eagle Tower (so called from a figure of that bird sculptured on its walls) is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the fabric. "Within a little dark room of this tower," says Mr. Pennant, "not 12 feet long, nor 8 in breadth, was born Edward II.; so little, in those days, did a royal consort consult either pomp or conveniency." This assumption has, however, been disproved; and the scene of the royal accouchement must be sought elsewhere. There are some remarkable traditional circumstances connected with the event. "Edward," says the historian, "had, by the Statutes of Rhuddlan, annexed the principality to the kingdom of England, and in a great degree incorporated it, as to the administration of civil justice, with that country." But the Welsh became impatient under this usurped dominion, and the principal chieftains, who mostly remained in their inaccessible mountain-fastnesses, at last acquainted the English monarch, that they would never acknowledge him as their sovereign, unless he would reside in Wales. This being a proposition which it was impossible to comply with, the Welsh ultimately modified their requisitions, and after setting forth the cruel oppressions and unjust exactions of the English officers, stated, in a strong remonstrative memorial, that they never would acknowledge or yield obedience to any prince, but of their own nation and language, and of an unblamable life. "King Edward," continues the historian, "perceiving the people to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous expedient. Queen Eleanor was then daily expecting to be confined; and though the season was very severe, it being in the depth of winter, the King sent

for her from England, and removed her to Caernarvon, the place designed for her accouchement. When the time of her delivery was come, King Edward called to him all the barons and chief persons throughout Wales, to Rhuddlan, there to consult about the public good, and safety of their country. And being informed that his Queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that whereas they had oftentimes entreated him to appoint them a prince, he, having then occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their request, on condition they would allow of, and obey, him whom he should name. The Welsh readily agreed with this proposition, only with the same reserve, that he should appoint them a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them he would name such a one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and whose life and conversation nobody could stain; he then named *his own son, Edward*, but little before born in Caernarvon Castle. The conqueror, having by this bold manœuvre succeeded in obtaining what might be deemed the unqualified submission of the country, began, without any regard to justice, to reward his English followers with the property of the Welsh." It was not, however, until his son had attained his seventeenth year, that the wily monarch deemed it advisable to invest him with the delegated sovereignty. In that year (1301), we are told "*the Prince of Wales* came down to Chester, and received homage of all the freeholders in Wales. On this occasion, he was invested, as a mark of imperial dignity, with a chaplet of gold round his head, a golden ring on his finger, and a silver sceptre in his hand." It is very remarkable, that long after this event neither the title of Prince of Wales, nor the sovereignty of that country, was apparently considered absolutely hereditary in the heirs apparent of the British throne. The Black Prince, and many of the eldest sons of our Kings, were elevated to the dignity by letters patent; and it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that *the title* was looked upon as descendible by birthright. The title, however, is not inherited, but conferred by special creation and investiture, and was not always given shortly after the birth of the heir-apparent. We have seen that Edward's creation of Prince of Wales dates from the year 1301, when he was seventeen years old; his son was ten years old when he was created Prince of Wales.

We must now explain the error as to the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales, by aid of Mr. Albert Hartshorne:—"It is so popular a tradition that Edward II. was born in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle, that one almost shrinks from attempting to disprove what has received such universal credence, but it is desirable that the

historical events connected with the place should be brought before the public divested of the air of romance and fancy with which they have hitherto been disguised.

"In the first place, let us examine the chamber in the Eagle Tower where Edward II. is said to have been born. It is shapeless and low, and is a thoroughfare to two other rooms of a better kind, besides being contiguous to one of the grand central apartments of the tower. It is somewhat singular that this inconvenient room should have been selected, when there were others on the same level and in the same tower more suitable for the Queen's reception, and these circumstances alone bespeak improbability; but there has fortunately been preserved among the public records such documents as indisputably prove that the Eagle Tower was actually not finished until thirty-three years after the birth of Edward II., and when he had sat ten years upon the throne. We gather from the *Operation Rolls* of Caernarvon Castle that the Eagle Tower was roofed in 1316, and floored in the following year. From entries on the Great Roll of the Pipe, we find that the Castle was commenced by Edward I. in 1283, at the north-east corner, and gradually carried on towards the south-west; that the works were taken up by Edward II. and carried out to their completion in 1322, the whole building having extended over a period of 39 years; yet we are gravely assured at Caernarvon that the whole of this vast pile was erected in twelve months.

"Edward II. was born April 25, 1284, one year after the commencement of operations for the Castle. It is difficult to conceive that any part of the building could at that time have been in a fit state for the Queen's reception, when we consider the slowness with which the works were carried on; but there seems no reason to doubt that the first Prince of Wales was born in the town of Caernarvon. The sources from which our information has been derived have been of the most reliable kind—namely, the public records. It is hardly necessary to add that the equally unerring test of architecture corroborates them in every particular."

It is not easy to understand what honour can attach to any spot from its being the birthplace of Edward II., one of the few kings of England who were deposed by Parliament for their many crimes. But Caernarvon rejoices in the honour of being the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales. It is, however, difficult to understand why the inhabitants of the counties and towns of North Wales should rejoice to speak of the son of the Conqueror as "the first Prince of Wales," as if they had wholly forgotten their last Llewelyn, as if

there had never been such a prince as Gruffydd, the head and shield and defender of Britons; the warrior whom it needed all the might of Harold to overthrow. Still, Caernarvon claims its *Castle* as the birth-place of the Prince, though this is a strange perversion of the facts of history. When, in April, 1863, the Prince of Wales visited Caernarvon, he was welcomed in the Castle "on this the anniversary of the birth within these walls of the first Prince of Wales," and reference was made to "the period in which the first Prince of Wales was presented to a reluctant population from the gates of this majestic and venerable building." Lastly, "the Prince and Princess of Wales were conducted to the Eagle Tower, the chamber in which, according to tradition, the first Prince of Wales was born." In all these words and deeds there is a flagrant falsification of history. Nothing is more certain than that Edward II. was not born in the present Caernarvon Castle, least of all in the Eagle Tower which he himself built. And the truth of the matter is perfectly well known, and perfectly well known on the spot. The late Mr. Hartshorne twice, in 1848 and in 1857, lectured to large audiences in the Castle, and explained its history. Mr. Hartshorne's discoveries are not only familiar to all antiquaries, but they are quite familiar at Caernarvon.

Nor are these all the strange stories of the Castle. It has been affirmed, on authority, that the Castle was built in one year; and that the Eagle Tower was named from a now shapeless figure of an eagle, brought, it is alleged, from the ruins of Segontium; but an eagle was one of Edward's crests. The whole edifice was repaired about twenty years ago, at a cost of upwards of 3000*l*. The late Marquis of Anglesey was long governor of the fortress. Painful as it may be to contemplate the downfall of such a tradition, historic truth is of greater consequence to establish. The "first Prince of Wales" was certainly born in the town of Caernarvon, and most probably in some building temporarily erected for the accommodation of the royal household.

Letters of the First Prince of Wales.

There exists a roll of letters written by Edward, the first Prince of Wales, of which facsimiles have been obtained by the process of photo-zincography. This curious roll appears to have been kept by the Prince's Secretary as a duplicate copy of all letters despatched by his Highness, and furnishes proof of the extent of the Prince's correspondence and the method by which it was distinguished. It is for one

year only, 1304, yet it contains the copies of above 700 letters on all sorts of subjects, political, financial, and domestic, from the one with which the roll commences, to Adam the Poleter of Reading, commanding him to lodge four tuns of good wine in the Abbey of Reading against the arrival of the Prince's servants at the tournament about to be held there, to that to Pope Clement V., relative to his projected marriage with the Princess Isabella of France. The letter immediately preceding this is one of credence to the Pope in favour of the Prince's two Secretaries, Sir John de Bankewell, Knight, and William de Bliburgh, his Chancellor, whom he despatches to his Holiness with private intelligence, possibly connected with the same subject. It is written in Latin, and in a singularly inflated and pedantic style, which can hardly have emanated from the Prince himself.

Among the facsimiles for illustrating this record of the feelings and pursuits of the first Prince of Wales is one in which he entreats the Queen, and in another the Countess of Holland, his sister, to intercede with the King for the admission of Perot de Gaveston among his attendants. Prince Edward was twenty years old at the time, and this is perhaps the earliest mention of that unhappy intimacy which dishonoured his reign and had such fatal consequences for himself and his favourite. Two others are in favour of Ladalli, a Castilian money-lender, who had the King's jewels in pawn, and one to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London in favour of the Lady Mortemer du Chastel Richard, who seems to have been imprisoned and very harshly treated by the civic authorities on the bare word of her accusers. To Sir John de Bretagne he writes that he had recommended Henriot de St. Oweyn to the King his father; but as the King has sent word back that he is to meddle with nothing, he dares not do anything further for him. From various entries on this roll, the Prince of Wales appears to have been at the time in disgrace with the King, although, in a letter to the Earl of Gloucester, he assures him that the extent of the King's displeasure has been much exaggerated. Appended to this letter is a note in Latin by the Prince's Secretary, to the effect that "my Lord" thanks the Countess of Gloucester for having given up her property for his use, and also for having lent him her seal, which he returns by the hands of Ingelard de Warle, to whom it was delivered, enclosed under the Prince's own seal, on the 21st of July, in the Archbishop's chamber, at Lambeth. The Secretary adds that the Countess's seal was at first about to be returned in an open enclosure, but that the Lord Chancellor immediately sealed it up with "my Lord's." One or two instances are given of the Prince's fondness for sporting, and the con-

cluding facsimile is that of a letter to Sir Hugh le Despenser acknowledging a present of grapes which reached him just as he was going to breakfast, and which he assures the sender could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. The great majority of the letters are in Norman-French.

Conway Castle.

This venerable fortress, one of the noblest piles in Britain, is most picturesquely placed, a short distance from the mouth of the river Conway, at the northern extremity of the county of Caernarvon. Sir Richard Colt Hoare says of it: "I have seen no town where the military works of art are so happily blended with the picturesque features of nature; and no spot which the artist will at first sight view with greater rapture, or quit with greater reluctance." "The shape of the town is fancifully said to resemble a Welsh harp, to the form of which it really has much affinity."

There is a tradition current in Wales, that King Edward I., when he had completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death; upon this tradition Gray has founded his famous and beautiful Pindaric ode, *The Bard*, beginning—

"On a rock whose lofty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in a sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the poet stood"—

Miss Costello, in her agreeable legendary tour, notes: "this passage has so impressed those of the inhabitants of Conway who have read it, that ingenuity has been greatly taxed to discover and fix on the exact spot whence the bard plunged into the roaring tide, and I was gravely assured by several enthusiastic and poetical persons, of the positive site of the event."

Here King Edward I. completed a Castle in 1284, which he built in order to bridle his new subjects, the Welsh. It stands upon a high rock, and is thought to have replaced a Welsh fort. Soon after its erection, the royal founder was besieged in the Castle, in 1290, by the natives in their revolt under Madoc, an illegitimate son of Llewelyn, and reduced to great extremity by famine before the place was relieved by the arrival of a fleet with provisions. When King Richard II. mustered his forces to oppose his rival Bolingbroke (afterwards Henry IV.), after disgusting his adherents and weakening his forces by delay

and fickleness, he on a sudden quitted his army by night, and privately sheltered himself in Conway Castle, from whence he was soon afterwards allured and delivered into the power of his enemies; and in the stately hall of Conway he signed his abdication.

At the commencement of the Civil War, Conway Castle was garrisoned in behalf of King Charles by Dr. John Williams, Archbishop of York, who, in 1645, gave the government of it to his nephew, William Hookes. Two years afterwards the Archbishop was superseded in the command of North Wales by Prince Rupert, which so irritated his grace that he went over to the side of the Parliament, and assisted their general, Mytton, in the reduction of the town and Castle. The town was stormed in 1646, and the Castle surrendered in the following November. All the Irish among the prisoners were tied back to back and thrown into the river. Mytton himself was besieged by Sir John Owen two years after, but the siege was raised owing to the approach of a superior force; and a terrible battle, fought soon after close to Penmaen Mawr, at which the gallant Sir John was made prisoner, decided the fate of North Wales.

The superiority of the fortress seemed to inspire respect, for while the Parliament forces dismantled other Castles, they did not destroy this. It was afterwards granted by King Charles to the Earl of Conway and Kiluta, who had scarcely obtained possession ere he ordered an agent to remove all the timber, lead, iron, and other materials: but the vessel in which they were being conveyed to Ireland was wrecked, and all the property lost. One of the towers of the Castle has a large breach in the lower part, caused by the inhabitants undermining it while digging for slates; the strength of the masonry has kept the upper part in its place. This is called "the Broken Tower."

Thus unroofed and unprotected, the Castle has suffered much from wind and weather, but it still presents a fine specimen of an ancient fortress. It is in the form of an oblong square, and stands on the edge of a steep rock, washed on two sides by an arm of the river. The walls, which are partly covered with ivy, are all embattled, and are from twelve to fifteen feet thick. They are flanked by eight vast circular embattled towers, forty feet in diameter, each of which formerly had a slender machicolated tower rising from the top. The chief entrance was from the town by a drawbridge over a very deep moat, and through a portcullised gateway, to the larger court. The interior consists of two courts, bounded by the various apartments, all of which are in a lamentable state of decay, though still bearing marks of their former magnificence.

The stately hall is one hundred and thirty feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high ; it was lighted by nine windows. Four of the arches out of eight are left ; underneath were the provision cellars and ammunition vaults. Of the State apartments, one is twenty-nine feet by twenty-two feet. The King's Tower communicates with that of the Queen on the opposite side. Queen Eleanor's Oratory is a fine example of the architecture of the close of the thirteenth century, when the Early English style was merging into the Decorated. The Castle was designed by Henry de Elreton, the architect of Caernarvon Castle.

The iron Suspension Bridge, which crosses the river exactly opposite to the Castle, is a structure of peculiar elegance, and of great national importance, as it forms part of the communication between Liverpool and Dublin. It was commenced in 1822, with a view to supersede the dangerous ferry which formerly existed here ; the designs for it were by Mr. Telford, and it was opened to the public on the 1st of June, 1826. The towers, on which the chains rest, are built in the same style of architecture as the Castle, so as to harmonize with it ; and a slight effort of the imagination would lead us to suppose that the present structure was the original drawbridge of the ancient fortress. The chains of the bridge are fastened at the west extremity into the rock beneath the Castle, and at the eastern end into an island rock, which is connected with the shore by an embankment, upwards of 2000 feet in length. The length of the bridge, between the supporting towers, is 327 feet, and the height of the roadway, above high water of spring-tides, about fifteen feet.

The river Conway has been celebrated from the earliest period for its pearl-fishery. Pliny asserts that Julius Cæsar dedicated to Venus Genetrix, in her temple at Rome, a breast-plate, set with British pearls ; and Suetonius says, that the chief motive assigned by the Romans for the invasion of Britain, was to obtain possession of the pearl-fishery. This branch of commerce is not, however, held in much estimation at the present day, though the species of mussel, called by Linnæus the *Mya Margaritifera*, which produced the pearls, is still found in the river. A pearl presented to the queen of Charles II. by Sir R. Wynne, was placed in the regal crown.

The town of Conway was formerly surrounded by high massive walls, one mile and a half in circumference, strengthened at intervals by twenty-four circular and semicircular towers, great part of which, with the four principal gateways, yet remain in a tolerable state of preservation. A Cistercian Abbey was founded at this place by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1185, but scarcely any vestiges of it exist.

Snowdonia.—Dolbadarn Castle.

The poetical appellation of Snowdonia has been given to the central part of the county of Caernarvon, the most romantic district of North Wales—from its grand feature being the magnificent mountain of Snowdon. "Nature has here," says Camden, "reared huge groupes of mountains, as if she intended to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for Britons in the time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded valleys, rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for, besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are, like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one which, towering in the centre, far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

In a region so fitted by Nature for the strategies of war, there were, doubtless, many strongholds erected in the troublous times of Britain. Throughout the district exist some traces of the Roman conquest of the aboriginal inhabitants; although there is some difficulty in determining by what tribe of native Britons Caernarvonshire was inhabited at the above early period. The neighbouring districts of North Wales were peopled by the Ordovices; and Caernarvonshire has, with great show of probability, been included in the territory of that tribe.

Caernarvonshire was the chief stronghold of the country, from the invasion of the Romans down to the reign of Edward I. The natural defences of the district were so skilfully strengthened that Snowdonia was rendered a vast mountain fortress. On the east the passage of the Conway was guarded by Castell Diganwy, and the pass of Bwlch y ddaufaen (near the Vale of Llanrwst) by a fort at Caerhun. There were the great hill camp of Penmaen Mawr, and forts at Aber and in Nant Francon; the pass of Llanberis was guarded by Dolbadarn Castle; a fort overlooked the pass under Mynydd Mawr, and another in Bwlch Gwffelin; "while the passage over the Traeth Mawr, or great sands, was defended on one side by the strong Castle of Harlech, in Merionethshire, and on the other by that of Criccieth, with a watch-tower at Castell Gwyvarch, and a fort at Dolbenmaen; the disposition of the whole displaying in that rude age considerable military skill."

The campaigns in Wales are thus described:—"John advanced as far as Diganwy, opposite Conway, but the Welsh so harassed him with skirmishes, and by cutting off his supplies, that he was ultimately compelled to retreat with great loss. Some months after, he contrived to cross the Conway, and advanced as far as Bangor, which he burned, seizing the bishop before the high altar of the cathedral; this led Llewelyn ap Iorwerth to seek John's daughter, Joan, in marriage. Henry III. spent ten weeks in strengthening Castell Diganwy in 1245, but did not venture to pass the Conway, being opposed by Davydd, the reigning prince, who greatly harassed him. Llewelyn the Great kept the English in check for about twenty-five years, and regained much of the Principality; but he was at one time humbled by Edward I., who shut him in the Snowdon mountains, and in turn cut off his supplies from Anglesey and other parts, which he was able to effect by the aid of a powerful fleet. The English monarch sustained some time after, however, a most serious repulse on the shores of the Menai, at Moel y Don ferry, which he attempted to cross by a bridge of boats. His troops were outgeneralled by the Welsh, and in the action which ensued 15 knights, 32 esquires, and 1000 common soldiers, were either slain or drowned; and Edward, whose position had become critical, was compelled to fall back on Rhuddlan Castle. Llewelyn was killed near Builth soon after; his brother Davydd II., a weak prince, was chased like a mountain-wolf, and his body, after his execution, barbarously mangled. Dolbadarn Castle fell; others were abandoned; the mountain passes left unguarded, and Edward penetrated in person, with an army, "into the inmost recesses of the Snowdonian mountains, setting fire to the houses and slaying great numbers of the Welsh," who, however, resisted him with the highest bravery in one pass. During the subjugation of the level tracts which followed, a terrible example was also made by Edward of his revenge, and he erected the Castles of Caernarvon and Conway to keep the Welsh down, and subsequently Beaumaris to guard the Menai Strait, and awe Anglesey. In 1294, however, three serious insurrections arose, in consequence of an attempt to impose a war-tax on the people; and an illegitimate son of the great Llewelyn, named Madoc, who assumed the title of Prince of Wales, gained possession of all Caernarvonshire and Anglesey—including Caernarvon Castle—except Conway, where Edward, who had marched suddenly thither from England, was placed for a short time in great peril. Madoc was defeated soon after, but remained in insurrection until taken prisoner during a foray in the Marches. Edward I. converted the Snowdonian mountains into a

royal Forest, for the purpose of driving out, as far as possible, its turbulent inhabitants.

Dolbadarn Castle was the work of a very remote age, but whether anterior or subsequent to the Roman conquest, is doubtful. It was one of what Sir Richard Hoare calls the first class of Welsh Castles—"the original British, placed on high and almost inaccessible mountains." It is situated about two miles from the village of Llanberis, nearer to Caernarvon. The name, Dolbadarn, or Padarn's Meadow, is referred to Padarn, a British saint of obscure note. Sir Richard Hoare adds: "the Castle, standing near the junction of the two lakes of Llanberis, is the only one that remains in all the narrow passes of North Wales. As it was impossible for an enemy to climb the chain of mountains, which are a guard to Caernarvonshire and Anglesea, and as there were five narrow passes, the British secured each with a castle: this was the central one." Its remains are a small round tower, or Keep: its inner diameter ten yards, and its height twenty-five yards. This seems to have been the principal part of the fortress, since it occupied the whole of a small elevated rock: it would scarcely accommodate fifteen men, and is hardly larger than one of the bastions of Caernarvon Castle. The strongholds of the British Kings, we must recollect, cannot be compared in magnitude with the Norman fortresses.

Dolbadarn has been for centuries in ruins; since Leland (*temp.* Henry VIII.) described only a decayed tower. Within its walls Owen Goch was confined upwards of twenty years, for having joined in a rebellion against his brother, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, the last Prince of Wales.

The view from Dolbadarn is extremely beautiful, embracing the two lakes, nearly three miles in extent, and the vast mountain-chain which bounds the vale. The effect of the castled crag, reflected in the crystal lake, the stupendous mountains on each side, and the upper lake, stretching to the church of Llanberis, with mighty Snowdon in the background, present a scene of the sublime and the picturesque, which baffles the eloquence of the pen and the mastery of the pencil.

This Welsh Ode, or Awdl, on Owen's imprisonment, Miss Costello regards as singularly similar to the Ode of the Troubadour, in the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion:—

"THE CAPTIVE OF DOLBADARN.

"From yonder height a captive's sighs
Are wafted towards me by the gale—

There chain'd, abandon'd, Owen lies,
 And I still live to tell the tale !
 To tell how, by a brother's doom,
 Yon towers are Owen's living tomb.

" I roam'd amongst those mountains drear,
 Lamenting for my hero gone,
 When sounds of sorrow met my ear—
 I paused and startled at the tone,
 For in the voice I loved so well,
 I seem'd to hear my Owen's knell.

" Of mighty and of royal birth,
 Of gallant deeds and courage high,
 What Saxon dar'd invade our hearth,
 Or draw the sword when he was nigh !
 In Avar we knew him by his broken shield,
 Like the great Rod'rick never born to yield.

" His palace gates no more unclosed,
 No harp is heard within his hall,
 His friends are vassals to his foes,
 Grief and despair have vanquish'd all.
 He, the defender—he, the good and just,
 Is gone ; his name, his honour, in the dust !

" He prized but treasures to bestow,
 He cherish'd state but to be free ;
 None from his walls unsped might go,
 To all he gave, but most to me !

" Ruddy his cheeks as morning's light,
 His ready lance was firm and bright,
 The crimson stains that on it glow
 Tell of the Saxons' overthrow.

" Shame, that a prince like this should lie
 An outcast, in captivity.
 And oh ! what years of ceaseless shame,
 Should cloud the Lord of Snowdon's name !"

Beaumaris Castle.

The Isle of Anglesey became, after the death of Llewelyn the Great, the headquarters of most of the Welsh chieftains ; and Edward I., finding that those turbulent warriors could not be kept in check by the Castles at Caernarvon and Conway, erected at Beaumaris, in 1295-6, a fortress, with his usual judgment. The disadvantage of a low site was counterbalanced by access to the sea, obtained by means of a short cut outwards from the deep fosse that surrounded the structure. Great skill is shown in the defences of this large and most interesting fortress.

In plan, says Cliffe, in his *Book of North Wales*, describing it from actual inspection, it resembles a modern citadel, and consists of a square within a regular hexagon. In case of a surprise, the attacking party could only carry the outer walls, behind which rose an inner and prodigiously strong line of ramparts and grim bastions, capable of accommodating a large garrison. The substance of the following further description is taken from Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary* :—

“The Castle consists of two courts, the outer comprehending a spacious quadrilateral area, defended by 14 circular towers, of which those at the angles are much larger than the rest, and have the principal entrance towards the sea, flanked by two strong round towers, between which is a pointed archway, defended by a portcullis. Near this entrance is a long, narrow, advanced work, with a platform, called the Gunner's wall, which was anciently carried over the moat by a lofty arch, still remaining, and near which is one of the iron mooring-rings for shipping. The inner quadrangle is 190 feet long, and nearly the same broad, surrounded by the principal range of buildings, which are much loftier than those of the outer court, and defended by 10 round towers. Within this quadrangle are the state apartments; on the north-west side the great hall, 70 feet long and 24 feet wide, lighted by a noble range of five lofty traceried windows. To the east is the chapel, late Early English, and in good preservation, with a groined roof. The walls are embellished with 21 elegantly canopied niches, between which are lancet windows of great beauty, and behind them are recesses gained in the thickness of the walls. A narrow corridor, much inferior to that at Caernarvon, formed within the walls, is carried nearly round the whole building except on the north-west side; there are some recesses within, with square apertures, supposed to have been for the trap-doors of dungeons below. Within the inner court are a tennis-court and bowling-green.” One or two good ghost and treasure stories belong to this Castle.

In 1642, Beaumaris Castle was garrisoned for King Charles by Thomas, Lord Bulkeley; and it was held until 1646, when it was surrendered after the Royalists had suffered a reverse in a sharp engagement, near at hand, with a superior force under General Mytton, in which the gallantry of the islanders was conspicuously displayed. One officer (Royalist) left his men locked up in the church tower, and ran off. He had the *sobriquet* of Captain Church for the remainder of his life.

Beaumaris is rather more regular in form than Caerphilly, though of less magnitude. Here the hall is in one of the gatehouses, and the chapel occupies a mural tower. The inner walls are of unusual height

and thickness, and contain two very curious tiers of triforiated galleries, of which the lower one covers a series of sewers. There are but two concentric lines of wall. The outer line is represented by a sort of spur-work, which extends towards the sea, and commanded the whole port. Beaumaris was built by Edward I., and marked the establishment of his power in North Wales when he turned the flank of Snowdon.

Joanna and the Bard.

The empty stone coffin of Llewelyn the Great, which was removed, first from the Abbey which he founded at Conway, and then from Malnan, and now lies on the floor of Gwydir Chapel, in Llanrost Church, is all that remains of the great Welsh Prince, whose name is so often repeated in history, and who died in 1240.

Llewelyn had been induced by the artful promises of the smooth traitor King John to accept the hand of his daughter, the Princess Joan, but his having thus allied himself did not prevent the aggressions of his father-in-law; and John having cruelly murdered twenty-eight hostages, some of the highest Welsh nobility, Llewelyn's indignation overcame all other considerations, and he attacked John in all his Castles between the Dee and Conway, and for that time freed North Wales from the English yoke.

There are many stories told of the Princess Joan, or Joanna, somewhat contradictory, but generally received. She was, of course, not popular with the Welsh, and the Court bard, in singing the praise of the Prince, even goes so far as to speak of a female favourite of Llewelyn, instead of naming his wife. It is related that Llewelyn, at the battle of Montgomery, took prisoner William de Breos, one of the knights of the English Court, and while he remained his captive, treated him well, and rather as a friend than enemy. This kindness was repaid by De Breos with treachery, for he ventured to form an attachment to the Princess Joan. He was liberated, and returned to his own country; but scarcely was he gone than evil whispers were breathed into the ear of Llewelyn, and vengeance entirely possessed his mind: he, however, dissembled his feelings, and still feigning the same friendship, he invited De Breos to come to his palace at Aber as a guest. The lover of the Princess Joan readily accepted the invitation, hoping once more to behold his mistress; but he knew not the fate which hung over him, or he would not have entered the portal of the man he had injured so gaily as he did.

The next morning the Princess Joan walked forth early, in a musing mood: she was young, beautiful: she had been admired and caressed in her father's court, was there the theme of minstrels and the lady of many a tournament—to what avail? Her hand without her heart had been bestowed on a brave but uneducated prince, whom she could regard as little less than savage, who had no ideas in common with hers, to whom all the refinements of the Norman Court were unknown, and whose uncouth people, warlike habits, and rugged pomp, were all distasteful to her. Perhaps she sighed as she thought of the days when the handsome young De Breos broke a lance in her honour, and she rejoiced, yet regretted that her dangerous knight, the admired and gallant William, was again beneath her husband's roof. In this state of mind she was met by the Bard, an artful retainer of Llewelyn, who hated all of English blood, and whose lays were never awakened but in honour of his chief, but who contrived to deceive her in a belief that he both pitied and was attached to her. Observing her pensive air, and guessing at its cause, he entered into conversation with her, and having "beguiled her of her tears" by his melody, he at length addressed to her these dangerous words:—"Tell me, wife of Llewelyn, what would you give for a sight of your William?" The Princess, thrown off her guard, and confiding in the harper's faith, imprudently exclaimed—"Wales, and England, and Llewelyn—all would I give to behold my William!"

The harper smiled bitterly, and, taking her arm, pointed slowly with his finger in the direction of a neighbouring hill, where, at a place called Wern Grogedig, grew a lofty tree, from the branches of which a form was hanging, which she too well recognised as that of the unfortunate William de Breos.

In a dismal cave beneath that spot was buried "the young, the beautiful, the brave;" and the Princess Joan dared not shed a tear to his memory. Tradition points out the place, which is called Cae Gwilyn Dhu.—*Abridged from Miss Costello's North Wales.*

Harlech Castle.

An ancient British fortress, called originally Twr Bronwen, from Bronwen, the fair-bosomed sister to Bran ap Llyr, father of the great Caractacus, was erected at Harlech, on a steep rock overhanging the sea, by the early British princes, and occupied the site of the present Castle, which was commenced by Edward I. in 1286. Owen Glendowe

seized this strong fortress in 1404, and held it for four years. Margaret of Anjou took refuge here in 1460, after the defeat of her husband, Henry VI., at the battle of Northampton; and here she rested from harassing warfare for a time. In the Civil War of the Roses, Harlech was held for the Lancastrians by a Welsh chieftain, named Dafydd ap Jevon ap Einon, who "held this fortress through the long period of nine years in defiance of Edward IV.'s whole power, after his possession of the crown. In 1468, Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, invested the place, and the answer of the Welsh hero is on record. 'I held a castle in France,' said he, 'till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now I will hold this Welsh tower till all the old women in France hear of it.' Sir Richard, brother of the Earl, who conducted the siege, could reduce it only by the slow assault of famine, and Dafydd surrendered on honourable terms, his life being spared as a condition of his surrender. Edward, barbarous and ungrateful, at first refused to ratify the promise given by Sir Richard; but he, more generous, nobly replied, 'Then, by —, I will put Dafydd and his garrison into Harlech again, and your highness may fetch him out again, by any one who can, and if you demand my life for his, take it!'"

After the war was concluded, the county (Merionethshire) became, and long continued to be, a scene of confusion. Outlaws and felons perpetrated a variety of crimes, burning, robbing, and murdering, in large bands, and driving cattle in open day with the greatest impunity. To quell these outrages, Queen Mary issued a commission, when 80 of the outlaws and felons were seized and punished. To revenge this severity, one of the leaders of the commission was waylaid and murdered, in 1555, at a place now called, from the foul deed, "The Baron's Gate." The vigorous measures to which this outrage gave rise led to the extirpation of the banditti, some of whom were executed and the rest fled. The traditions of the country attest the terror which these ruffians excited; travellers forsook the common road to Shrewsbury to avoid their haunts.

In the Civil War of Charles I., Harlech Castle was the object of contention: the fortress changed masters once or twice, but was finally taken by the Parliamentarians, under General Mytton, March, 1647, it being the last fortress in North Wales that stood out. It was reduced by famine, for such was the state of the roads at that time, that Mytton could not bring artillery. It was ordered to be demolished, but the order was only partly acted upon in the interior. From a survey made in the reign of Henry VIII., we gather that there were then extensive outworks and two drawbridges towards the sea. The fortress is rudely

built; its walls are tolerably perfect; they form a square of about 70 yards each way, with a round tower at each corner. From these corner towers formerly rose elegant turrets, but these are in great part destroyed. The only approach was on the east, between two grand towers, by the great gateway, defended by three portcullises. The apartments, now open to the sky, are very spacious; the stately hall looks over the sea. "Margaret of Anjou's Tower" is shown. There are traces of the ancient British fortress in the foundations of the present Castle. Seaward it was protected by the inaccessible precipice on which it stood; on the land-side it was strengthened by a deep ditch, cut with enormous labour in the solid rocks.



Valle Crucis Abbey, and Eliseg's Pillar.

Just above Llangollen, on the road to Ruthin, commences Valle Crucis; and here, on a tumulus, in the middle of the glen, are the remains of one of the most ancient columns, or crosses, in Great Britain. It was entire until the Civil War of the seventeenth century, when it was thrown down and broken by some ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a cross to be suffered to stand.

This pillar, or cross, was a memorial of the dead, an improvement upon the rude columns of the Druidical times, cut into form, and surrounded with inscriptions, and considered among the first lettered stones in Britain. In height it was originally 12 feet. The inscription states it to have been erected by Concenn, in memory of his great-grandfather Eliseg; and that Concenn was the grandson of Brochmail, a Prince of Powys, who was defeated in the memorable battle of Chester, A.D. 603; and the memorial is called Eliseg's Pillar, and the limestone rocks of the valley are called the Eglwysig Mountains. But some antiquaries insist that they are so named from a church which formerly stood in a meadow at their foot, and which is still known as "The Meadow of the Church." Some maintain that Craig Eglwysig means the *halloved rock*; and a church is thought to have been built here by one Egwestl, at the end of the fifth century. Valle Crucis Abbey, of which very fine ruins exist, was founded in 1200, by Madoc ap Griffith Madoc, lord of the neighbouring Castle of Dinas Brân, who was buried here after a life of rapine and violence. During a struggle with the English, commenced by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, in the reign of King John, Madoc resolved to dedicate a portion of his substance to the establishment of a great church and monastery in some peaceful retreat, and Valle Crucis was

chosen. The community was Cistercian. The Abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and had many Welsh names. The ruins consist of the church, the Abbot's lodgings, refectory, and dormitory. The church was cruciform: it is now nearly roofless; the east and west ends and south transept are tolerably perfect. There is still much of the Abbey; and in a farmhouse adjoining are several chambers which formed part of the convent. The old poet Churchyard leads us to consider there to have been a central tower to the Abbey, when he sings:

"An Abbey near that mountayne towre there is,
Whose walls yet stand, and steeple too, likewise."

Beautiful as are the architectural remains, their picturesqueness is much increased by the fine ash-trees which bend over the ruined arches, and ivy climbing among the clustered columns. The lancet windows are very fine: one circular arch is filled with three of these windows, with delicate tracery, and each is surmounted with a rose.



"The Stone of the Arrows," near Aber.

In one of the mountain-passes of Caernarvonshire is a curious relic, which is known by the popular appellation of "*Carreg-y-Saelhan*"—the Stone of the Arrows—and is situated on a path about three miles above Aber on the northern shore of Caernarvonshire, in a pass among the mountains called "*Nant-an-Afon*"—the Valley of the River. The stone is flat, measuring about six feet in length; the path crosses directly over it, and, according to tradition, on the commencement of war the chieftains were accustomed to sharpen their arrows or other weapons upon this rock, and the marks upon the surface, which are about a quarter or half an inch deep, were made by the arrow-heads. They undoubtedly present the appearance of having been produced by the points of spears or arrows. In the neighbourhood of Aber, the Welsh princes had a residence adjoining an artificial mound, called "*The Mwd*," about six miles west of Bangor. The Welsh princes, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, at the close of the twelfth century, and Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, A.D. 1246 to 1282, lived much in this part of the county, which is full of traditions and vestiges of ancient interest. The entrenched dwelling near the Mwd was the scene, according to tradition, of the tragical death of William de Breos, described at page 456, and where is an artificial cave. Llewelyn seems to have forgiven his frail consort; she survived this tragical event eight years, and was buried in the Dominican convent

which she had founded at Llanvaes, near Beaumaris. The numerous historical traditions associated with the neighbourhood of Aber seem to corroborate in some degree the supposition that the Stone of the Arrows may have been a relic connected in a certain manner with early warfare.

The Legend of St. Monacella.

In a very retired spot on the banks of the Tanat is Pennant Melangell—the shrine of St. Monacella, or as the Welsh style her, Melangell. Her legend relates that she was the daughter of an Irish monarch, who had determined to marry her to a nobleman of his court. The Princess had vowed celibacy. She fled from her father's dominions and took refuge in this place, where she lived fifteen years without seeing the face of man. Brochmail, Prince of Powys (see p. 459), being one day hare-hunting, pursued his game till he came to a thicket; when he was amazed to find a virgin of surprising beauty, engaged in deep devotion, with the hare he had been pursuing under her robe, boldly facing the dogs, who had retired to a distance howling, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sportsmen to make them seize their prey. Even when the huntsman blew his horn, it stuck to his lips. Brochmail heard her story; and gave to God and her a parcel of lands to be a sanctuary to all that fled there. He desired her to found an Abbey on the spot. She did so, and died Abbess, at a good old age. She was buried in a neighbouring church, called Pennant. Her hard bed is shown in a cleft of a neighbouring rock. The legend is perpetuated within the church by some rude wooden carvings of the Saint, with numbers of hares scuttling to her for protection. They were called St. Monacella's Lambs. Until the seventeenth century no one would kill a hare in the parish; and much later, when one was pursued by dogs, it was firmly believed that if any one cried "God and St. Monacella be with thee," it was sure to escape. In the churchyard are two mutilated recumbent effigies, representing St. Monacella and Jorwerth Drwyndwn, or "Edward with the broken nose."—Cliffe's *North Wales*.

The Castle of Montgomery.

At Montgomery, Baldwin or Baldwyn, who had been appointed Lieutenant of the Marches by William the Conqueror, built a Castle, or other military post, and laid the foundation of the town, A.D. 1092.

Both appear to have been almost immediately captured by the Welsh, from whom they were taken again in the following year by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. The Earl fortified the place, and called it by his own name; but in 1094 it was taken by the Welsh, who put the garrison to the sword, and ravaged this part of the Border-land. William Rufus assembled an army and repulsed them, and strengthened and provisioned the Castle of Montgomery. It was, however, again taken and utterly destroyed by the Welsh; but after a severe contest, the Norman power prevailed, the Welsh were driven to their fastnesses, and the Earl of Shrewsbury rebuilt the fortress. This, however, appeared to have shared the fate of its predecessor; for Henry III. built here a new Castle, A.D. 1221, which was, ten years afterwards, taken and burned by Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales.

Montgomery afterwards formed part of the possessions of the Mortimer family. In the Civil War of Charles I., the Castle was fortified for the King by Lord Herbert of Chisbury, who delivered it up to the Parliamentary general on his approach, and was shortly afterwards besieged by the Royalists. The advance of a body of 3000 Parliamentary troops to its relief led to a desperate encounter, in which the Royalists, 5000 strong, were defeated with the loss of 500 slain, and 1400 prisoners. The Castle was afterwards dismantled by order of Parliament. It will thus be seen that in consequence of the proximity of Montgomeryshire to England, it was partly included in the Marches, and became for centuries debateable ground.

This fortress, the scene of so many hot contests of inglorious war, stood on a steep projecting eminence on the north side of the town. The remains consist of a fragment of a tower, and some portion of the walls: between the buildings and the precipitous side of the hill above the town is a level space, probably used as a parade for the garrison. The Castle was defended by four ditches cut in the solid rock, and crossed by drawbridges. The town itself was also defended by walls, flanked by towers and secured by four gates; but of these defences only a few fragments remain. At the foot of the Castle Hill are traces of a small fort, conjectured to be the original Norman Castle erected by Baldwyn; and on a neighbouring hill, intersected in the only accessible parts by deep ditches, are the remains of an extensive British camp.

On Mynydd or Cefyn Digoll, five miles from Montgomery, was fought, in 1294, an obstinate battle between Madoc, the natural son of Llewelyn, and the Lords Marchers, which terminated his once formidable insurrection and his career.

Powys Castle.

The town of Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire, is named from a deep pool or lake, called Llyn Du, near which it is situated. Here Cadrogan, a powerful chieftain of the district of Powys, began to build a Castle, A.D. 1109, but it was left unfinished at his death. It was completed by another; and in 1191 was taken after a long siege by the English, who repaired and strengthened its defences. It was retaken A.D. 1197, by the Welsh of Powysland; but these having taken part with the English, the Castle was taken from them in 1293, and dismantled by the Prince of North Wales. The fortress was afterwards restored, and received the name of Powys Castle, which it still retains. It was fortified in the Civil War of Charles I. by Lord Powys, the owner of it, who sided with the King's party; but it was surrendered, in 1644, to the Parliamentary commander, Sir Thomas Middleton.

This celebrated fortress stands in a spacious, well wooded park, on a rocky ridge or elevation, and is built of red sandstone, whence its ancient name of Castell Coch, or Red Castle. The different portions are of various dates, and at one time presented an incongruous appearance. It has been in a manner restored by Sir Robert Smirke. The interior has a heavy and gloomy appearance; but has a fine collection of pictures, statues, vases, and other antiquities. Its state bedroom is preserved in the exact form in which it was prepared for King Charles I. The gardens are, or were lately, laid out in the old style, with terraces, clipped shrubs, and the remains of waterworks. It is the ancient seat of the Clive family, and was purchased by the Herberts, Earls Powys, in the reign of Elizabeth. Here is preserved in the library a MS. history of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose fame, as we have seen, is tarnished by his ill-timed surrender of Montgomery Castle, which he had garrisoned for Charles I.

It is scarcely possible to leave Montgomeryshire without a few words upon the pursuits of its people when its principal riches were its sheep and wool, in contrast with its more stormy times of warfare and bloodshed. Its manufactures were then collected through the country and sent to Welsh Pool, whence they were carried in a rough state to Shrewsbury, to be finished and exported. Dyer gives a lively description of this traffic:—

"The Northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pygmean steeds,

Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
 Yet strong and sprightly ; over hill and dale
 They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
 In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
 Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
 And spreads the swelling sheet."

The pygmean steeds, of which Dyer here speaks, are a kind of small ponies in the hilly tracts of Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire, called *merlyns*, which range over the mountains both in summer and winter, and never quit them until they are three years old, when they are brought down for sale.

The Story of Owen Glendower.

Of the history of this courageous warrior there are several incidents described throughout the present section of this work. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to sketch, in a connected form, his eventful career, as it presents many localities and characteristic pictures of Castle life at a very important era.

Owen Glendower was born in Merionethshire about the year 1349. He was naturally descended from Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, whose granddaughter, Elena, married Gryffydd Vychan, of which marriage Glendower was the offspring. He appears to have had a liberal education, was entered at the Inns of Court in London, and became a barrister. It is probable that he soon quitted the profession of the law, for we find that he was appointed Squire of the Body to Richard II. When this King's household was finally dissolved, he retired with full resentment of his sovereign's wrongs to his patrimony in Wales. He was knighted in 1387, and was married early in life to Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hammer, of Hammer, in the county of Flint, one of the justices of King's Bench, by the appointment of Richard II. By her Owen had several sons and five daughters: most his sons fell in the field of battle to which they accompanied their father in 1400.

Owen had engaged in a dispute about the boundaries of his lordship of Glendwrddwy, with Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, an Anglo-Norman, whose seigniories adjoined his own. Taking advantage of the deposition of King Richard, Lord Grey had forcibly possessed himself of a piece of land which Owen, in the former reign, had recovered from him by course of law. Glendower laid his case before Parliament, but his suit was dismissed. To this provocation, Reginald de Ruthyn added another insult, by purposely detaining the writ that

had been issued to summon Owen, with the other barons, to assist Henry IV. in his expedition against the Scots. Lord Grey misrepresented to the King the absence of Glendower as an act of wilful disobedience, and afterwards treacherously took possession of his lands under the pretence of forfeiture. The Welsh were at this time little better than barbarians: they hated the English because of the laws which punished their bards as vagabonds, allowed no Welshman to hold the smallest public office in his native country, and maintained foreign garrisons in their towns and Castles. They were hated in return as an ungovernable, plundering, rebellious race. Out of their condition rose the power of Glendower. With the assistance of the bards who asserted him to be gifted with supernatural skill, his fame was spread throughout the whole of Wales, and his influence so speedily increased, that after levying a body of troops, he at once proclaimed his genealogy, and laid claim to the throne of Wales. In the summer of 1400 he attacked the estates of his enemy, Lord Grey, and in his absence seized upon his lands. As soon as the news of these exploits had reached the King, he sent Lords Talbot and Grey to reduce Glendower. This attack upon his house was sudden, and he with difficulty escaped. He next marched upon the town of Ruthyn, which he took, pillaged, and burnt, during the time of a fair, and then retired to his fortifications in the hills. His proceedings were so alarming that the King soon resolved to march against him in person, and forces were assembled from ten counties to join the regular army at Coventry. A grant was also made to the King's brother, John, Earl of Somerset, of all Glendower's estates in North and South Wales. His revenue in money did not exceed 300 marks (200*l.*), but his rents in service and in kind were probably considerable. The King, who had now penetrated as far as the Isle of Anglesea, plundered a Franciscan Convent at Llanfaes, slew some, and carried away others of the monks, and repeopled the monastery with English. The Franciscans were known to have assisted Prince Llewelyn, and to have espoused the cause of his successor. King Henry, at last, caused his army to retire, Glendower and his troops having retreated to the mountains in the neighbourhood of Snowdon. A free pardon was offered to the rebels in the several Welsh counties, which brought over to the King's authority some of the principal adherents of Glendower. Nothing daunted by the diminution of his forces, but trusting to the protection afforded by a mountainous country, Glendower marched to Plinlimmon in the summer of 1401, and ravaged the surrounding country; he sacked Montgomery, burned the suburbs of Welsh Pool, destroyed

Abbey-crom-Hêr, and took the Castle of Radnor, where he beheaded the garrison to the number of sixty. The Flemings (who, in the reign of Henry I., had settled in Pembrokeshire), incensed at his incursions, raised a force of 1500 men, and surrounded Owen on every side. He broke through their ranks, and 200 of the Flemings remained dead upon the field. These depredations and victories awakened the fears of the King, and a second expedition into Wales was determined upon. In June, 1401, the King was at the head of his troops, but, after razing to the ground the Abbey of Ystrad Fitor, and pillaging the county of Cardigan, he withdrew his army, exhausted by famine and disease. Glendower's cause among the Welsh now triumphed: and in 1402 a comet was interpreted by the bards as an omen favourable to him. Predictions gave new energy to his followers, and Glendower advanced towards Ruthyn, drew Lord Grey into the field, surprised him with an ambush, and carried him off captive to his court, near Snowdon, whence he was released by the payment of 10,000 marks (6666*l.*), and his engagement to observe strict neutrality. For his better security, or perhaps by compulsion, Lord Grey married Jane, fourth daughter of Glendower, immediately upon his liberation. Being now free from English opponents, he turned his arms against such of his countrymen as had adhered to the English, or forsaken his cause; he marched upon Caernarvon, and closely blockaded its strong Castle.

The cathedral at Bangor, and the cathedral, palace, and canons' house at St. Asaph, were destroyed at Owen's command. His excuse for these outrages was that Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, had been disloyal to King Richard, from whom he had received his preferments. Trevor subsequently revolted from King Henry, allied himself to Glendower, and did not quit the see, in which Owen confirmed him, until that chieftain's fortunes declined, when he prudently retreated to Paris.

The King now determined upon a third expedition into Wales, and called upon his principal subjects to assemble at Lichfield. In the meantime, Glendower had defeated Sir Edmund Mortimer at Pilleth Hill, not far from Knighton, in Radnorshire, and had left dead upon the field 1100 of Mortimer's followers. Sir Edmund, who was himself made prisoner, was uncle to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March (then about ten years old), whose title to the Crown having been acknowledged by the Parliament, he was kept in close custody by the King, and refused ransom. This induced him to become a partisan of Glendower, whose subsequent alliance with the Percies was mainly attributable to Mortimer. Instead of assembling one army at Lichfield, Henry determined to raise three separate divisions, and to attack the

Welsh from three different quarters at the same time: the King to muster the first division at Shrewsbury; Lord Warwick, Lord Stafford, and others to assemble the second at Hereford; while Prince Henry was to have the command of the third at Chester. Owen Glendower, in the meantime, burnt the houses of the Bishop and Archdeacon of Llandaff, set fire to Cardiff and Abergavenny, and then returned to oppose the English; but concealed himself among the hills from an inferior force, driving away all the cattle, and destroying all the means of subsistence. At this time the rebellion seemed likely to gain ground, for the confederates—Mortimer, the Percies, and Glendower—confiding in their own power, determined to divide the whole kingdom among themselves. It was at this juncture that Glendower revived the ancient prophecy, that Henry IV. should fall under the name of "Moldwarp," or "the cursed of God's mouth;" and styling himself "the Dragon," he assumed a badge representing that monster with a star above, in imitation of Uther, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon threatening beneath. Percy was denoted the "Lion," from the crest of his family; and on Sir Edmund Mortimer they bestowed the title of "the Wolf." Owen, who was now at the zenith of his glory, called together the estates of Wales at Machynlleth, and there was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales. Some of his enemies, however, as well as his allies, assembled at this meeting, and he narrowly escaped assassination.

In 1403 Glendower and Mortimer marched towards Shrewsbury, in order to join their troops to the army of Percy, which was encamped near that town.

As soon as the King was aware of these hostile movements, he marched in all haste to come up with Hotspur before he was joined by Glendower. The royal army entered Shrewsbury only a few hours before Hotspur arrived at the gates. This was on the 19th of July, and the King was anxious to give battle without delay. Hotspur, however, did not feel himself strong enough for this, having not above fourteen thousand men in his army, whereas the King had nearly double that number. On the following morning the King's forces marched out of the town, and succeeded in forcing Hotspur to an engagement, of which the following interesting account is taken from the *History of Shrewsbury*:—

"The fight began by furious and repeated volleys of arrows from Hotspur's archers, whose ground greatly favoured that kind of warfare, and they did great execution on the royal army. The King's bowmen were not wanting in return, and the battle raged with violence. Hot-

spur, with his associate Douglas, bent on the King's destruction, rushing through the midst of the hostile arrows, pierced their way to the spot on which he stood. Henry was thrice unhorsed, and would have been taken or slain, had he not been defended and rescued by his own men; and the fortune of the day would have been forthwith decided, if the Earl of March had not withdrawn him from the danger; for the royal standard-bearer was slain, his banner beaten down, and many of the chosen band appointed to guard it, were killed by these desperate assailants; while the young Prince of Wales was wounded in the face by an arrow. In short, notwithstanding all the exertions of the Royalists, victory seemed inclined to favour the rebel army; they fought with renewed ardour, from an opinion naturally derived from the overthrow of his standard, that the King himself had fallen, and animated each other to the combat with cheering and redoubled shouts of '*Henry Percy, King! Henry Percy, King!*' In this critical moment the gallant Percy, raging through the adverse ranks in quest of his Sovereign, fell by an unknown hand, alone, and hemmed in by foes. The King lost no time to avail himself of this event. Straining his voice to the utmost, he exclaimed aloud '*Henry Percy is dead!*' and the battle soon ended in the King gaining a complete victory.

"In the meanwhile Owen Glendower had marched with a large body of Welshmen to within a mile of Shrewsbury; and if the King had not been so rapid in his movements, Glendower and Hotspur would probably have joined their forces. It was necessary, however, that the Welsh army should cross the Severn, which, at this place, is a broad and rapid river. It happened also, most unfortunately for Glendower, that the water was at this time exceedingly high. There is a ford at Shelton, by which, at other seasons, he would have been able to cross the river, but now it was impossible. The bridges at Shrewsbury were commanded by the King; and he had nothing to do but to halt his army on the banks of the Severn, though he could see Hotspur's forces quite plainly on the opposite side, and though he knew that the King wished to bring on a battle. The battle took place as we have related.

"The place where the fight was thickest is about three miles from Shrewsbury, and is still called Battle-field; and King Henry built a handsome church there, which is still used as a parish church, though great part of it is in ruins."

The tradition of the country says, that Glendower mounted the large oak tree, which has been often engraved, and that he saw from thence the battle of Shrewsbury. This story is most probably true. It would

be difficult to account for its being told by the common people of the neighbourhood, if there was not some truth in it. These people are not likely to have heard of Owen Glendower, or the battle of Shrewsbury: and if Glendower really arrived at this spot, and could not get over the river on account of a flood (of which facts there seems to be no doubt), it is not at all unlikely that he mounted up into the tree. Battle-field Church can now be seen very plainly from the bank of the river. It is not much more than three miles off; at the time the battle was fought, the country was perhaps much more open than it is at present, and there were few hedges to shut out the view; so that Glendower might easily have seen what was going on between the two armies; and it must have been very mortifying to him to see the troops of his friend Hotspur totally defeated.

There is no difficulty in believing from the present appearance of the tree, that it is old enough to have been of a considerable size in the year 1403, or 467 years ago. Oaks are known to live to a much greater age than this; and there are documents which prove that the Shelton oak was a fine large tree some centuries ago. It is still perfectly alive, and bears some hundreds of acorns every year, though it has great marks of age, and is so hollow in the inside that it seems to stand on little more than a circle of bark. At least six or eight persons might stand within it. The dimensions are as follows:—The girth at bottom, close to the ground is 44 feet 3 inches; at five feet from the ground, 25 feet 1 inch; at eight feet from the ground, 27 feet 4 inches. Height of the tree, 41 feet 6 inches.

The Welsh pass an unjust censure upon Owen Glendower for his conduct at the battle of Shrewsbury; and not only blame him for omitting to join Percy's division before the engagement took place (which, it appears, he could not have effected), but also accuse him of want of promptitude in not attacking Henry immediately after the action. In the following year he opened the campaign with fresh vigour, and took the Castles of Harlech and Aberystwith, and several others, of which many were dismantled, and some garrisoned. Next year Owen's fortunes began to decline: he was attacked at Grosimont Castle, about twelve miles from Monmouth, and driven back by Henry, Prince of Wales, then only seventeen years of age. Eight hundred men remained dead upon the field, as the English gave no quarter. During the same month he suffered a second defeat in Brecknockshire; when there were killed or made prisoners 1,500 of Owen's followers; one of his sons was taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor fell in the action. After these reverses all Glamorganshire sub-

mitted to the King, and Glendower was compelled to wander over the country with a few faithful friends, concealing himself in remote and unfrequented places. There is in the county of Monmouth "Owen's Cave," in which he was secretly maintained by an old and trusty adherent.

Notwithstanding occasional assistance from his foreign allies, Owen's strength continued to decline. Two years afterwards Glendower again began to make head against the English by devastating the Marches, and seizing the property of those who refused to join him. Lord Powys fortified several castles, and subsequently took prisoners two of Glendower's best officers, who were carried to London, and there executed as traitors; whilst Glendower was compelled to retire into Wales in comparative obscurity. While a treaty was in negotiation with Owen, he died at Mornington, in Herefordshire, September 20, 1415, after a life of risk and danger, at the house of one of his daughters. There is a tombstone in the churchyard of Mornington, which is believed to mark his grave; but no inscription or memorial whatever exists to corroborate the tradition.

The "Vale of the Dee" was the patrimony of Glendower, and many a spot in or near it is associated with his name or his history. The tumulus crested with firs near the seventh milestone from Llangollen, is called "Glyndower's Mount," and is supposed to have been the site of his house. Owen had also a mountain-seat, on the brow of the Berwyn, behind Corwen church, which is considered his parish, and was always his chief rendezvous.

It is to be regretted that historians have devoted so little attention to the career of this remarkable man. Taking their tone from the Lancastrian or Tudor chronicles, they dismiss him as "the wretched rebel Glendower," although his title to reign in Wales was far better than that of his opponent in England: for a considerable time he was *de facto* Prince of Wales, and was recognised as such by the King of France, who studiously avoided bestowing the regal style on Henry.

The Nannau Oak, after being for ages an object of superstitious dread to the peasantry of Merionethshire, on the 13th of July, 1813, fell suddenly to the ground, completely worn out with age. In the neighbourhood it was known as the Haunted Tree—the Spirit's Blasted Tree—or, in Welsh, "Conbren yr Ellyll," the Hobgoblin's Tree. It owed its fearful names to a circumstance well known in the history of that country. Howel Sele, a Welsh chieftain, and Lord of Nannau, was privately slain, during a hunting quarrel, by his cousin Owen

Glendower, and hidden for a long time within its hollow trunk. The remembrance of this tragical event was afterwards preserved by tradition in the families of the Vaughans of Hengwyl, nor was it wholly lost among the peasants, who pointed out to the traveller the "Haunted Oak;" and as they passed it in the gloom of night, would quicken their pace, and perhaps murmur a prayer for personal protection against the craft and assaults of the demon of the tree.

The irregular and wild Glyndower (at least so tradition says), being enraged with Howel, who had refused to espouse his kinsman's and his country's cause, determined, during a cessation of arms, like Earl Percy of old, "to force the red deer from the forest brake," in the domains of the unbending lord of Nannau. Thither he repaired; and encountering Howel alone, but armed, they fought. Glyndower conquered—his cousin fell. Owen returned in haste to his stronghold, Glyndwr dry. Howel was sought for, but nowhere found. The vassals of Nannau were filled with consternation and alarm; Sele's sorrowing lady shut herself up from the world in the solitude of her now gloomy castle. Year succeeded year, and yet no tidings were received of the absent Howel. His fate remained long unknown to all save Glyndower, and his companion Madog. At length, one tempestuous evening in November, an armed horseman was descried urging his flagging steed up the hill that leads to Nannau, from the neighbouring town of Dolgellau: it was Madog—who, after the death of the fiery, yet generous Glyndower, hastened to fulfil his last command, and unravel the horrid mystery. He told his melancholy tale, and referred to the blasted oak in confirmation of its painful truth. Howel's unhallowed sepulchre was opened, and his skeleton discovered, grasping with his right hand his rusty sword. The remains were removed to the neighbouring monastery of Cymmer for burial, and masses were performed for the repose of the troubled spirit of the Lancastrian Sele.

This celebrated oak measured 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, and stood on the estate of Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Nannau Park, Merionethshire; who, after its fall, had a variety of utensils manufactured from its wood, which is of a beautiful dark colour, approaching to ebony; and there is scarcely a house in Dolgellau that does not contain an engraving of this venerable tree, framed with the wood. At Nannau there are several relics; amongst others, a frame containing an engraved portrait of Pitt, and under it the following motto: "*Y Gwr fal y dderwn a wynebodd y dymestl*:" "This man, like the oak, faced the tempest."

The above tradition forms the subject of a very fine ballad by Mr.

Warrington, printed in the notes to *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott.
Let Madog, in the poet's words, complete the tale.

- " Led by the ardor of the chace,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmaelen spreads her shade,
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.
- " With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red-buck rous'd, then cross'd his view;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.
- * * * *
- " They fought, and doubtful long the fray,
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound.
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.
- " I marked a broad and blasted oak
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare,
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.
- " Be this, I cried, his proper grave!
(The thought in me was deadly sin);
Aloft we rais'd the hapless chief,
And dropped his bleeding corpse within.
- * * * *
- " He led them near the blasted oak,
Then conscious, from the scene withdrew;
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whitened bones to view.
- " Back they recoil'd: the right hand still
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword,
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,
And proudly deck'd their slaughtered lord.
- " Pale lights on Caday's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the blasted oak
Convulsive heav'd a hollow groan.
- " And to this day the peasant still
With cautious fear avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound."

The Grave of Carausius.—Origin of the British Navy.

We are indebted for our account of this interesting Memorial to the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, who, at the Congress of the Cambrian Archæological Association held at Bangor, in September, 1860, delivered to the meeting the result of his summer's study of the "Incised Stones" with which Wales abounds, and which are most important to

the proper and correct study of archæology. They had very few old MSS., but they were exceedingly rich in these stones—richer than most part of the countries of Europe, of which they ought to feel very proud, and do their utmost towards their preservation. The rev. gentleman pointed out to the audience, by means of diagrams, several inscribed stones, some of which had been only recently discovered. Amongst the most remarkable were those of a very early date, found at Penmachno, preserved through the exertions of the president (Mr. C. Wynne) and his family. One of them had the Greek monogram, and the following inscription:—

CARAVSIVS
HIC IACET
IN HOC CON
GERIES LA
PIDVM

which means that "Carausius lies here in this heap of stones," that is, in a *carnedd*. It was rescued by Mr. Wynne, but was well known to Pennant, who met with it in going from Penmachno to Ffestiniog. Carausius was the real founder of the British navy (circa A.D. 288). He was a Menapian, or Belgian, of the humblest origin, but a very bold and skilful naval commander. His head-quarters, as high admiral in the British seas, were originally at Bononia, now Boulogne; but, being threatened with death by the jealous emperors, he fled with his fleet to Britain, where the legions and auxiliaries gathered round him, and bestowed upon him the imperial diadem. Under his glorious reign of seven or eight years, Britain first flourished as a great naval power. Absolute master of the Channel, his fleets swept the seas from the mouths of the Rhine to the Straits of Gibraltar, and kept in complete check the piratical Franks and Saxons. To protect the northern frontiers of his dominions against the unsubdued northern tribes, he is said to have repaired the chain of forts erected by Agricola between the rivers Forth and Clyde; but it appears from Ossian that while he was employed in that work, he was attacked by a party under the command of Oscar, and "fled from his lifted sword." The Celtic bard calls him "the mighty Caros, king of ships;" but adds, tauntingly, that he spread "the wings of his pride" "behind his gathered heap," "looking over his stones with fear," when he beheld Oscar "terrible as the ghost of night, that rolled the waves to his ships." He was murdered by his confidential minister Allectus, at York, in the year 297.

SOUTH WALES.

Cardiff Castle.

Cardiff, the county town of Glamorganshire, seems to be a corruption of *Caer Tâf*, the fortress on the river *Tâf*. *Caerdydd*, its Welsh name, is thought to be derived from *Caer Didi*, the fortress of *Didius*, from a port which, it is assumed, the Roman General *Aulus Didius* erected here, and who succeeded *Ostorius* in command of the legions of Britain. Roman remains have been found within the walls of the present Castle, which stands on the line of the Roman coast road through South Wales. *Jertyn ap Gwrgan* commenced building walls round Cardiff, and must have had some stronghold, when he was driven out of Glamorgan by *Robert Fitzhamon*, the Anglo-Norman conqueror of Glamorganshire, who built the present Castle in the room of a smaller erection built by the Welsh princes of *Morganwg*.

Cardiff was subsequently strongly fortified, and in the Castle the unfortunate *Robert, Duke of Normandy*, brother of *William Rufus* and *Henry I.*, died, after a captivity of eight-and-twenty years. *Henry* having arrived in Normandy at the head of his army, his gold brought many partisans; the towns of *Bayeux* and *Caen* alone remained faithful to *Duke Robert*; and, after a long siege, the first was carried by assault and burned, whilst a conspiracy broke out in *Caen*, scarcely leaving the ill-fated *Duke* time to escape. A few gallant chevaliers rallied round him; but the battle of *Tinchebrai*, fought September 27, 1106, was gained by the King, and the *Duke* was taken prisoner.

Become master of his brother, *Henry* imprisoned him in the Castle at Cardiff, and the tower in which he is said to have been confined, at the left of the entrance gateway, is yet standing: it was restored in 1847. For greater security, the eyes of the unhappy *Duke* were put out. During his long imprisonment, he endeavoured to soothe his weariness by becoming a poet. The songs of the Welsh bards were tried to alleviate his sorrows, and the deep distress he felt at being separated from his only child, whose prospects he had blighted. Forced to learn the language of his gaolers, he employed it to compose several pieces in Welsh, one of which remains, and is a sort of plaintive elegy.

The Prince looked on an old tree rising above the forest, which covered the promontory of Penarth, on the Bristol Channel, and from the depth of his prison he thus mournfully addressed it, following the custom of the Welsh bards, who repeat the name of the person or thing they address in each stanza:—

Oak, born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where blood has rolled
in streams :

Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.

Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with blood and corpses :
Misery to the man who has borne an object of hatred.

Oak, grown upon this green carpet, watered with the blood of those whose
heart was pierced by the sword :

Misery to him who delights in discord.

Oak, in the midst of the trefoil and plants, which whilst surrounding thee
have stopped thy growth, and hindered the thickening of thy trunk :

Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

Oak, placed in the midst of woods which cover the promontory from whence
thou see'st the waves of the Severn struggle against the sea :

Misery to him who sees that which is not death.

Oak, which has lived through storms and tempests, in the midst of the
tumult of war and the ravages of death :

Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

The Castle of Cardiff is, in part, modern: as the west front, flanked by a massive octagonal tower. The ancient Keep stands on a circular mound. The moat by which the Keep was surrounded has been filled up, and the acclivities of the ramparts have been planted as a public walk.

Rocking-Stone in the Vale of Tâf.

This marvellous stone is situated on the western brink of a hill, called Coed-pen-maen, in the parish of Eglwysilan, Glamorganshire, above the road from Merthyr to Cardiff, and nearly equidistant from both towns.

The name of the hill, Coed-pen-maen (viz. the Wood of the Stone summit), is, doubtless, derived from this stone, which, in primitive ages, under the Druidic theology, was venerated as the sacred altar on which the Druids offered, "*in the face of the sun, and in the eye of the world,*" their orisons to the Great Creator.

The ground immediately around the stone is at present a bare sheep-walk, but the higher ground to the east is still covered with wood. The superficial contents of this stone are about 100 square feet, its thickness varying from two to three feet; it contains about 250 cubic feet. It is a sort of rough argillaceous sand-stone, which generally

accompanies the coal-measures of this part of the country. A moderate application of strength will give it considerable motion, which may be easily continued with one hand. The under-side slopes around towards the centre, or pivot, and it stands nearly in equilibrium on a rock beneath, the circumstance which imparts to it its facility of motion.

The prevalent opinion of the surrounding inhabitants respecting this ancient stone is, that the Druids imposed on the credulity of the country by pretending to work miracles from it, and that they offered human sacrifices thereon—vulgar errors that are not sustained by the most distant allusion of the primitive British bards and historians.

The Maen-Chwŷ (rocking-stone), is rarely mentioned by ancient Welsh authors, but the Maen-Llog (stone of benefit), and Maen-Gorsedd (stone of the supreme seat), &c., frequently occur. These were the central stones, encompassed by circles of stones at various distances, that constituted the Druidic temples, where worship *in the face of the sun* was solemnized, institutional instruction imparted, and bardic graduations and inaugurations solemnized. That the Maen-Chwŷ and Cromlech, such as Kit's Coity House, near Aylesford, &c., were used for such central seats, cannot be reasonably doubted.

Several bardic congresses have been held at this stone. The distinguished Druid-bard and profound Welsh antiquary, Iolo-Morganwg (Edward Williams, of Glamorganshire), presided there in 1815, and once or twice subsequently.

A Gorsedd was held there on Monday, September 22, 1834 (the 21st, the exact time of the autumnal equinox, and one of the four annual bardic festivals, having fallen on a Sunday). This Gorsedd would have taken place at the period of the Grand Royal Eisteddfod, held the preceding month at Cardiff, but that the indispensable notice of *a year and a day* had not expired from its first announcement. At this Gorsedd, Taliesin ab Iolo Morganwg, son of the above-named Iolo Morganwg, who gained the chair-medal at that Eisteddfod, as well as the beautiful medal given by the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, presided, having opened it with the very ancient Welsh proclamation usual on such occasions. At the close of this Gorsedd, the assembly adjourned to the house of Gwilym Morganwg (Thomas Williams). This person, and Taliesin Williams (Ab Iolo), were the only two Welsh bards regularly initiated into the arcana of Druidism then existing, at Newbridge, where an Eisteddfod was held, to adjudicate the prize for the best Welsh ode in honour of the Rev. William Bruce, Knight, Chancellor of the Diocese of Llandaff, and Senior Judge of the Cardiff Eisteddfod.

Caerphilly Castle.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, in Glamorganshire; indeed, in proportion to its height, it is much more inclined from the perpendicular than any other in the world of which we can find an account, for it is between 70 and 80 feet high, and 11 feet out of the perpendicular. It rests only on part of its south side, principally by the strength of its cement, the manner of making which is almost unknown to modern masons. The singularity of its position is best observed by looking at it from the inside, or from the moat immediately underneath it, from whence the effect of the apparently falling mass is very extraordinary. The Castle, of which this tower forms a part, was built towards the end of the reign of Henry III., by one of the De Clares, Earls of Gloucester and Hereford; and large additions were made to it by Hugh le Despenser, the younger, who garrisoned it for Edward II., in the last year of his reign. The fortress which had previously stood upon the same spot was razed to the ground by the Welsh, in an attempt to free themselves from the yoke of their Norman conquerors. It is situated on a small plain, bounded by moderately rising ground, about nine miles north of Cardiff.

The cause of the inclination of the tower alluded to, is not a little singular. The unfortunate King Edward II., and his favourites, the Spencers, were here besieged by the forces of the Queen, and many powerful Barons, A.D. 1326. The defence was long and ably conducted; and the besiegers were particularly annoyed by metal in a melted state, being thrown down on them, which was heated in furnaces still remaining at the foot of the tower; during their partial success in a desperate assault (which ultimately failed), they let the metal, which was red-hot, run out of the furnaces, and, either from ignorance or design, threw on it water from the moat, which caused a violent explosion, tore the tower from its foundations, and hurled it into its present condition. The solidity of its wall is amazing, and it has resisted the ravages of time in a remarkable manner, the only rents now visible having been caused by the explosion: the storms of more than five hundred years have scarcely displaced a stone from the summit, and the whole surface is almost without a flaw.

The Castle at length surrendered, the King, whose tragical end is familiar to all, having previously escaped. The Spencers were beheaded at Bristol, and their Castle never regained its ancient splendour. It

had long been the dread of the neighbouring Welsh, to restrain whose frequent risings it was built ; a song by one of their Bards is yet preserved, in which he says that his enemy's "Soul may go to *Caerphilly*;" and "going to *Caerphilly*," in a similar sense was by no means an uncommon phrase in that country.

Caerphilly is the first concentric Castle in Britain, covers about 30 acres of ground, has three distinct wards, seven gatehouses, and about thirty portcullises. It is especially remarkable for the jealous care with which it is guarded against surprise. Each tower and each gatehouse is isolated both from the court and from the walls by regularly portcullised doorways.



Coyty Castle.—Winning a Bride.

The history of *Coyty* is distinguished by a romantic incident of the Anglo-Norman Conquest—*Fitzhamon* and *Payne Turberville*, one of the most powerful of the Norman feudatories—which is thus narrated by *Sir Edward Mansel*:—

"After eleven of the Knights had been endowed with lands for their service, *Payne Turberville* asked *Sir Robert* where was his share? to which *Sir Robert* replied, 'Here are men, and here are arms, go get it where you can.' So *Payne Turberville* with the men went to *Coyty*, and sent to *Morgan*, the Welsh lord, a messenger to ask if he would yield up the Castle; upon this *Morgan* brought out his daughter *Sara* in his hand, and passing through the army with his sword in his right hand, came to *Payne Turberville*, and told him, if he would marry his daughter, and so come like an honest man into his Castle, that he would yield it to him quickly; and 'if not,' said he, 'let not the blood of any of our men be lost, but let this sword and arm of mine, and those of yours, decide who shall call this Castle his own.' Upon this, *Payne Turberville* drew his sword, and took it by the blade in his left hand, and gave it to *Morgan*, and with his right hand embraced the daughter; and after settling every matter to the liking of both sides, he went with her to church and married her, and so came to the lordship by true right of possession, and being so counselled by *Morgan*, kept in his Castle two thousand of the best of his Welsh soldiers. . . . Upon account of getting possession by marriage, *Payne* would never pay the noble that was due to the chief Lord every year to *Sir Robert*, but chose to pay it to *Caradoc ap Jestyn*, as the person he owned as chief Lord of *Glamorgan*. This caused hot disputes about it, but *Payne*, with the help of his wife's brothers, got the better, till in some years

after that, it was settled that all the Lords should hold of the seignior, which was made up of the whole number of Lords in junction together."

Neath Abbey.

Neath, in Glamorganshire, is a thriving seaport, on the left bank of the river whence it derives its name, and is situated at the entrance of one of the most lovely valleys in the Principality. Its Castle, which belonged to Jestyn ap Gwrgan, was enlarged by Richard de Granville, nearly related to Fitzhamon, but has been nearly destroyed.

The Abbey was built by Lalys, who also built Margam Abbey; but it must have been much altered and enlarged since its foundation. Leland speaks of it in the time of King Henry VIII. as "Neth, an Abbey of White Monks, a mile above Neth Town, and the fairest Abbey in all Wales." It possessed the privilege of sanctuary, and was hence preferred by Edward II. It was founded and endowed by Richard and Constance de Granville in the twelfth century, and occupied successively by Franciscan and Cistercian friars. The celebrated Welsh bard, Lewis Morganwg, who flourished about the year 1520, composed a very elaborate ode in praise of Lyson (Lleision), who was Abbot of the place in his time, and these extracts present a glowing picture of its beauties:—

"Like the sky of the vale of Ebron is the covering of this monastery: weighty is the lead that roofs this abode—the dark blue canopy of the dwellings of the Godly. Every colour is seen in the crystal windows, every fair and high-wrought form beams forth through them like the rays of the sun.—Portals of radiant guardians!

"Pure and empyreal, here is every dignified language, and every well-skilled preceptor. Here are seen the graceful robes of prelates, here may be found gold and jewels, the tribute of the wealthy.

"Here also is the gold-adorned choir, the nave, the gilded tabernacle-work, the pinnacles, worthy of the Three Fountains. Distinctly may be seen on the glass, imperial arms; a ceiling resplendent with kingly bearings, and on the surrounding border the shields of princes! the arms of Neath, of a hundred ages; there is the white freestone and the arms of the best men under the crown of Harry, and the church walls of grey marble. The vast and lofty roof is like the sparkling heavens on high, above are seen archangel's forms; the floor beneath is for the people of earth, all the tribe of Babel, for them it is wrought of variegated stone. The bells, the benedictions, and the peaceful

songs of praise, proclaim the frequent thanksgiving of the White Monks."

At the time of the Dissolution, there were only eight monks here. The Abbey and its demesnes were granted to Sir Richard Williams, in the 35th Henry VIII., and in 1650 the Abbey House formed the seat of the Hobby family. The remains stand in the low grounds bordering on the river Neath, and are very extensive. A considerable part of the Priory House is yet standing, but the Abbey church is a heap of ruins. A long room, probably the chapter-house, with a double-vaulted ceiling supported by diagonal arches, which rise from the side walls and from a row of central columns, is yet standing, and foundations of buildings are traceable to a considerable distance.



King Arthur's Stone, Gower.

About ten miles west of Swansea, on the top of a mountain called Cefyn Bryn, in the district of Gower, is a cromlech, known by the name of King Arthur's Stone; most probably from the practice into which the common people naturally fall of connecting everything remarkable for its antiquity, the origin of which is obscure and unknown, with the most prominent character in some memorable period of their history.

Cefyn Bryn, in English, "the ridge of the mountains," is a bold eminence, called by Lwyd, in his additions to Camden's *Glamorganshire*, "the most noted hill in Gower," looking over the Severn Sea; and upon the north-west point of it this cromlech stands. It is formed of a stone, is 14ft. in length, and 7ft. 9in. in depth, being much thicker, as supposed, than any similar relic in Wales. Generally speaking, its shape is irregular; but one side has been rendered flat and perpendicular by detaching large pieces to form mill-stones. It has eight perpendicular supporters, one of which, at the north-west end, is 4 feet 2 inches in height; the entire height of the structure is, therefore, 11 feet 4 inches. The supporting stones terminate in small points, on which the whole weight (which cannot be less than 25 tons) of the cromlech rests. Some few other stones stand under it, apparently intended as supporters, but now in actual contact. All the component stones are of a hard compact mill-stone, of which the substratum of the mountain is said to consist.

Immediately under the cromlech is a spring of clear water, or "holy well," which has obtained the name, in Welsh, of Our Lady's Well: a spring thus situated plainly shows that the monument is not sepul-

chral. The fountain and cromlech are surrounded by a vallum of loose stones, piled in an amphitheatrical form. As we know that the Druids consecrated groves, rocks, caves, lakes, and fountains to their superstitions, there is but little doubt but that Arthur's Stone was erected over one of their sacred springs: it afterwards became a place of Christian assembly for instruction and prayer; and as the adoration of the Virgin began in the darker ages to vie with, if not altogether eclipse, that of the Saviour of Mankind, the fountain obtained the name of Our Lady's Well. In the northern part of the Isle, in Llingwy woods, are several Druidical circles, nearly contiguous to each other.

King Arthur's Stone is celebrated in the Welsh Triads (which are notices of remarkable historical events and matters conjoined in *threes*) as one of the three stupendous works effected in Britain; of which Stonehenge is another, and Silbury Hill perhaps the third. In the Triads it is called the *Stone of Sketty*, from a place of that name in its neighbourhood; and, "like the work of the Stone of Sketty," has grown into a Welsh proverb to express undertakings of great difficulty. The people who elevated these enormous masses have left no written records of their own immediate times, although their descendants were not slow in lighting their torch at the flame of human learning. We gather what may be considered but obscure sketches of their customs, from the contemporary poets and historians of more polished nations; yet they scattered the surface of the British soil with imperishable monuments of their existence, against which the storms of two thousand years have wreaked their fury in vain. Though silent witnesses, the antiquary considers them as a link in the tangible records of human history, which connects it in some degree with the post-diluvian times.—*A. J. Kempe, F.S.A., Archæologia, vol. xxiii.*

Caermarthen Castle.

At Caermarthen, in the time of Julius Frontinus, A.D. 70, a Roman station is said to have been founded, the site of which is supposed to be that subsequently occupied by the Castle and earthworks. The remains of a summer camp of the military on the station are still visible in a field on the northern side of the town, and several other vestiges of the Roman occupation have been discovered. The town was the *Maridunum* of the Romans, and the *Caer Merdin*, or Merlin's Town of the Welsh, for it was the birthplace of that famous "wizard and prophet" in the fifth

century. It was afterwards the residence of the Prince of South Wales. At what time the Castle of Caernarvon was erected is not known; but in the contests of the neighbouring Welsh chieftains for the possession of the district, and in the wars between the natives and the Anglo-Saxons and Normans, it was a post of importance, and frequently changed hands: in these struggles it suffered much. When the complete subjugation of Wales took place in the reign of Edward I., Caermarthen became the seat of courts of law, which that Prince established for South Wales. The subsequent revolts of the natives were repressed and punished as acts of treason. During the rising of Owen Glendower, at a subsequent period, Caermarthen Castle was taken by a body of French sent to support that chieftain. In the time of Charles I. the Castle was garrisoned by the Royalists, from whom it was taken by the Parliamentarians under General Langharne, or Laugharne. It was, probably, dismantled shortly afterwards, and allowed to go to decay; part of it was, however, occupied as the county gaol till towards the close of the last century.

Pembroke Castle.

Pembrokeshire, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, was conquered in the reign of Henry I. by Arnulf de Montgomery (brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury), who built the first Castle at Pembroke, of stakes and turf. In the same reign a colony of Flemings settled in that part of the county west of the Cloddy, who still maintain the nationality completely distinct, and the district is hence termed "Little England beyond Wales." The above rude fortress passed into the hands of the King, Henry I., who conferred the lordship on Gilbert Strongbow, created Earl of Pembroke in 1109; he greatly strengthened and extended the fortifications, and rendered the Castle fit for royal residence. He also fortified the town with a lofty wall, bastions, and gates, which were perfect three centuries ago.

The Castle is placed upon a rocky point of high land: it is a fine specimen of the Norman and Early English styles; and has withstood many sieges, the most memorable of which was that of 1648, when, during the Civil War of Charles I., this fortress made a gallant defence for the Crown, greatly aided by Colonels Laugharne, Powell, and Poyer, who had deserted the Republican cause. Cromwell marched into Wales with succour, when Laugharne retreated after his defeat at St. Fagan's to Pembroke, where he and a large body of cavaliers

made a desperate stand. The fortress was considered almost impregnable, and all Cromwell's strategy and force were required to subdue it. It stood a six weeks' siege: "the besieged," says Cliffe, "were gradually reduced to great straits; then the enemy got possession of their mills; and finally, Cromwell managed to cut off their water, by planting artillery 'so as to batter down a staircase leading into a cellar of one of the bastions, where was the principal supply.' This cavern, with a copious spring of water, can still be traced. The brave hearts of the leaders at last failed, and the garrison surrendered on terms; but the chief leaders were compelled to throw themselves on the mercy of Parliament. Laugharne, Powell, and Roger were tried by a court-martial, and being found guilty of treason, were at first condemned to death, but it was resolved to spare the lives of two. Three papers were proffered them, on two of which was written 'Life given by God.' Roger drew the one which was blank, and was shot in Covent Garden, London, in April, 1649." Thus Pembroke was captured and the movement crushed.

In the Castle at Pembroke was born Henry VII., the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, his Countess, in 1456. The small apartment in which Henry first saw the light is represented to be near the chapel in the castle; but Leland, who lived near that time, states that the monarch's birthplace was one of the handsome rooms over the great gateway, and says: "In the latter ward I saw the chambre where King Henry VII. was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymney is now made with the armes and badges of King Henry VII." His father dying in the following year, left his infant son to the care of his brother, Jasper, Earl of Pembroke.

Henry was cradled in adversity, but found a protector in his uncle the Earl of Pembroke, till he was attainted, and fled; when his Castle and earldom were granted to Baron William Herbert, who coming to take possession, and finding there Margaret and her son Henry, then in his fifth year, he was carried by that nobleman to his residence, Ragland Castle, Monmouthshire—now an ivied ruin. Long afterwards Henry told the French historian, Comines, that he had either been in prison, or in strict surveillance, from the time he was five years of age.

Tenby Castle.

On the western coast of the extensive bay of Carmarthen, very singularly situated on the eastern and southern sides of a narrow rocky

peninsula, surrounded by the sea on every side except the north, stands the town of Tenby, one of the most interesting and romantic of British watering places.

From its Welsh name, *Dynbych y Pyscod*, that is, the Precipice of Fishes, and other circumstances, there is reason to believe that Tenby acquired considerable importance at a very early period as a fishing-station, for which it is still admirably adapted. Some writers have ascribed the origin of the present town to the settlement of a colony of Flemings in this and the opposite peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganshire, early in the twelfth century. These people, whose industrious habits, language, and manners, presented a striking contrast to the restless dispositions of the native inhabitants, were placed by the King (Henry I.) under the control of Gerald de Windsor, Governor of Pembroke Castle, by whose direction they fortified Tenby, and other towns and strongholds in Pembrokeshire, as a means of security against the incursions of the partly-subdued Welsh. In consequence of the strength and importance of the situation, more than ordinary care seems to have been bestowed in fortifying Tenby, which was enclosed by walls of great height and strength, and further defended by a Castle, of whose ponderous and crumbling ruins we shall presently have occasion to speak. The town and Castle, however, underwent several serious changes in the middle ages, and were once burnt and almost wholly destroyed by the sons of Rhys ap Griffith, Prince of South Wales.

During the Civil War Tenby and its Castle were more than once taken and re-taken by the rebels and Royalists. In 1647, when Cromwell marched into South Wales, it was in the hands of the Cavaliers, who defended it with great resolution and gallantry, against a large detachment of Cromwell's army, for more than five days. The importance attached by Cromwell to the possession of this stronghold affords strong evidence of its consequence as a military post at that period.

The picturesque beauty of this delightful place is much enhanced by the ruins of the Castle, which was once of great strength and magnificence, and embraced within its fortifications the whole of the upper surface of the peninsulated rock, which terminates the bay of Tenby on the south. Many parts of the existing remains, which are still extensive, resemble a baronial mansion rather than a place of defence; but the external fortifications are extremely strong and massive. On the summit of the hill are the shattered ruins of the Keep, which may be assigned to an earlier date than any other portion of the structure.

The remains of a magnificent hall, 100 feet in length,—of a room scarcely inferior in its dimensions,—of a square tower, a bastion, and lofty arched entrance, are still tolerably perfect. The view from this wild and elevated spot is of high interest. The bold and majestic outline of the adjacent coast of Pembroke, with its dark headlands and receding inlets; the wide expanse of Carmarthen bay, and the more distant waters of the Channel, terminated by Lundy Island and the lofty scenery of North Devon; the shores of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, and the very singular rocky promontory of the Wormshead on the opposite coast of Gower; together with the wild and romantic group of insulated rocks, almost immediately below the eye of the spectator, amongst which the islands of Caldy and St. Katherine's stand boldly out, compose a scene which, for extent and variety, has few equals.

Near the extremity of Tenby pier is a small chapel of high antiquity, formerly dedicated to St. Julian, and said to have been appropriated to devotional purposes, in the olden time, by sailors before going to sea. This aged little building has been in our times used as a chapel.

Cardigan and Aberystwith Castles.

There is an accepted tradition that formerly, in addition to the present five hundreds in Cardiganshire, there was a sixth, called Gwaelod, or "the Low Land," which has been encroached upon by the sea, and was submerged about A.D. 520. Portions of trees are found at a considerable distance from the shore, a fact which, combined with the circumstance that the rocks run in a serpentine direction about twenty-two miles from the Merionethshire coast, between Harlech and Barmouth, tends to confirm the above opinion.

Upon a dispute with Cadgwan, Gilbert Strongbow, Earl of Striggith, is stated to have raised a strong force, by permission of Henry I., to secure Cadgwan's territories. Gilbert soon reduced Cardiganshire, and built the Castles of Aberystwith and Cilgerran. In 1114, Gruffydd, the son of Rhys ap Tewdor, accepted the government of Cardiganshire, but he was soon after cut to pieces by Gilbert Strongbow and the Normans, to the great joy of the Welsh. Gilbert did not long survive him. Aberystwith Castle, in a long series of struggles, was taken and re-taken, and burned and rebuilt, and a town grew up under its walls. In 1171, King Henry II. gave Cardiganshire, with other territories, to Prince Rhys, the last Prince of this district. In 1176,

Prince Rhys gave a great entertainment at Christmas in his Castle of Cardigan; at which several hundreds of English, Normans, and others, were present. All the bards of Wales were there, answering each other in rhyme. Gruffydd Rhys's son became lord of Cardiganshire in 1196; he was soon involved in a dispute with his brother Maelgwyn, who seized his territory, and threw him into prison. In 1207, this cruel usurper, fearing an attack from Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, demolished his Castles of Aberystwith, Ystrad, Meric, and Dinerth; nevertheless, Llewelyn entered Cardiganshire, and having rebuilt Aberystwith Castle, gave it to Rhys and Owen, the sons of Gruffydd ap Rhys, and nephews of Maelgwyn. Maelgwyn swore allegiance to the English, and procuring by these base means a large army of English and Normans, gave battle to his nephews, but was conquered and slain. King John, having already subdued the rest of Wales, compelled Rhys and Owen to give up their lands, and do homage to him; he also fortified and garrisoned Aberystwith Castle, but did not long retain his possession. In 1215 Llewelyn entered Cardiganshire, took Cardigan Castle, afterwards seized Aberystwith Castle; he also sustained sieges from, and in his turn, besieged the English, who, having obtained possession, were in 1231 conquered by Maelgwyn the younger.

In 1270, Madoc did homage to Llewelyn ap Gruffydd as lord of Cardigan, agreeably to the charter granted by the King of England, which confirmed to Llewelyn the title of Prince of Wales. King Edward, in 1277, obtained great advantages over Llewelyn, and dictated hard conditions of peace, to enforce which he built and garrisoned a fortress at Aberystwith. In 1404, Owen Glendower took Aberystwith Castle, which was recovered by Prince Henry in 1407. Owen soon after re-took the Castle by stratagem, and the English did not obtain final possession till 1408. The Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.) passed through Cardiganshire on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field in 1485. The Castle and fortifications were dismantled in 1647, when they were torn from Charles I. A curious privilege was granted by King Charles to Mr. Bushel, then proprietor of many mines in Cardiganshire—the permission to coin the metal that he raised. A Mint was established by him in Aberystwith Castle, and afterwards removed to Shrewsbury. The money coined by him, of which some has been dug up at Aberystwith, was distinguished by a plume of feathers on the reverse.

There is, however, some doubt as to the site of Strongbow's Castle built at Aberystwith; upon which a learned correspondent, Mr. John

Hughes, of Llnetgwilgm, furnished the following communication to Mr. Cliffe, for his excellent *Book of South Wales* :—

“From the description in the Welsh Chronicles it may be doubted whether the Castle, built by Strongbow, occupied the site of the present ruins. In one place (in these Chronicles) it is stated that the Castle was built ‘at the mouth of the river Ystwyth,’ and in another that ‘it stood on the top of a high hill, the declivity of which reached the river Ystwyth, over which there was a bridge.’ This description would seem to point to Pendinas, or to the opposite hill on the other side of the Ystwyth, where the remains of a ‘Castell’ are now plainly to be seen. The first mention of the town of Aberystwith is made in reference to a quarrel between the sons of Prince Rhys ap Gruffydd, Justiciary of South Wales, commonly called the Lord Rhys, who died in 1196; and is to the effect that the Lord Rhys’s son Gruffydd, succeeded his father in property and power, but which he was not able to retain long, for his brother Maelgwyn, whom the father had disinherited, came suddenly upon him at Aberystwith, in conjunction with Cwenwynwyn, the son of Owen Cyfeilioc, with a powerful force, and took the town and Castle.” Mr. Hughes adds, that he does not think it at all probable that Cromwell was here during the siege in 1647, as has been hitherto believed.

The foundation of Cardigan Castle is ascribed to Gilbert de Clare, about 1160. The first fortifications lasted only a short time in the struggles between the Welsh and their Norman invaders; but the damage or destruction of the Castle was soon restored by the victors. The two towers and the walls now standing are, probably, the remains of the fortifications about 1240. Edward I. resided here for a month while settling the affairs of South Wales. The Castle stands in a commanding position above the river. Giraldus Cambrensis states the Teify to have been the last British river in which beavers were found.

The ruins of Aberystwith Castle stand on a rocky elevation washed by the sea, and impress the beholder with an idea of the importance of the stronghold, whose changeful history and chronicles of rise and fall we have taken some pains to detail. Fortunately, these remains have, with commendable taste, been preserved.

The Devil's Bridge.

Pont y Monach (the Monk's Bridge), or, as it is vulgarly called, the Devil's Bridge, is situated in Cardiganshire. It is a single arch, of

between 20 and 30 feet span, thrown over another arch, which crosses a tremendous chasm.

According to tradition, the lower arch was constructed by the monks of the neighbouring Abbey, called Strata Florida Abbey, about the year 1087, but this is not correct, as the Abbey itself was not founded till 1164. The country people, in superstitious days, deeming it a work of supernatural ability, gave it the strange name by which it is now generally known. Giraldus mentions having passed over it in 1188, when travelling through Wales with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The upper arch was built over the other at the expense of the county, in 1753, and the iron balustrades were added by Mr. Johnes in 1814. The lower arch may be distinctly viewed by looking over the upper bridge; but the whole scene is so enveloped in wood, that the depth is not perceived; and many an incurious traveller has passed the Devil's Bridge without distinguishing its peculiarities from an ordinary road. The cleft over which these two bridges extend has evidently been enlarged, and was perhaps originally produced by the incessant attack of the impetuous river Mynach on the solid wall of rock.

In order to view the scenery of this romantic spot, the visitor should first cross the bridge, and then descend by the right of it to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious passage, having descended from the mountains about five miles to the north-east. The effect of the double arch is picturesque; and the narrowness of the cleft, darkened by its artificial roof, increases the solemn gloom of the abyss.

On regaining the road, the second descent must be made by passing through a small wood, at the distance of a few yards from the bridge, to view the four successive falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of these is received into a deep pool at the bottom, but so diminished to the eye, at the present point of view, as almost to resemble one continued cascade. The first fall takes place at a short distance from the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about six feet over the ridge, and projected into a basin at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, and the third is diminished to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of 110 feet.

The height of the various falls is as follows:—First fall, 18 feet; second fall, 60; third fall, 20; and fourth fall, or grand cataract,

110; from the bridge to the water, 114; making, altogether, 322 feet.

As, however, no allowance is here made for the inclined direction of the river in many parts (and there are numerous interruptions to its passage), the total height from the bridge to the level of the stream, at its junction with the Rheidol, may be computed at nearly 500 feet. The rocks on each side of the fall rise perpendicularly to the height of 800 feet, and are finely clothed with innumerable trees, vegetating between the crevices, and forming one vast forest.

Near the Devil's Bridge, by the side of the Mynach Falls, is the Robbers' Cave, near the basin of the first fall. This a dark cavern, inhabited in the fifteenth century by two men and their sister, called Plant Matt, or Matthew's children, who infested the neighbourhood as plunderers, and who continued their depredations for many years with impunity. They were, at length, however, taken up for committing murder, and executed. The descent to the cavern is very difficult.

In the superstitious times before alluded to, it was common for great works of art, or peculiar formation of nature, to be called by the name of the Devil. Thus, the famous bridge over the Reuss, in Switzerland is also called the Devil's Bridge; and in our own country we have the Devil's Punch-Bowl, in Hampshire; and the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton. In Germany is the Devil's Wall, erected by the Romans, the building of which, commenced in the time of the Emperor Adrian, occupied nearly two centuries. It extends for 368 miles over mountains, through valleys, and over rivers; in some places it now forms elevated roads and paths through woods; buildings are erected upon it, and tall oaks flourish upon its remains.

Manorbeer Castle.

Near Tenby, in the most delightful part of Pembrokeshire, is Manorbeer, or "the manor of the lords," an ancient Castle, "set in a framework of hills," and considered to be the most perfect residence of an old Norman baron, with its "church, mill, dovecote, pond, park, and grove, still to be traced, and the houses of his vassals at such a distance as to be within call." It is the most entire structure of its class in Wales. It has escaped the ravages of enemies, of fire and siege, and it has been tenantless since the feudal age; hence its entirety. The buildings have stone roofs, many of which are perfect. The founder is stated to have been of the family of De Barri, of which Giraldus

Sylvester, surnamed Cambrensis, was born here, in the year 1146; and journeyed through the rough and mountainous parts of Wales, in order to preach to the people the necessity of a Crusade, which he has chronicled in his Itinerary. He died at St. David's, in the 74th year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church, where his effigy still remains upon an altar-tomb, beneath an ornamented arch. "Noble in his birth," says Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who has given a full account of the MS. of his work, "and comely in his person; mild in his manners, and affable in his conversation; zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the Church; moral in his character, and orthodox in his principles; charitable and disinterested, though ambitious; learned, though superstitious;—such was Giraldus. And in whatever point of view we examine the character of this extraordinary man, whether as a scholar, a patriot, or a divine, we may justly consider him as one of the brightest luminaries that adorned the annals of the twelfth century." As an historian, however, he was full of credulity; and as a man, as his works prove, one of the vainest upon record.

The manor and Castle passed from the family of De Barri early in the reign of Henry IV.; they were next bestowed on John de Windsor, from whom they reverted to the Crown; they were then purchased by Thomas Owain, of Trellwyn, from whose family they passed to that of Lord Milford.

Near St. Gowan's Head, in the neighbourhood, is a cell cut in the face of the steep cliff, inaccessible except by a flight of steps. Here St. Gowan lived, and performed miraculous cures. Lame and blind pilgrims were conveyed thither by their friends, anointed with a poultice of the clay formed by the decomposition of the limestone, and left there to bask in the sun. It has also been frequented as a wishing-place: the wisher, if he performs certain ceremonies with due faith in their efficacy, is certain of having his wish fulfilled within the year.

Carew Castle.

This princely fortress, on a creek of Milford Haven, is one of the most august relics of the baronial splendour in which it existed three centuries ago. Part of the edifice is in tolerable preservation; but a larger part is a grand ruin, in which may be traced the vestiges of ancient magnificence.

Carew (properly pronounced Carey) Castle, originally *Careau*, was

one of the demesnes of the Prince of South Wales, and passed, with others, into the hands of Gerald de Windsor, on his marriage with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdr, who was afterwards carried off by force by Owain, the Welsh Lord. In the fifteenth century, one of his descendants, Sir Edmund Carew, mortgaged the Castle to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who partly rebuilt it and added a sumptuous suite of state apartments. Sir Rhys ap Thomas lived here in princely style, and entertained Henry Earl of Richmond on his march to Bosworth Field. Sir Rhys, however, outshone his former magnificence in a tournament which he gave on St. George's Day, in honour of his being created a Knight of the Garter; when the festival was attended by six hundred of the nobility of South Wales, and the hospitalities lasted a whole week.

The Castle is quadrangular in plan; it suffered much in a sharp siege by Cromwell's troops, to whom it surrendered, and its present state discloses a secret passage in the walls, as well as dungeons—the wrecks of warlike times. The state and style of its former owners are indicated by the armorial bearings of England, the Duke of Lancaster, and the Carews, placed over the principal gateway.

Picton Castle—How it was Saved.

This ancient fortified residence stands amidst ancestral woods, near the junction of the two Cleddans, forming Milford Haven, and within three miles of Haverfordwest. It is worthy of an honourable place among the relics of feudal grandeur which are scattered over the fair face of the country.

Picton Castle is not remarkable either for its great extent or for its architectural pretensions, but it was a fortified residence in the reign of William Rufus; and from that time until the present day it has been tenanted by a line of possessors, all of whom can trace their connexion with the Norman ancestor to whom the Castle owes its name.

William de Picton, a knight who came into Pembrokeshire with Arnulf de Montgomery, having dispossessed and perhaps slain the original owner of the fortress, whose name has been lost in that of his victor, and finding that "his lines had fallen in pleasant places," re-established himself in the new home which his right hand had won him, and transmitted the same to his descendants. After the lapse of several generations, the line of Picton was reduced to two brothers,

Sir William and Philip Picton. Sir William had a daughter and heiress, Joan, who married Sir John Wogan, of Wiston, knight, and brought him Picton Castle as her dowry. Philip Picton, the second brother, married Maud, daughter of William Dyer, of Newport, Pembrokeshire; and among his descendants may be numbered the Pictons of Royston, in the same county, the ancestors of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo, and now rests in Westminster Abbey. We are compelled by want of space to pass over the succession to Picton Castle, until Henry Donn, afterwards knight, was killed, together with his brother-in-law, Harry Wogan, the heir of Wiston, in the county of Pembroke, and others of the Welsh gentry, at the battle of Banbury, in 1469. Sir Henry Donn left two daughters, Jennet and Jane; and thus Picton Castle passed into the possession of another family. Jennet married Trehairn Morgan, Esq., and Jane espoused Thomas ap Philip, and brought him Picton Castle. Thomas ap Philip was descended from the princely stock of Cadifor ap Collwyn, who was Lord of Dyned, or Pembrokeshire, and died A.D. 1089, in the second year of William Rufus. On succeeding to the fair inheritance of "Little England beyond Wales," Thomas ap Philip assumed his patronymic as a surname, and transmitted it to his descendants, who were exceedingly numerous; and all the families in the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, and Caermarthen, bearing the name of Phillips, with one or two exceptions, trace their descent from him. The spelling of the name has varied during the lapse of years; but Thomas Phillips and his descendants, as far as the second baronet of the family, spelt their names in the same manner.

Sir Richard Philipps garrisoned Picton Castle on behalf of King Charles I. during the Civil Wars. It sustained a long siege, and would not have surrendered when it did, but for the following circumstance. In the lower story of one of the bastions was the nursery, at the small window of which a maid-servant was standing with Sir Erasmus Philipps, then an infant, in her arms, when a trooper of the Parliamentary forces approached it on horseback with a flag of truce and a letter; to receive which the girl opened the window, and while she stretched forward, the soldier, lifting himself on his stirrups, snatched the child from her arms, and rode with him into the camp.

A message was then forwarded to the governor of the garrison, informing him that unless the Castle was immediately surrendered, the child would be put to death. On this the garrison yielded, and was allowed to march out with the honours of war. It is said that the

Parliamentary general was so touched by the loyalty of Sir Richard Philipps, and the stratagem by which he had been compelled to surrender, that he gave orders that Picton Castle should not be demolished, as was the fate of the other fortresses of Pembrokeshire. Thus saved, the Castle and its domains passed from father to son, until we come to Sir Erasmus Philipps, the fifth baronet, who was drowned at Bath in 1743. He was succeeded in the title and estates by his brother, John Philipps, Esq., of Kilgetty, Pembrokeshire; so that the direct line from Sir Thomas Phillips failed after seven generations, and a collateral branch came in, as has happened several times since. Sir John Philipps died in 1764, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard, who was, in 1776, created Baron Milford of the kingdom of Ireland. On the death of Lord Milford, without issue, in 1783, the peerage became extinct; but the baronetage passed to the descendants of Hugh Philipps, of Sandy Haven, Esq.

The Castle and estates were bequeathed by Lord Milford to Richard Bulkeley Philipps Grant, Esq., who assumed the name and arms of Philipps; was created a baronet in 1828, and in 1847 a peer of the realm, by the title of Baron Milford, of Picton Castle. He died Jan. 3, 1857, without issue, and his peerage and baronetcy became extinct; the Castle and estates, however, passed under the will of the first Lord Milford to his half-brother, the Rev. James Alexander Gwyther, vicar of Madeley, who, in pursuance of the terms of the bequest, assumed the name and arms of Philipps, and succeeded to the fair domain of Picton Castle. Until within the last sixty years the Castle preserved its original form, without addition or diminution. It appears to have been an oblong building, flanked by six large bastions, three on each side, with two smaller bastions at the east end, between which was a grand portcullised gateway, now contracted into a handsome doorway. The Castle was evidently moated round, and approached by a drawbridge. In the subsequent modernizing additions, comfort rather than architectural correspondence has been studied.

For the substance of the preceding notes on Picton Castle we are indebted to a very interesting paper, by Mr. John Pavin Phillips, communicated to *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, vol. v.

The Castle of Haverfordwest.

Haverfordwest, the county town of Pembrokeshire, placed on a hill, looking over a valley watered by the Cleddan, was one of the chief

stations in the province of Ros, which was peopled by the Flemings. The town was burnt to the Castle-gate by Prince Llewelyn, A.D. 1220. The Castle, founded by Gilbert de Clare, although garrisoned for King Charles I. in the Civil War, was not besieged in consequence of the garrison having withdrawn in a panic on hearing of the success of the Parliamentary forces under Colonel, afterwards Major General Rowland Langharne, and Captain, afterwards Colonel, John Roger, mayor of Pembroke, at Milford; particularly the surrender of Pitt Fort, which was one of the strongest places possessed by the Royalists. For his services, a grant of Slebech, in Pembrokeshire (afterwards revoked on his declaring for the King), was made to Colonel Langharne by the Parliament; but he subsequently, disgusted by the Parliamentary proceedings, took up arms for the King, and threw himself, with the troops under his command, into Pembroke Castle; his gallant defence of which, in conjunction with Roger, is well known (see *ante*, page 483). The siege of Pembroke brought Cromwell into Wales; and his fear of Haverfordwest Castle giving him similar trouble, prompted his order for its demolition. Cromwell's warrant for this purpose, and calling the inhabitants of the adjacent hundreds to the assistance of the Mayor and corporation, is written in a bold, vigorous hand on the flyleaf of the humble letter addressed to him by the municipal authorities. The first order runs as follows:—

“We being authorised by the Parliament to view and consider what garrisons and places of strength are fit to be demolisht, and we finding that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the service of the State, and yet that it may be possest by ill-affected persons, to the prejudice of the peace of these parts, these are to authorise and require you to summon in the hundreds of Rouse and ye inhabitants of the towne and county of Haverfordwest, and that they forthwith demolish the workes, walls, and towers of the said Castle, soe as that the said Castle may not be possest by the enemy, to the endangering of the peace of these parts.” (Signed.) “We expect an accompt of your proceedings with effect in this business by Saturday, being the 15th of July instant.”

Beneath is written the following significant menace:—

“If a speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this warrant, I shall bee necessitated to consider of settling a garrison.

“O. CROMWELL.”

Then follows the letter of the municipal authorities:—

"Honored Sir,—We've received an order from your honor, and the committee for the demolyshynge of the Castle of Haverfordwest, According to w^{ch} wee have this daie putt some workmen aboute it, but we finde the worke too difficult to be brought about without powder to blow it up; that it will exhaust an imense some of money, and will not in a longe time be effected. Wherefore wee become suitors to your honor that there may a competent quantyty of powder be spared out of the shypps for the speedy effectynge the worke, and the county paying for the same. And wee likewise do crave that yo^r honor and the committee be pleased that the whole countie may joyne wth us in the worke, and that an order may be conseived for the leveyinge of a competent some of money in the severall hundreds of the countie, for the paying for the powder, and defrayinge the rest of the charge. Thus, being overbold to be troublesome to yo^r honor, desiringe to knowe yo^r honor resolve herein, we rest, &c."

This letter is signed by the Mayor and corporation, and addressed:

"Ffor the honorable

Livetenant,

General Cromwell, there

at Pembrock."

Then follows the warrant of Cromwell, authorizing the municipal authorities to call unto their assistance the inhabitants, &c.

The original documents are carefully preserved in the archives of the town council of Haverfordwest, and have been communicated by Mr. J. P. Phillips to *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, No. 55. Mr. Phillips suspects the "shypps" mentioned in the petition of the Mayor and Aldermen were the five ships and a frigate which aided Colonel Rowland Langharne in driving the Earl of Carbery and his forces out of the county of Pembroke in 1643; and which may have remained in Milford Haven for the purpose of overawing the Royalists.

Brecknock Castle.

The Castle of Brecknock, or Brecon, owes its origin to Barnard Newmarch, a relative of William the Conqueror, who wrested the county from the hands of the Welsh princes in 1094, and here fortified himself, that he might the better maintain the rights which had

been granted to him as Lord of Brecon against the continual attempts of the British to expel him. The fortress was considerably increased and improved by the last Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, High Constable of England and Governor of Brecknock. The original design enclosed an oblong square, about 300 feet by 240 feet, and the Keep, which is now the chief remains, is called Ely Tower, from having been the prison of the able and artful Bishop of Ely; and here was first projected a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster.

Morton crossed the sea to confer with Richmond, who was on the Continent, and to plan with him a descent upon England; while his partisans endeavoured to raise an insurrection at home. Richard was too vigilant to be long ignorant of these proceedings. He sent an order commanding the immediate attendance of the Duke of Buckingham, who disobeyed this peremptory summons, and took arms against him; but being detained by floods, betrayed by his friends, and deserted by his troops, was taken, and ultimately executed at Salisbury without a trial.

When, in the first four years of the reign of Henry IV., Brecknockshire was greatly harassed by Owen Glendower, the Castle of Brecknock was intrusted to the care of Sir Thomas Berkeley; and in 1404 the Lords of Audley and Warwick were ordered to defend the Castle and the lordship, having 100 men-at-arms and 100 mounted archers assigned them for that purpose.

The situation is commanding for the purposes of early warfare; and the main part of the fortifications may still be traced. It appears from a manuscript in the British Museum that the Castle of Brecknock and walls of the town were destroyed by the inhabitants during the Civil Wars, to avoid the expense of a garrison and the miseries of a siege.

The Castle of Builth, and the Story of Llewelyn's End.

At Builth, a small town on the Wye, are the dilapidated remains of a Castle of considerable importance. Philip de Breos, a follower of Bernard Neumarch, is styled in an early record, "Lord of Builth, which he obtained by conquest." He, no doubt, strengthened and enlarged the Castle, the foundations of which, including some very strong earthworks, exist at the east end of the town. The Keep stood on the lofty moated mound in the centre, which is 50 yards in circum-

ference. Sir Roger Mortimer held it for the English Crown A.D. 1260, but it was taken by Prince Llewelyn ap Griffith, who held it until his death, when the garrison betrayed him. The loss of this fortress was considered of very great importance, and Mortimer was tried for it, but acquitted.

The story of Llewelyn's end, told with conflicting versions, by Welsh and other historians, is thus compactly narrated in Cliffe's excellent *Book of South Wales*: In the year 1282 the forces of Edward I. had entered North Wales at various points, and Llewelyn—the last Prince of Wales who held legal power, and its greatest patriot—deemed it necessary to make a rapid journey to the south, at the head of a small army, in order to obtain auxiliaries, as well as to harass the enemy, then in force in Cardiganshire, as he marched onwards. He left the greater part of his troops in that county, which he subdued, and proceeded towards his Castle or hunting-seat at Aberedw, where he had a garrison, with a small retinue, part of which he posted at a bridge across the Irvon, in a dingle above Builth. The English had intelligence of his movements, and a considerable force from Herefordshire, commanded by Edward Mortimer, marched up the opposite side of the Wye, intending to cross that river at a place called *Cefyn twm bach*, "Little Tom's Ferry," and surprise the monarch at Aberedw; also to send a smaller force forward to seize the bridge at Builth, and afterwards overwhelm Llewelyn's detachment. The Prince perceived the movement, and determined to make an effort to rejoin his retainers, but first to try the fidelity of the garrison that occupied Builth Castle, which had been strongly suspected. The snow was on the ground, so he had the shoes of his horse reversed, a fact which was soon betrayed to Mortimer by a traitorous blacksmith; and he succeeded in crossing Builth bridge, and in holding a parley with the troops in the Castle, before the enemy came up. Assistance was flatly denied by the "traitors of Builth," as they have ever since been called; and the Prince rode forward towards the dell where he had left his faithful followers. The English were, however, before him; and although the Welsh defended their post with obstinate gallantry, they were overpowered by superior numbers. Llewelyn, who was almost unarmed, got amongst his foes during the *mêlée*, and was slain with a spear by Adam Francton, a common soldier, who was not at the time aware of Llewelyn's rank, but discovered it on returning from the pursuit of the Welsh, and then cut off the head of his victim and sent it to King Edward. The dell is called *Cwm Llewelyn*, or Llewelyn's dingle, to this day. The body of the Prince was afterwards

dragged to a spot where the road from Builth (distant two miles and a half) divides—one branch leading to Llanavan Vawr, the other to Llanavan Vechan and Llangammarch; two cross roads meet here besides. Here it was interred in a place which has ever since been denominated *Cefyn-y-bedd*, or *Cefyn-y-bedd Llewelyn*—"the ridge of Llewelyn's grave."

A peasant working in a field hard by told Mr. Cliffe that the dingle and valley below were covered with broom at the time Llewelyn died, that he was literally killed with a broom-stick whilst lying wounded on the ground, and that no broom had ever grown in the vicinity since. The man related this with an air which evinced his belief in the ancient local tradition.

Brynllys Tower, near Brecon.

This isolated round Tower, whose name signifies "the eminence or brow near the court or palace," is situated on the banks of the Llynfi, about eight miles from Brecon, and is seen for many miles round, rising in bold outline above the rich woods of Treigunter. Mr. King, the well-known antiquary, conceives it to have been "an imitation of the work of the first stonemason after the Deluge, who settled in Britain," unlike anything Roman or Norman; and he infers the architecture to be Syrian, corresponding with Chardin's account of the subordinate kind of Median or Mingrelian ancient Eastern Castles. Mr. King asserts that the chieftain of the Silures, in whose country this Castle stood, was the chief of the Dumnonii, in Cornwall, who first assumed the royal dignity on the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that, as this Keep or Tower is built of small hewn stones, he is of opinion that it must have been built by the Cornish Britons, who acquired that peculiar art of construction from the Phœnicians. His next argument is from the primitive style of some of the arches, being formed only of two stones, and in some instances merely a plain loop of an oblong form, and flat at the top; also, from the large sloping base of the tower, which, he says, is common to Syria, and seen only in some instances in this island. By these arguments, Mr. King endeavours to prove that the structure was raised originally on the Syrian or Phœnician plan, but so lately as the time when the arch had been invented and slightly seen, but when its true use was not understood—that is, about the interval of the time of the first invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and the subsequent one by Claudius; which invasions neither molested nor affected the Britons

in Cornwall or Wales, and of which they could have only distant reports.

In 1848 Mr. J. L. Thomas minutely inspected this curiously constructed Tower. He found through the sloping base, or artificial mound, an entrance to the lower donjon, where he traced two passages round the whole structure, in the thickness of the wall, at 12 feet from the ground. The whole height of the Tower is 85 or 90 feet from the base, but it was evidently much higher. Mr. Thomas considers it to be one of the first erections of William the Conqueror, in his expedition into Wales, in 1079; and afterwards made a depot by William Rufus, in his unsuccessful attack upon the Welsh. His successor, although described by some old historians as the conqueror of Wales, seeing the difficulty of retaining his acquisitions in Breconshire, granted them to the Lord Marcher of Clifford Castle; who, residing in the vicinity and keeping the strongholds garrisoned, was enabled to preserve Brynlllys Castle in his family, until his descendant, Maud, the widow of William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, took for her second husband, John Giffard, of Brinsfield, in Gloucestershire. It was this Giffard, then residing at Brynlllys, who was called upon to assist Mortimer in the defeat of Llewelyn ap Griffith, near Builth. The Castle is also mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, as the place where Mabel, the impious and abandoned son of Milo Fitzwalter, and nephew of Bernard Newmarch, was killed. It was likewise in the possession of the Bohuns, Lords of Brecon, and afterwards the Staffords; and in the reign of Henry VII., held by Humphrey Stafford, the last Duke of Buckingham of that name.

This ruin, therefore, is of great historical interest—unlike the gloomy ruins on the banks of the Danube, though similar in form: for they carry the reflections of the visitor to the sad picture of avarice, brutality, and cruel disregard of the common dictates of humanity exhibited by the Barons of Germany and their hordes of retainers, who lived by spoil wrung from the industrious classes; while this recalls to our minds the noble deeds and the noble songs of the Cambrians, when in spite of all these feudal creations of their invaders, they disputed hand to hand, and foot to foot, every inch of their soil; and inspired by the poetry of their bards and their innate love of liberty, they maintained for seven hundred years a successful warfare for the defence and independence of their homes:—

“ Such were the sons of Cambria’s ancient race—
A race that check’d victorious Cæsar, aw’d
Imperial Rome, and forced mankind to own

Superior virtue, Britons only knew,
Or only practised; for they nobly dared
To face oppression; and where Freedom finds
Her aid invok'd, there will the Briton die."

Wilton Castle.

These ivy-mantled ruins, opposite to Ross, on the western bank of the Wye, lend a charm even to the romantic to that district. The shattered tower and crumbling walls combine with its wild luxuriance to form a scene of picturesque beauty; though, as Gilpin observes, "the scene wants accompaniments to give it grandeur."

Wilton Castle was, for several centuries, the baronial residence of the Greys of the South, who derived from it their first title, and who became its owners in the time of Edward I. It may, therefore, be presumed to have been of those strongholds in the great struggles for feudal superiority with Wales which were commenced by Edward, whose active and splendid reign may be regarded as an attempt to subject the whole Island of Great Britain to his sway. Or, in earlier times, being situated on the barrier between England and Wales, it was a station of importance from its contiguity to Hereford, which city was destroyed by the Welsh, but rebuilt and fortified by Harold, who also strengthened the Castle. The whole district is of high antiquarian interest, since at the period of the Roman invasion Herefordshire was inhabited by the Silures, who also occupied the adjacent counties of Radnor, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, together with that part of Gloucestershire which lies westward of the Severn. The Silures, in conjunction with the Ordovices, or inhabitants of North Wales, retarded for a considerable period the progress of the Romans, whose grand object seems to have been the conquest of these nations, who had chosen the gallant Caractacus as their chieftain, and resolutely exhausted every effort in defending the independence of their country.

The present ruinous condition of the Castle is attributed to the Royalist governors of Hereford, by whose orders the whole of the interior was destroyed by fire, during the reign of Charles I. If it be true that this Castle was destroyed by the Royalists, it would seem probable that it was burnt during the siege of Hereford, in 1645, and that the then inhabitants of the Castle were Parliamentarians, at the head of whom was Sir John Brydges, who died in Brydges Street, Covent Garden, in February, 1651. He was absent from Wilton Castle at the time of its destruction. An old chair, said to have been

saved from the fire, was in the possession of the housekeeper at Thornbury Castle in Gloucestershire, about forty years since. The matter is in dispute; but by the preceding statements some colour is given to the supposition that William Brydges, of Wilton Castle, served as a lieutenant in the Lord Brook's regiment in the army under the Earl of Essex, in 1642. The ruins of the Castle and the estate subsequently became the property of Thomas Guy, the bookseller, who left them to the trustees of his Hospital in Southwark, to whom they now belong.

The scenery of the Wye at this point is thus described by tourists: "The effects of its numerous windings are various and striking; the same objects present themselves, are lost and recovered with different accompaniments, and different points of view. The banks for the most part rise abruptly from the edge of the water, and are clothed with forests or are broken into cliffs. In some places, they appear so near that the river occupies the whole intermediate space, and nothing is seen but woods, rocks, and water; in others they alternately recede, and the eye catches an occasional glimpse of hamlets, ruins, and detached buildings, partly seated on the margin of the stream, and partly seated on the rising grounds. The general character of the scenery, however, is wildness and solitude; and if we except the populous district of Monmouth, no river perhaps flows for so long a course in a well cultivated country, the banks of which exhibit so few habitations."

The forest of Dean has always been famous. In the Middle Ages (says Cliffe) it afforded a safe refuge to robbers, who used often to go afloat and plunder vessels on the Severn. The commanders of the Spanish Armada had orders "not to leave a tree standing in it" if, says Evelyn, "they should not be able to subdue our nation." Early in the reign of Charles I. the forest contained 43,000 acres, 14,000 of which were woodland; but the devastations committed were so great that in 1667 only 200 large oak and beech trees were standing, "To repair these mischiefs 11,000 acres were immediately enclosed, planted, and carefully guarded," and large additions have since been made. The Forest is divided into "walks," and placed under the care of officers and keepers. Iron mines were opened here by the Romans; and there are extensive and remarkable workings, partly attributed to that people, near Coleford, Bream, and Littledean. These wild deserted *scoholes* (that is their local name) can be penetrated for considerable distances. The mineral treasures of the Forest—coal and iron—are great; and Foresters retain peculiar rights.

APPENDIX.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

NEARLY all that we know about St. Paul's up to the Conquest is from the following story, told by Bede.—“After the death of Ethelbert (the founder of St. Paul's), the accession of his son Eadbald proved very prejudicial to the new church, for he not only refused to embrace the faith of Christ, but was also defiled with such a sort of fornication, as the apostle testifies, was not heard of even among the Gentiles. By his crimes he gave occasion to those to return to their former uncleanness who, under his father, had either for favour, or through fear of the King, submitted to the laws of faith and chastity. Nor did the perfidious King escape without Divine punishment and correction, for he was troubled with frequent fits of madness, and possessed by an evil spirit. This confusion was increased by the death of Sahert, King of the East Saxons, who departing to the heavenly kingdom, left three sons, still pagans, to inherit his temporal crown. They immediately began to profess idolatry, which, during their father's reign, they had seemed a little to abandon; and they granted free liberty to the people under their government to serve idols. And when they saw the bishop, whilst celebrating mass in the church, give the eucharist to the people, they, puffed up with barbarous folly, were wont, as it is reported, to say to him, ‘Why do you not give us also that white bread which you used to give to our father, Saba (for so they used to call him), and which you still continue to give to the people in the church?’ To whom he answered, ‘If you will be washed in the laver of salvation, in which your father was washed, you may also partake of the holy bread of which he partook; but if you despise the laver of life, you may not receive the bread of life.’ They replied, ‘We will not enter into that laver, because we do not know that we stand in need of it, and yet we will eat of that bread.’ And being often admonished by him, that the same could not be done, nor any one admitted to partake of the sacred oblation without the holy cleansing, at last they said,

in anger, 'If you will not comply with us in so small a matter as that which we require, you shall not stay in our province.' And accordingly they obliged him and his followers to depart from their kingdom. Being forced from thence he (Mellitus) came into Kent, to advise with his fellow bishop, Laurentius, what was best to be done in that case; and it was unanimously agreed that it was better for them all to return to their own country, where they might serve God in freedom, than to continue without any advantage among those barbarians, who had revolted from the faith. Mellitus and Justus, accordingly, went away first, and withdrew into France, desiring there to await the event of things. But the Kings who had driven from them the preacher of the truth, did not continue long unpunished for their heathenish worship; for marching out to battle against the nation of the West Saxons, they were all slain with their army. However, the people having once turned to wickedness, though the authors of it were destroyed, would not be corrected, nor return to the unity of faith and charity which is in Christ."—Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, chap. ix. pp. 186-7.

Death of Sebbi, buried in Old St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Sebbi, King of the East Saxons, was much addicted to religious actions, almsgiving, and frequent prayer; preferring a private and monastic life to all the wealth and honour of his kingdom. When he had been thirty years a king, and a soldier of the heavenly kingdom, he fell into a violent sickness, of which he died [A.D. 694], and admonished his wife, that they should then at least, jointly devote themselves to the service of God, since they could no longer enjoy, or rather serve, the world. Having, with much difficulty, obtained this of her, he repaired to Waldhere, Bishop of London, who had succeeded Earconwald, and with his blessing received the religious habit, which he had so long desired. He also carried to him a considerable sum of money, to be given to the poor, reserving nothing to himself, but rather coveting to remain poor in spirit for the sake of the kingdom of heaven.

"When the aforesaid distemper increased upon him, and he perceived the day of his death to be drawing near, being a man of a royal disposition, he began to apprehend lest, when under pain, and at the approach of death, he might be guilty of anything unworthy of his person, either in words, or any motion of his limbs. Whereupon, calling to him the aforesaid Bishop of London, in which city he then

was, he entreated him that none might be present at his death, besides the Bishop himself and two of his attendants; the Bishop having promised that he would most willingly perform the same; not long after the man of God composed himself to sleep, and saw a comforting vision, which took from him all anxiety for the aforesaid uneasiness; and, moreover, showed him on what day he was to depart this life. For, as he afterwards related, he saw three men in bright garments come to him; one of whom sat down before his bed, whilst his companions stood and inquired about the state of the sick man they came to see; he who was sitting in front of the bed, said that his soul would depart his body without any pain, and with a great splendour of light, and declared that he should die the third day after: both which particulars happened, as he had been informed by the vision; for on the third day after, he suddenly fell, as it were, into a slumber, and breathed out his soul without any sense or pain.

“A stone coffin having been provided for burying his body, when they came to lay it in the same, they found his body a span longer than the coffin. Hereupon they hewed away the stone, and made the coffin about two fingers longer, but neither would it then contain the body. Under this difficulty of entombing him, they had thought either to get another coffin, or else to shorten the body by bending it at the knees, if they could. But a wonderful event, caused by Providence, prevented the execution of either of these designs; for, on a sudden, in the presence of the Bishop, and Sighard, the son of the King who had turned monk, and of a considerable number of men, that same coffin was found to answer the length of the body, insomuch that a pillow might also be put in at the head; and at the feet, the coffin was four fingers longer than the body. He was buried in the church of the blessed Apostle of the Gentiles [St. Paul's, London], by whose instructions he had learned to hope for heavenly things.”—Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, chap. xi. pp. 189-191.

Legends of Bardney Abbey.

The foundation of this noble monastery, in the province of Lindsey, in Lincolnshire, on the left bank of the Witham, between Lincoln and Boston, according to Tanner, took place before A.D. 697, because Ofthria, or Osthryda, Queen of Mercia, who caused the bones of her uncle, Oswald, King of Northumbria, to be brought to it, was mur-

dered in that year. The Queen and her husband, Ethelred, much loved Bardney, and conferred upon it many honours and ornaments. "It was here," says Bede, "that she was desirous to lay the venerable bones of her uncle. When the waggon in which these bones were carried arrived towards evening at the aforesaid monastery, they that were in it refused to admit them, because though they knew him to be a holy man, yet as he was originally of another province, and reigned over them as a foreign King, they retained their ancient aversion to him even after death. Thus it came to pass that the relics were left in the open air all that night, with only a large tent spread over them. But the appearance of a heavenly miracle showed with how much reverence they ought to be received by all the faithful; for during that whole night a pillar of light, reaching from the waggon up to heaven, was seen by almost all the inhabitants of the province of Lindsay. Hereupon, in the morning the brethren, who had refused it the day before, began themselves earnestly to pray that those holy relics, so beloved by God, might be deposited among them. Accordingly, the bones, being washed, were put into a shrine, which they had made for that purpose, and placed in the church with due honour; and that here might be a perpetual memorial of the royal person of the holy man, they hung up over the monument his banner, made of gold and purple, and poured out the water in which they had washed the bones in a corner of the sacred place. From that time the very earth which received that holy water had the virtue of expelling devils from the bodies of persons possessed.

"Lastly, when the aforesaid Queen afterwards made some stay in that Monastery, there came to visit her a certain venerable Abbess, who is still living, called Ethelhilda, the sister of the holy men, Ethelwin and Aldwin, the first of whom was Bishop in the province of Lindsey; the other Abbat of the Monastery of Peartenen, or Parteney, a cell to Bardney, not far from which was the monastery of Ethelhilda. When this lady was come, in a conversation between her and the Queen, the discourse, among other things, turning upon Oswald, she said that she also had that night seen a light reaching from the relics up to heaven. The Queen thereupon added, that the very dust of the pavement, on which the water that washed the bones had been spilt, had already healed many sick persons. The Abbess thereupon desired that some of the said dust might be given her, which she tied up in a cloth, and putting it into a casket, returned home. Some time after, when she was in her Monastery, there came to it a guest, who was wont often in the night to be on a sudden grievously tormented with an evil spirit; he

being hospitably entertained, and gone to bed after supper, was on a sudden seized by the devil, and began to cry out, to gnash his teeth, to foam at the mouth, and to distort his limbs in a most strange manner. None being able to hold or bind him, the servant ran, and knocking at the door acquainted the Abbess. She, opening the monastery door, went out herself with one of the nuns to the men's apartments, and calling a priest, desired he would go with her to the sufferer. Being come thither, and seeing many were present, who had not been able, though they endeavoured it, to hold the tormented person and prevent his convulsive motions, the priest used exorcisms, and did all he could to assuage the madness of the unfortunate man, but though he took much pains could not prevail. When no hopes appeared of easing him, the Abbess bethought herself of the dust, and immediately ordered her servant to go and fetch the casket in which it was. As soon as she came with what she had been sent for into the porch of the house, in the inner part whereof the possessed person was tormented, he was presently silent, and laid down his head as if he had been falling asleep, stretching out all his limbs to rest. All present were silent, and stood attentive to see the end of the affair. After some time, the man that had been tormented sat up, and fetching a deep sigh, said, 'Now I am like a sound man, for I am restored to my senses.' They earnestly inquired how that came to pass, and he answered, 'As soon as that virgin drew near to the porch of this house, with the casket she brought, all the evil spirits that vexed me departed, and were no more to be seen.' Then the Abbess gave him a little of that dust, and the priest having prayed, he had a very quiet night; nor did he, from that time forward, receive the least disturbance from his old enemy."—Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, chap. xi. pp. 125-128. Remains still exist of the celebrated Abbey of Bardney, situated amidst marshes, and founded as early as the Saxon times.

Nell Gwynn's House, and Looking-glass.

AT Newport, a straggling village, near the Great Eastern Railway, 42 miles from London, was once a Castle, and the village is at least as old as the time of the Conqueror. Near the end a fine old house is visible from the railway, possessing some quaint gable ends and windows; and in this house it is said that one of the "merry Monarch's" many mistresses resided some time, to wit, Nell Gwynn, ancestress of the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, the Duke of St. Albans, who enjoys 1200*l.* a year from the State. Nelly, however, has left behind her reminiscences that may reconcile us to the absurd pension of her descendants. To the influence of the poor orange-girl over the regal lover we owe the erection of Chelsea Hospital. Incidents in her strange life have inspired many a dramatist—amongst the number, Douglas Jerrold, with one of his happiest dramas; and her biography, contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mr. Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., has been republished. Of Nelly herself it may be as well to recount a few leading particulars.

Nell Gwynn—pretty, witty, merry, open hearted Nelly—has much more than her own frailties to answer for; and they (alas, that we must say it!) are enough in all conscience. Her very virtues have proved mischievous, inasmuch as they have given occasion to certain scoffers to blaspheme "the sun-clad power of Chastity." It is worth while to imagine in what consists that strange fascination which, after the lapse of a century and a half, still hangs round the memory of this singular woman. Why is her name still familiar and dear in the mouths of the people? Why hath no man condemned her? Why has satire spared her? Why is there in her remembrance a charm so far beyond, and so different from, mere celebrity? Other women have become famous and interesting in spite of their lapses from virtue, and some from that cause. The course of her life, which had begun in the puddle and sink of obscurity and profligacy, as it flowed, refined. For the humorous and scandalous stories of which she is the subject, some excuse may be found in her plebeian education, and the coarseness of the age in which she lived: when ladies of quality gambled and swore, what could be expected from the orange-girl! Her earliest days were spent in London, and in the very lowest haunts of vulgar profligacy. While yet a mere child, she was an attendant in a tavern, where the sweetness of her voice and her sprightly address recommended her to notice. She was afterwards,

still in extreme youth, a servant to a fruiterer, and in this capacity employed to sell oranges at the theatres. Here her beauty and vivacity attracted the notice of Lacy, the comedian, her first lover, who was soon rivalled in her good graces by Hart, the handsomest man and most accomplished actor of that day.

Nell Gwynn was prepared for the stage, for which she had a natural penchant; and, in 1667, we find her enrolled in the King's company of comedians, who were then acting under Killigrew's patent, at the new theatre in Drury-lane. Before the Restoration no woman had appeared on any English stage, the female parts being all acted by the men. The novelty and attraction of seeing beautiful women in such characters as Desdemona, Ophelia, Aspasia, &c., was undoubtedly one cause of that mania for theatrical amusements which was one of the characteristics of the time. Nell Gwynn at once became popular, and the same year that she first appeared on the stage, she attracted the notice of the witty Lord Buckhurst (afterwards the Earl of Dorset), who took her from the theatre, and allowed her 100*l.* a year. This absence, however, was not long; she returned to the stage in 1668. The King openly distinguished her; and after the first performance went behind the scenes, and took her away in his carriage to sup with him. Soon after, Lord Buckhurst resigned her for the consideration of an earldom and a pension. After this elevation (as the contemporary writers express it, and no doubt very sincerely thought it), we find Nelly dignified in the play-bills with the title of "Madam Ellen," by which name she was popularly known. She appeared on the stage once or twice after the birth of her eldest son, but retired altogether in 1671. About this time she was created one of the ladies of the Queen's privy-chamber, under which title she was lodged in Whitehall. Madam Ellen lost none of her popularity by her elevation. Nell had a natural turn for goodness, which survived all her excesses. She was wild and extravagant, but not rapacious or selfish,—frail but not vicious; she never meddled with politics, nor made herself the tool of ambitious courtiers. At the time the King's mistresses were everywhere execrated for their avarice and arrogance, it was remarked that Nell Gwynn never asked anything for herself, never gave herself unbecoming airs, as if she deemed her unhappy situation a subject of pride: there is not a single instance of her using her influence over Charles for an unworthy purpose; but on the contrary, the presents which the King's love or bounty lavished upon her, she gave and spent freely; and misfortune, deserved or undeserved, never approached her in vain.

After the King's death, Nell Gwynn continued to reside in Pall-mall,

where she lived on a small pension and some presents the King had made her. She survived him about seven years, conducting herself with the strictest decorum, and spending her time in devotion, and her small allowance in acts of beneficence: she died in 1691. Dr. Tenison, then vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon. The secret of Nell Gwynn's popularity seems to have consisted in what is generally called heart, in a kindness and candour of disposition which the errors and abject miseries of her youth could not harden, nor her acquaintance with a corrupt court entirely vitiate. On comparing and combining the scattered traits and personal allusions found in contemporary writers, it appears she was in person considerably below the middle size, but formed with perfect elegance; the contour of her face was round, her features delicate, her eyes bright and intelligent, and so small as to be almost concealed when she laughed; her cheek was usually dimpled with smiles, and her countenance radiant with hilarity, but when at rest it was soft and even pensive in its expression; her voice was sweet and well modulated, her hair glossy, abundant, and of light auburn; her hands were singularly small and beautiful, and her pretty foot so very diminutive, as to afford occasion for mirth as well as admiration.—*Condensed from Mrs. Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second.*

There is in existence a looking-glass which bears the likeness of Nell Gwynn and King Charles, modelled in wax; and also the supporters or crest which Nell assumed, namely, the lion and leopard. The whole is curiously worked in variously coloured glass beads, and the figures with the dresses made to project in very high relief; indeed, they are merely attached to the ground-work. In the upper part is Charles in his state dress, and in the bottom one Nell Gwynn in her court dress—the pattern of which is very tasteful. On the right is Charles in his hunting dress, and on the left is Nell in her *negligée* dress. The beads have retained their colours, which are very appropriate to the subject, and must have been a work of considerable time and patience; but whether done by Nell or not, there is no record. To this relic Laman Blanchard addressed these graceful stanzas:

“ Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell
 Draw we here a parallel.
 She, like thee, was forced to bear
 All reflections, foul or fair;
 Thou art deep and bright within,
 Depths as bright belonged to Gwynn;
 Thou art very frail as well,
 Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

- "Thou, her glass, art silver-lined,
 She too had a silver mind ;
 Thine is fresh to this far day,
 Hers till death ne'er wore away ;
 Thou dost to thy surface win
 Wandering glances, so did Gwynn ;
 Eyes on thee long love to dwell,
 So men's eyes would do on Nell.
- "Life-like forms in thee are sought,
 Such the forms the actress wrought ;
 Truth unfailing rests in you,
 Nell, whate'er she was, was true ;
 Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
 Thou art oft, as oft was Gwynn ;
 Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—
 Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.
- "Thine's a frame to charm the sight,
 Framed was she to give delight.
 Waxed forms here truly show
 Charles above and Nell below ;
 But between them, chin with chin,
 Stuart stands as low as Gwynn,—
 Paired, yet parted—meant to tell
 Charles was *opposite* to Nell.*
- "Round the glass wherein her face
 Smiled so oft, her 'arms' we trace ;
 Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,
 Lion here, and leopard there.
 She had part in these ;—akin
 To the lion-heart was Gwynn ;
 And the leopard's beauty fell,
 With its spots, to bounding Nell.
- "Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,
 Thou art firm, if brittle too ;
 So her will, on good intent,
 Might be broken, never bent.
 What the glass was, when therein
 Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynn,
 Was that face, by beauty's spell,
 To the honest soul of Nell !"

* Charles, in spite of every attempt made to detach him from her, loved her to the last, and his last thought was for her—"Let not poor Nelly starve !"

Historical Hertfordshire.

At the Congress of the British Archæological Association, held at St. Albans in 1869, Lord Lytton, the President, in his inaugural address grouped the historical sites of the county with his wonted felicity, being, from the long connexion of his family with the county of Herts, master of all its details: thus picturesquely illustrating the text of Camden, that "for the renown of antiquity Hertfordshire may vie with any of its neighbours, for scarce any other county can show as many remains."

Lord Lytton remarked, that in that county and at St. Albans the Association would find memorials and reminiscences, that illustrated the history of our native land from the earliest date. Round the spot, too, on which they were assembled, one of the bravest and the greatest of the British tribes held dominion; far and near round that spot they trod on ground which witnessed their dauntless and despairing resistance to the Roman invader. * * * * England never seemed, from the earliest historical records, to have been inhabited by any race which did not accept ideas of improved civilization from its visitors or conquerors. The ancient Britons were not ignorant barbarians, in our modern sense of the word, at the time of the Roman Conquest. Their skill in agriculture was considerable; they had in familiar use implements and machinery, such as carriages, the watermill and the windmill, which attested their application of science to the arts of husbandry. The Romans were to the ancient world what the railway companies were to the modern—they were the great constructors of roads and highways. Again, to the Romans the Britons owed the introduction of civil law, and the moment the principle of secular justice between man and man was familiarized to their minds the priestly domination of the Druids, with all its sanguinary superstitions, passed away. It was to Rome, too, that Britons owed that institution of municipal towns to which the philosophical statesman, M. Guizot, traced the rise of modern freedom in its emancipation from feudal oppression and feudal serfdom. When the Romans finally withdrew from Britain, ninety-two considerable towns had arisen, of which thirty-three cities possessed superior privileges. Among the most famous of these cities was Verulam, which was a *municipium* in the time of Nero, and the remains of which were being more clearly brought to light by the labours of the Association. The members would be enabled, he believed, to see at least the stage, the proscenium, and the orchestra of the only Roman theatre yet found in this country. Lastly, it was to the Roman con-

queror that the Briton owed, if not the first partial conception, at least the national recognition of that Christian faith whose earliest British martyr had bequeathed his name to St. Albans.

When they passed to the age of the Anglo-Saxons their vestiges in that county surrounded them on every side. The names of places familiar as household words marked their residences. And here he might observe that the main reason why the language of the Anglo-Saxon had survived the Norman invasion, and finally supplanted the language of the Conqueror, did not appear to him to have been clearly stated by our historians. He believed the reason to be really this. The language that men spoke in after-life was formed in the nursery; it was learnt from the lips of the mother. The adventurers of Scandinavian origin who established themselves in Normandy did not select their wives in Scandinavia, but in France, and thus their children learned in the nursery the French language. In like manner, when they conquered England, those who were still unmarried had the good taste to seek their wives among the Saxons, and thus the language of the mothers naturally became that of the children, and being also the language of the servants employed in the household, the French language necessarily waned, receded, and at last became merged into the domestic element of the Anglo-Saxon, retaining only such of its native liveliness and adaptability to metrical rhyme and cadence as enriched the earliest utterances of our English poetry in the Muse, at once grave and sportive, at once courtly and popular, which inspired the lips of Chaucer. In the county in which they were assembled were the scenes of fierce, heroic conflict between the Saxons and the Danes. Where now stood the town of Ware anchored the light vessels which constituted the Danish navy as it sailed from London along the Thames to the entrance of the river Lea. There they besieged the town of Hertford, and there the remarkable genius of Alfred the Great, at once astute and patient, studying the nature of the river, diverted its stream into three channels, and stranded the Danish vessels, which thus became an easy prey to the Londoners.

Nor was the county destitute of memorials of the turbulent ages which followed the Norman Conquest. When Prince Louis of France invaded England no stronghold, with the exception of Dover, resisted his siege with more valour or with greater loss to the invaders than the Castle of Hertford, and under the soil around its walls lay the bones of many an invading Frenchman. At St. Albans, on the 22nd of May, 1455, Henry VI. pitched his standard against the armies of the White Rose led by Richard, Duke of York, and the great Earls of Warwick

and Salisbury; and then again, on the 17th of February, 1461, Henry VI. was brought from London to be the reluctant witness and representative of a conflict against his Queen, who, however, delivered him from the custody of the Yorkists, and sullied her victory by such plunder and cruelty as a few days afterwards insured the crown to Edward IV. On the summit of Christ Church tower, at Hadley, was still to be seen the lantern which, according to tradition, lighted the forces of Edward IV. through the dense fog which the superstition of the time believed to have been raised by the incantation of Friar Bungay, and through the veil of that fog was fought the battle of Barnet, where the power of the great feudal barons expired with Warwick, the king-maker, and a new era in the records of liberty and civil progress practically commenced. For he was convinced from a somewhat careful study of the time that the contests between the Houses of York and Lancaster was not a mere dispute of title to the throne, or a mere rivalry for power between the great feudal chiefs. The House of Lancaster with its monkish King represented a more intolerant spirit of Papal persecution; it was under that house that the great religious reformers had been mercilessly condemned to the gibbet and the flames, and the martyrdom of the Lollards under Henry IV. and Henry V. left a terrible legacy of wrath and doom to Henry VI. Besides the numerous descendants of these Lollards, large bodies of the Church itself, including the clergy, were favourable to religious reform, and these were necessarily alienated from the House of Lancaster and inclined to the House of York. With the House of York, too, were the great centres of energy and intelligence, London and the powerful trading cities. The commercial spirit established a certain familiar sympathy with Edward IV., who was himself a merchant, venturing commercial speculations in ships fitted out by himself. Thus the Battle of Barnet was fought between the new ideas and the old, and those new ideas which gave power to the middle class in the reign of Henry VII., and rendered the religious reformation in the reign of Henry VIII. popular in spite of its violent excesses, shared at Barnet the victory of the King, under whom was established the first printing-press known in England.

But Hertfordshire had also furnished the birthplace or the home of no inconsiderable persons. According to tradition, Cashiobury was the royal seat of Cassibelaunus, and passing to the noble family that now held its domains, it found an owner as brave as its old British possessor in the first Lord Capel, faithful in life and in death to the cause of Charles I. King's Langley was the birthplace of Edmund de

Langley, the brave son of Edward III., and close beside it was born Nicholas Brakespeare, afterwards Pope Adrian IV. Moor Park was identified with the names of Cardinal Wolsey and the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. Sir John Mandeville, the famous traveller, who, if he invented his travels, certainly beat them all in the art of romance, was a native of St. Albans. Panshanger was associated with the name of Cowper, while the delightful essayist, Charles Lamb, boasted his descent from Hertfordshire. Future archæologists will revere at Brocket, the residence of the two distinguished men who swayed the destinies of the country in our time as first Ministers of the Crown—Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, akin by family connexion, akin still more by the English attributes they held in common—an exquisite geniality of temper united with a robust and simple marliness of character. At Hatfield members of the Association would find a place stored with brilliant memories and associations. There still stood the tower from the window of which, according to tradition, the Princess Elizabeth envied the lot of the humble milkmaid, and there was still seen the trunk of the oak under which she heard the news of her accession to the throne. And what Englishman—nay, what stranger from the foreign nations to which, conjointly with the posterity of his native land, Francis Bacon intrusted the verdict to be pronounced on his labours and his name—would not feel that he was on haunted ground when he entered the domain of Gorhambury and examined the remains of the abode in which the Shakspeare of Philosophy united the most various knowledge of mankind with the deepest research into the secrets of Nature and the elements of human thought?



The Palace of Theobalds, Cheshunt.

"The house itselfe doth shewe the owner's wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land."—*Old Poet.*

This sumptuous Palace rose and disappeared within a protracted life-time—fourscore years and ten. It was built by a favourite minister, ostensibly as a home for his son, though its splendour made it resemble the lure of a courtier; it became the resort of a gay queen, and the abode of two kings, whence it fell into the hands of crafty men, who levelled its magnificence, and scattered its treasures to aid them in carrying on their scheme of desolation, and to furnish them with the sinews of civil war.

Hence, Theobalds has for many years been known but by name; for, as if to erase its existence, representations of it have been desiderata among the collectors of such records. When Mr. Lysons wrote his *Environs of London*, he lamented that he "had not been able to find any print or painting which conveys any adequate idea of this palace." We have participated in his regret, seeing that Theobalds was a fair specimen of a style of architecture again become popular; and the gardens, though quaint and odd in their way, were designed by one of the earliest patrons of botany in this country. Besides, the mansion was the home of that good and great man, Lord Burghley, who here closed his brilliant and useful career. The history of the whole place, too, is pointed with a moral, presenting as it does a memorial of the instability of kingly state, and the vanity of human grandeur.

This magnificent Palace stood in the parish of Cheshunt at the distance of twelve miles from London, and a little to the north of the road to Ware. The origin of the name is uncertain; but it is probable that Theobald was the name of an owner, though at what period earlier than the reign of Henry VI. does not appear.

The manor probably reverted to the Crown at the Suppression of religious foundations; and, after passing through the families of Bedyll, Burbage, and Elliott, on June 10, 1563, it was purchased by Sir William Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burghley.

The original manor house is supposed to have been on a small moated site, which is to be traced to this day. In 1570, Sir William increased the estate by an important addition, which is thus mentioned in his Diary:—"May 15, I purchased Cheshunt Park of Mr. Haryngton." Cecil now, if not before, must have been proceeding in earnest with his new mansion, as in September of the following year, Queen Elizabeth honoured it with a visit; when she was presented with "a portrait of the house."

Lord Burghley was not the least sumptuous in architecture among a nobility which produced many magnificent palaces. The author of his contemporary biography (printed in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*), says, "He buylt three houses: one in London, for necessity; another at Burghley, of competency for the mansion of his Barony; and another at Waltham [this of Theobalds,] for his younger sonne; which, at the first, he meant but for a little pile, as I have hard him saie, but, after he came to enterteyne the Quene so often there, he was enforced to enlarge it, rather for the Quene and her greate traine, and to sett poore on worke, than for pompe or glory; for he ever said it wold be to big for the small living he cold leave his sonne. The other two are

but convenient, and no bigger than will serve for a nobleman; all of them perfected, convenient, and to better purpose for habitation than many others buylt by greate noblemen; being all bewtiful, uniform, necessary, and well seated; which are greate arguments of his wisdom and judgment. He greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains, and walkes; which at Theobalds were perfected most costly, bewtyfully, and pleasantly; where one might walk twoe myle in the walks before he came to their ends."

As Lord Burghley had built this mansion expressly for his younger son, he was evidently inclined, some years before his death, to give possession to Sir Robert Cecil; but some opposition was made to this proposal by the Queen, as appears from some humorous sallies both on the part of her Majesty and of her 'Hermit,' as the Secretary was pleased to style himself, and it is clear that the longer purse of the Lord Treasurer was requisite to maintain the house and the establishment which had both been increased for her Majesty's pleasure.

Just at the period of Lord Burghley's death, in 1598, Theobalds was visited by the tourist Hentzner, who thus describes it in his journey, as translated by Horace Walpole:—

"Theobalds belongs to Lord Burghley, the Treasurer. In the Gallery is painted the genealogy of the Kings of England. From this place one goes into the garden, encompassed with water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in a boat, and rowing between the shrubs. Here are a great variety of trees and plants, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, a *jet d'eau*, with its basin of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood and other materials up and down the garden. After seeing these, we are led by the gardener into the summer-house; in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table of touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with cisterns of lead, into which the water is conveyed through pipes, so that fish may be kept in them; and, in summer time, they are very convenient for bathing. In another room for entertainment, very near this, and joined to it by a little bridge, was a noble table of red marble. We were not admitted to see the apartments of this palace, there being nobody to show them, as the family was in town attending the funeral of their lord."*

On the decease of Lord Burghley, August 4, 1598, his son, Sir Robert Cecil, became the possessor of Theobalds and the neighbouring estates, pursuant to indenture dated 16th June, 29 Eliz. (1577).†

* Translation of *Paul Hentzner's Journey*. Strawberry Hill, 1758, p. 54.

† Lord Burghley's Will, in Peck's *Desiderata*, p. 192.

The Earl of Salisbury (as he shortly became after the accession of James I.), having captivated his royal master with the charms of Theobalds, particularly in two sumptuous entertainments given to his majesty, on his first arrival in England, and on the visit of his brother-in-law the King of Denmark, was very shortly after the latter festivity induced to exchange it for the palace of Hatfield; where (being now himself Lord Treasurer, and thus in possession, like his father, of the strings of the royal purse), he commenced building a mansion of perhaps still greater magnificence; and which stood unaltered, except by a partial fire, to our own days.

The Earl of Salisbury gave up possession on the 22nd of May, 1607, with a poetical entertainment written by Ben Jonson. In this, "the Queen" was supposed to receive the Palace, perhaps with the view of its becoming her dowager-house had she survived King James. However, Theobalds became his principal country residence throughout the whole of his reign, and it was here that he breathed his last, on the 27th of March, 1625. Windsor was at that period never visited except to hold the feasts of the Order of the Garter; Richmond, which had been a favourite palace of Elizabeth, was given up to the Prince of Wales; Hampton Court was occasionally resorted to; but the attractions of Waltham Forest gave Theobalds by far the preference in the eyes of the sylvan monarch.

After taking possession, King James enlarged the park, by inclosing part of the adjoining chase, and surrounded it with a wall of brick measuring ten miles in circumference; part of which, on the north, containing the eighth milestone, remains in the gardens of Albury House.

King Charles I. continued to reside here; and there is an interesting picture, representing an interior view of the Gallery in perspective, into which the King and Henrietta Maria are entering at a door, ushered by the brother Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, each with his wand of office, the former as Lord Steward, and the latter as Lord Chamberlain, of the King's household. Waiting in the gallery, stands the dwarf Jeffery Hudson, with three of King Charles's favourite spaniels; and a parroquet is perched on a balustrade.*

When the sale of Crown lands was in agitation in 1649, it was at

* This curious picture is at Hinton St. George, the seat of Earl Poulett, in Somersetshire. Horace Walpole supposed the architecture to have been painted by Steenwyck, and the figures copied from Vandyck by Polenburg or Van Bassen. There is a folio engraving by S. Sparrow, jun., published by Edward Harding in 1800, and a small copy by Aug. Fox in Pickering's edition of Walton and Cotton's *Angler*, p. 52.

first resolved that Theobalds should be excepted, but it was afterwards determined that it should be sold. In the following year, the surveyors reported that the palace was an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished, and that it was worth 200*l.* per annum, exclusive of the park; yet, lest the Parliament should think proper to have it taken down, they had estimated the materials, and found them to be worth 8275*l.* 11*s.* The calculations of the surveyors were more acceptable than their advice; and consequently, the greater part of the Palace was taken down to the ground, and the money arising from the sale of the materials was divided among the army.

The Survey affords a circumstantial description of the several portions and apartments of the Palace. It consisted of two principal quadrangles, besides the Dial-court, the Buttery-court, and the Dove-house-court, in which the offices were situated. The Fountain-court, so called from a fountain of black and white marble in the centre, was a quadrangle of 86 feet square, on the east side of which was a cloister, 8 feet wide, with seven arches. On the ground-floor of this quadrangle was a spacious hall, paved with Purbeck marble; the roof "arched over the top with carved timbers of curious workmanship, and of great worth, being a goodlie ornament to the same;" at the upper end was "a very large picture of the bignesse of a paire of stagges horns seene in France."

On the second floor was the Presence Chamber, with carved wainscot of oak, richly gilt, the ceiling being enriched with gilt pendants; and coats of arms were set in the large windows. These windows opened south on the walk in the Great Garden, leading to the green gates into the Park, where was a double avenue of trees a mile long. On the same floor were also the Privy Chamber, the Withdrawing Chamber, the King's Bedchamber, and a Gallery 123 feet by 21, wainscoted with oak; also with paintings of cities, a fretted ceiling, with pendants and flowers, richly painted and gilt; also large stags' heads: the windows of this Gallery looking north into the Park, and so to Cheshunt.

On an upper floor were the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings, my Lord's Withdrawing Chamber, and several other apartments. Near the Chamberlain's lodgings on the east was a leaded walk, 62 feet in length and 11 in breadth, with an arch of freestone over it; "which said arch and walk," says the Survey, "looking eastward into the middle court, and into the highway leading from London to Ware, standeth high, and may easily be discerned by passengers and travellers to their

delight." On the west of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings was another walk of the same dimensions, looking westward into the Fountain-court. At each corner of these walks stood four lofty towers, with lions and vanes; and in the walk over the hall, in the midst of the four corners, was a lantern-tower, with pinnacles at each corner; wherein were twelve bells and a clock with chimes.

The Park contained 2508 acres, valued, together with six lodges, one of which was in the occupation of Colonel Cecil, at 1545*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* per annum. The deer were valued at 1000*l.*; the rabbits at 15*l.*; the timber at 7259*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; exclusive of 15,608 trees marked for the use of the Navy, and others already cut down for that purpose; the materials of the barns and walls were valued at 1570*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*

The gardens were large, and ornamented with labyrinths, canals, and fountains. The great garden contained several acres, and there was, besides, a pheasant, privy, and laundry garden. In the former were nine knots, artificially and exquisitely made, one of them in imitation of the King's arms.

After the Restoration, the Manor of Theobalds was granted, in 13 Car. II., to George, Duke of Albemarle; and it subsequently descended to the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. The park and ruins remained in the Crown, until granted in 1 and 2 William and Mary, to William, Duke of Portland, to whose heirs they descended, until sold in 1763 to George Prescott, Esq., the grandfather of Sir George Beeston Prescott, of Cheshunt Park.

The last stages of the decay of Theobalds were recorded by Mr. Gough, first in his *Catalogue of British Topography*, and afterwards in his *Additions to Camden's Britannia*. The room said to have been that in which King James I. died, and the parlour under it, with a cloister or portico having the Cecil pedigree painted on the walls, were standing until 1765, when George Prescott, Esq., cleared out the site for building. "It is now," adds Mr. Gough, "covered with gentlemen's houses; and the only remains of its ancient grandeur are a walk of abeles, between two walls, a circular summer-house, and the traces of the park wall, nine or ten miles round, built by James I." Mr. Gough purchased so much of the chimney-piece of the parlour as had survived the demolition. It is two-thirds of a group of figures in alto relievo, representing in the centre Minerva, driving away Discord, overthrowing Idolatry, and restoring true Religion. The architecture is ornamented with garbs of wheat-sheaves, from the Cecil crest. It is carved in clunch, or soft stone, probably by Florentine artists. Mr. Gough placed it over the chimney-piece of his library at Fortyhill, Enfield,

where it remained until 1834, when it was presented by his representative, John Farran, Esq., to J. B. Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., who removed it to his house, the Chancellors, Hammersmith.

The Stables of Theobalds stood on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham Cross to Cheshunt: and adjoining to them was a large building called the Almshouse. It is mentioned in the Life of the Earl of Salisbury, printed on his death in 1612, that it was occupied by "aged and overworn Captaines, gentlemen by birth and calling." This building, which had the arms of Cecil in front, and was furnished with a hall and chapel, was standing till about the year 1812.

Ragland Castle.—Invention of the Steam-engine.—P. 146.

The following compendious statement, with its elaborate notes and references, ought, it appears to us, to set the question of the invention of the Steam-engine at rest, and to give the palm to Edward Somerset, the second Marquis of Worcester. It has been most carefully drawn up by the well known Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, F.R.S.: The Marquis's fire-engine, or water-commanding engine, was an elementary steam-engine, a modern name applied to an old invention, previously known as a fire-engine, and afterwards as an atmospheric engine. The *Century of Inventions*, his only known literary production, contains the first published account of his invention. The MS. of that work was written in 1655, lost, re-written, and published in 1663. There is every reason to believe that the MS. of 1655 contained the same or a similar account of the Marquis's "water-commanding engine," to the one printed in 1663. In May, 1663, he obtained an Act of Parliament for the sole use of his invention, and, according to its requirements, he would have to deposit a model of his invention. The same year—1663—the French traveller Samuel Sorbière, saw the same engine at work at Vauxhall. Lord John Somerset, the Marquis's eldest brother, was living at Vauxhall in 1664. Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, saw the engine at Vauxhall in 1669; and Walter Travers, a Roman Catholic priest, writes, referring to the engine, in September, 1670. Its existence must also have been known to Dr. Thomas Sprat, F.R.S., who criticised Sorbière's *Book of Travels* in 1665; and also to the Hon. Robert Boyle, F.R.S., to whom Dr. Hook sent the Marquis's *Definition* of his invention. The celebrated Dr. Robert Hook, F.R.S., who, early in 1667, went to see the engine, wrote to Boyle on the subject. Lord Brereton is named by Dr. Hook as having made a bet that the invention would not answer,

The Earl of Lotherdale was written to, in 1660, by the Marquis, with a copy of his *Definition*. Among the Marquis's servants at Vauxhall were Caspar Kaltoff, who died 1664; Martha Kaltoff, who died some time prior to 1672; Peter Jacobson, a sugar-refiner, on the same premises, Kaltoff's son-in-law; also Kaltoff's own son, Caspar; William Lambert, a brass-worker, who was living in 1664-5; and James Rollock, who styled himself "an ancient servant" of forty years' standing. The Marquis's widow, the Dowager Marchioness of Worcester, re-married, and died in 1681, to which time the engine itself, or models, or drawings, were no doubt carefully preserved. His son and heir, Henry Somerset, first Duke of Beaufort, died in 1699. It was not until five months after the Duke's death that Thomas Savery exhibited the model of his alleged invention before the Royal Society in 1699.

Mr. Woodcroft himself, who, as the working-chief of the Patent-office, has accumulated a very considerable amount of information on the origin of inventions, has made an interesting discovery respecting the confidence felt by the Marquis of Worcester in the ultimate success of his invention. He was so poor during the Protectorate, that a document is still in existence signed by Oliver Cromwell, in which the Treasury is requested to pay him 3*l.* weekly. Charles I. had given him a warrant for the sum borrowed from the Marquis, of 40,000*l.*, and on the restoration of Charles II. the King is said to have offered him two estates in lieu of the money. But, according to one of the patent rolls, a copy of which we have seen, the Marquis preferred to take back one-tenth "royalty," then due to the King on the eventual profits of his patent.—*The Engineer.*

Canyngton Priory and Fair Rosamond.

A little more than three miles from Bridgwater, on the road from that town through Nether Stowey and Williton to Dunster and Porlock, stands the pleasant village of Canyngton. One first gets a glimpse of the tall and stately tower of its parish church on surmounting the rising ground at Wembdon, from whence the eye embraces a spacious expanse of cultivated valley, backed by the lofty mass of mountain limestone known by the name of Canyngton Park, and bounded on the right by the flat banks of the Parret, and on the left by the green glades of Brymore. As he approaches the village, the traveller finds that the description of Leland, who journeyed over the same road three centu-

ries ago, is still applicable in the main to the scene before him. Canyngton is yet "a praty uplandisch towne," and our modern wayfarer, as he enters it, "passes," as did his predecessor, "over a bygge brooke that risith not far of by west yn the hilles, and passing by Canyngtun renneth into the haven of Bridgwater, a 2. miles and more by estimation lower then Bridgwater." The place, although now nothing more than a village, has an air of having once been of far greater importance. On approaching the church the eye is immediately attracted by some venerable enclosures, which surround an area of several acres, and unmistakeably suggest the ancient tenure of the spot by some religious community. The church itself is a restored specimen of Somersetshire Perpendicular, despoiled of its most interesting features. Adjacent to the north side of the chancel, which is on that side without windows, was a Priory of Benedictine Nuns. Their church, according to Leland, was "hard adnexid to the est of the Paroche Chirch." Very little is now to be seen of this structure. The fragments which remain of the nuns' abode consist of a part of the basement, and including two or three small internal doorways.

In the history of this ancient house both legend and reliable fact enter. As the residence of a conventual body, Canyngton Priory was neither large nor wealthy.

In the beginning of the reign of King Stephen, or about the year 1138, Robert de Curci, or Curcy, called William, but erroneously, by Collinson, founded the Priory of Canyngton for a community of Benedictine Nuns. The good founder was sewer, or chief butler, to the Empress Maud; and his name, together with those of Milo, Earl of Hereford, Robert de Oilli, and others, may be noticed among the witnesses to a charter of hers, dated at Oxford, in confirmation, to the monks of St. Martin, at Paris, of a donation by Baldewin, Earl of Devon, to that monastery, of the chapel of St. James's, Exeter. His father, Richard de Curcy, held, at the time of the Domesday Survey, Neuham, Secendene, and Foxcote, in the county of Oxford. The credit of the foundation has also been given incorrectly to William de Romare, Earl of Lincoln. The heads of the family of Curcy were, however, the constant and ordinary patrons. The House was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but of the circumstances of the foundation or of the extent of the original endowment no record has been preserved.

Within thirty-five years after the first establishment, a personage is traditionally associated with the community, around whom a romantic interest has ever since revolved. The connexion of this personage with

the place is purely legendary ; but the personage is no less celebrated than the lady usually designated "Fair Rosamond."

These particulars have been gleaned from a paper read to the Somerset Archæological Society, by the Rev. Thomas Hugo.

Camps and Early Fortresses of Dorset.

There are few parts of England which indicate so clearly what Britain must have been even before the occupation of the Romans as Dorset. Within three miles of Dorchester, we have one of those magnificent hill-forts—the *caerau* of the Britons—which there is every reason to suppose is the *Δόνιον* of Ptolemy—Maiden Castle, or the Castle of the Great Hill. On the neighbouring heights, in all directions, may be seen the tombs of "brave men who lived, perhaps, before Agamemnon."

No grander specimen of these fortresses exists amongst us. Hutchins reckons no less than some twenty-five in Dorsetshire. Of the more prominent, proceeding a few miles to the westward, we come to Eggardon, or Aggerdun ; and to the eastward, just beyond Lulworth Castle, to Flower's Barrow ; near Wimborne, to Badbury, or Badbury-rings, the *Badan-burig* of the "Saxon Chronicle," and conjectured, if not proved, by Dr. Guest to be the *Mons Badonicus*, the scene of a great battle. Overhanging the Vale of Blackmoor we have Rawlsbury-rings, more popularly called Bullbarrow ; Dungeon ; and Hod and Hameldon, the twin giants, frowning down on the Valley of the Stour. Near Bere Regis is Woodbury Hill ; and, near Milborne St. Andrew, Weatherbury, or Castle-rings. Next, of the early British habitations indicated in the county. With respect to the Barrows, a few years ago, it was denied that any admixture could be detected of British and Roman interments ; but there have since been discovered Roman coins amongst the coarse unbaked pottery of the primitive tribes.

Probably, one of the oldest Celtic relics in Dorsetshire is the stone-crowned barrow, called the Agglestone, near Studland. The Cerne giant carved upon the chalk hillside is still worthy of a visit ; and isolated worship-stones, cromlechs, &c., still exist in the neighbourhood. A few flint weapons and rude gold ornaments have been found. There are abundant proofs of Roman occupation, commencing with Dorchester, the angle of the main *viæ* of a Roman camp ; its vallum surrounding the town, now planted with trees ; also the fossa and the crumbled agger ; and, near the spot, the remains of a Roman wall and

tessellated pavement; in fact, it is scarcely possible to dig in any part of the area of eighty acres included within the vallum, which has not been much disturbed, without finding Roman pottery, or coins, or pavement, or ornaments, or implements. The amphitheatre (Mambury-rings), Stukeley calculated, would contain nearly 13,000 spectators. Poundbury is Roman. Both these ancient monuments have been preserved through the interference of zealous archæologists. The tessellated pavements at Weymouth, Sherborne, Dawlish, Rampisham, Wynford, and elsewhere, are strongly indicative of a long and peaceful possession of the district; amongst them are the beautiful Frampton pavements uncovered in 1793; the Christian monogram is found in them amidst heathen emblems.

Avebury, Stonehenge, and Silbury Hill.

In 1869, the history of these celebrated remains received very interesting illustration, in a communication from Mr. A. Hall to the *Athenæum*, which we quote here, as it affords a special view intelligible to those who are at all acquainted with these relics. The writer's observations were made in a short run through part of Wiltshire, right away from Salisbury to Marlborough. "Necessarily," he writes, "I was much struck with the abundance of interesting objects scattered about this span (say) thirty miles: Wilton, New Sarum, Sorbiodunum (locally known as old Castle-rings), beacon hills, camps of all descriptions, colossal boundary banks and ditches, barrows and other tumuli of all sizes, cromlechs. All these, however, pale in attraction before those centres of interest, Avebury and Stonehenge, yet they serve to make this district a very shrine for the antiquary; and, as investigated by me for the first time, a most gratifying treat. 1. As to the names: I would suggest that the *v* in Avebury is a *u*, and should be read as 'Au', quasi Auld-bury—i.e. "old burrow"; barrows here are called burrows, and the terminal "borough" in English names has been held by antiquaries to indicate remote antiquity. Here, however, we have a village old, as a residence, among boroughs—older, for instance, than Marlborough, Woodborough, and other places in the neighbourhood. The word Stonehenge has been frequently explained; it refers to the raised stones, *henge*, from A.S. *bon*, *heng*, *gebengon*, 'to hang.' Here we find massive uprights, with huge imposts hung or supported upon them. Henry of Huntingdon says, 'Stones of wonderful magnitude are raised in the manner of doors, so that they seem like doors placed over doors.' This feature is no longer apparent, but the fallen stones

show clearly this was the case at one time: the wonder being that such immense blocks should be so raised—a feeling that has descended with the name that recorded the fact.

“2. The first position I wish to lay down is, that there is one great marked distinction between Avebury and Stonehenge—viz., that while the latter gives in its structure indisputable proof of design, by the removal, shaping, elevation, and superimposition of the stones, the former was not so formed by man; but that the stones at Avebury are still *in situ*—i.e., in their rough, unhewn, natural state, as placed there by Dame Nature herself, and that man has since located himself there and entrenched the spot for habitation.

“3. It must, I think, be conceded that Avebury is the older, probably very much the older, place of the two. Stonehenge has no name as a habitation, but it adjoins Amesbury, an old town, whose name, however, dates from subsequently to the Christian era; it is, therefore, necessarily posterior to Avebury, the name of whose founder is lost in the mists of ages. The Avebury stones are unhewn; this must be held to prove great antiquity. It is clearly understood that the Romans introduced the art of working in stone—an art lost to us by the withdrawal of their legions and the consequent invasion of Saxon barbarians, but restored by Norman influence under the later Saxon kings. With this fact before us, I should hesitate to believe there had been a previous introduction of this art from other than Roman sources, and also a previous loss of it. I am, therefore, driven to the conclusion that Stonehenge is a work of post-Roman time. The labour of collecting and transporting these huge masses must have been great, but nothing as compared to the fitting and fixing of them, which is very complex. Each upright has been reduced into the shape of a round tenon at top, to match with a round mortice-hole in the impost; besides which, the lower end of each upright has been worked with a lateral projection to bite the earth underground, like an ordinary post for a wooden gate; then, being placed in a prepared hole, the cavity has been filled in with rubble. Further, all the imposts round the outer circle, when complete, fitted closely together, each one being jointed or grooved into its neighbour by the process called match lining; the rough, weather-worn outline of this dovetailing may still be perceived. I cannot believe that the rude Celts whom Cæsar found here could have done this; they may have chipped flints and rounded celts, but if they could have dealt thus with huge blocks of stone, they would have had stone habitations, for the material is plentiful; but Cæsar saw none such.

“4. Stonehenge is therefore clearly within the historical era, and, as I

think, was erected for a Memorial, the object being to produce a conspicuous mark in the landscape, at a particular spot. The first we know of it is quoted from Nennius, in the *Eulogium Britannia*, who, though sufficiently fabulous in other things, ascribes Stonehenge to the fifth century A.D. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote three or four hundred years later, partly confirms this conjecture. Moreover, when Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, excavated the area in 1620, he brought to light some Roman remains.

"5. Viewing Stonehenge as comparatively modern, I consider Avebury is greatly older, and that its existence has most probably suggested the idea that we see carried out at Stonehenge. The latter has now about 95 blocks left; Avebury, so far as I could ascertain, only 25, and has no evidence of the use of imposts.

"Although Stonehenge is mentioned so frequently and so copiously by our early chroniclers, history is silent as to Avebury. The antiquary, Aubrey, is the first writer who describes it. In 1648 he found 63 stones; Stukeley, in 1743, describes 29. The imagination that can magnify this trivial quantity into 650, without any evidence whatever, is bold, but dangerous. I decline to believe in circles or avenues. The whole district teems with these stones. Take an area of four or five miles, and we may count them by thousands; but there is no proof that any vast quantity was ever concentrated at Avebury. As they are now found, they were evidently dispersed or deposited by a natural process. The line may be traced southward, from Marlborough Downs, along a sloping valley which crosses the regular coach-road about Fyfield. Down the Lockridge, towards Alton, there they lie—called grey wethers at one place, large stones at other places. At Linchet's, otherwise Clatford Bottom, we have the Devil's Den: a cromlech, apparently. They have been forced along this route by the agency of water or ice, and appear to consist of primary rock and a soft oolitic sandstone that crumbles into dust. Finding them so freely scattered in the immediate neighbourhood, I infer that those found at Avebury have been lodged there as a freak of Nature. Accordingly, I look upon devil's dens, serpent avenues, charmed circles, and high altars as just so many myths. That Avebury was entrenched at an early period, and inhabited by primitive Britons, seems very clear. Their rude imaginations may have prompted them, from lack of knowledge, to venerate—yea, to worship—these huge fantastic blocks, weather-worn into all sorts of queer shapes, placed there by a power which they could not divine, and thus found in possession of the land before themselves."

The soil of Abury rendered the great Druidical temple an incumbrance upon its fertility. For two centuries we can trace the course of its destruction. Gibson describes it as 'a monument more considerable in itself than known to the world. For a village of the same name being built within the circumference of it, and, by the way, out of its stones too, what by gardens, orchards, enclosures, and the like, the prospect is so interrupted that it is very hard to discover the form of it. It is environed by an extraordinary vallum, or rampire, as great and as high as that at Winchester; and within it is a graff (ditch or moat) of a depth and breadth proportionable. . . . The graff hath been surrounded all along the edge of it with large stones pitched on end, most of which are now taken away; but some marks remaining give liberty for a conjecture that they stood quite round.' In Aubrey's time sixty-three stones, which he describes, were standing within the entrenched enclosure. In Dr. Stukeley's time, when the destruction of the whole for the purposes of building was going on so rapidly, still forty-four of the stones of the great outward circle were left, and many of the pillars of the great avenue: and a great cromlech was in being, the upper stone of which he himself saw broken and carried away, the fragments of it alone making no less than twenty cartloads." In 1812, according to Sir Richard Hoare, only seventeen of the stones remained within the great inclosure. Their number has since been further reduced.

It must have been a proud day for John Aubrey, when he attended Charles II. and the Duke of York on their visit to Abury, or Aubury, which the King had been told at a meeting of the Royal Society in 1663, soon after its formation, as much excelled Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church. In leaving Abury, the King "cast his eie on Silbury Hill, about a mile off," and with the Duke of York, Dr. Charlton, and Aubrey, he walked up to the top of it. Dr. Stukeley, in his account of Abury, published in 1743, probably refers to another royal visit, when he notes: "Some old people remember Charles the Second, the Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, *riding* up Silbury Hill."

We subjoin a few of the more striking and generally received opinions upon the origin of Avebury and Stonehenge:—"The temples in which the Britons worshipped their deities were composed of large rough stones, disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are yet existing: such is Stonehenge, near Salisbury: the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is yet sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge

possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large, that the structure seems to have been raised by more than human power. Hence, *Choirganer* (the 'Giants' Dance,' the British name of Stonehenge) was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art; and the tradition that Merlin, the magician, brought the stones from Ireland, is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work. All around you in the plain you will see mounds of earth, or '*tumuli*,' beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and there they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primæval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber; for the Britons probably believed that the dead yet delighted in those things which had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the inclination and affections of mortality."—Palgrave's *History of England*.

The investigations of the nature of the stones employed in these wonderful monuments present some curious points, of which the following are specimens:—

Mr. Cunnington, quoted in the *History of South Wiltshire*, says: "The stones composing the outward circle and its imposts, as well as the five large trilithons, are all of that species of stone called *sarsen*, which is found in the neighbourhood; whereas the inner circle of small upright stones, and those of the interior oval, are composed of granite, hornstones, &c., most probably brought from some part of Devonshire or Cornwall, as I know not where such stones could be found at a nearer distance." Sir R. Colt Hoare says: "What is understood by *sarsen* is a stone drawn from the natural quarry in its rude state. It is generally supposed that these stones were brought from the neighbourhood of Abury, in North Wiltshire, and the circumstance of three stones still existing in that direction is adduced as a corroborating proof of that statement."

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 304, remarks: "The stones have not been quarried at all, being boulders collected from the Downs. It is supposed by eminent geologists that they belong to the tertiary formation, and that the strata in which they were embedded (represented in the Isle of Wight) have been swept away by some great catastrophe. The outer circle probably contained thirty-eight stones, of which seventeen are standing; and the number of their lintels in the original position is about seven or eight. Of the large trilithons only two are now complete."

Another Correspondent says: "The stones for the great Temple of Abury were easily collected from the neighbouring hills; but, judging from the present state of Salisbury Plains, it must be supposed that the materials of Stonehenge were sought for on the Marlborough Downs, and transported down the course of the Avon. Still, it is not unlikely that even the largest of these stones might have been found near at hand; for, doubtless, many such were dispersed about at that time, which have since been used up for economical purposes."

Sir R. Colt Hoare adds to Stukeley's opinion: "A modern naturalist has supposed that the stratum of sand containing these stones once covered the chalk land, and at the Deluge this stratum was washed off from the surface, and the stones left behind. Certain it is that we find them dispersed over a great part of our chalky district, and they are particularly numerous between Abury and Marlborough; but the celebrated field, called from them the Grey Wethers, no longer presents even a single stone, for they have all been broken to pieces for building and repairing the roads."

Mr. Loudon, when he visited Stonehenge, in 1836, formed this conjecture as to its origin: "On examining the stones we find they are of three different kinds—viz., the larger stones of sandstone, the smaller of granite; and two or three stones, in particular situations, of two varieties of limestone. This shows that they have been brought from different places: still, there is wanting that mathematical regularity and uniformity which are the characteristics of masonry; and we conclude by wondering how savages that knew not how to hew could contrive to set such stones on end, and put other stones over them. Upon further consideration, observing the tenons and the corresponding mortices, and reflecting on the countless number of years that they must have stood there, we yield to the probability of their having been originally more or less architectural." Many persons have absurdly supposed that the stones are artificial, and formed in moulds.

Mr. Browne, of Amesbury, author of *Illustrations of Stonehenge and Abury*, considers Stonehenge to have been erected before the Flood; and Abury, a similar monument, to have been constructed under the direction of Adam, after he was driven out of Paradise, as a "remembrance of his great and sore experience in the existence of evil."

Mr. Rickman, the well-informed antiquary, on June 13, 1839, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries an essay containing some important arguments, tending to show that the era of Abury and Stonehenge cannot reasonably be carried back to a period antecedent to the Christian era. After tracing the Roman road from Dover and Can-

terbury, through Noviomagus and London, to the West of England, he noticed that Silbury Hill is situated immediately upon that road, and that the avenues of Abury extend to it, whilst their course is referable to the radius of a Roman mile. From these and other circumstances, he argued that Abury and Silbury are not anterior to the road, nor can we well conceive how such gigantic works could be accomplished until Roman civilization had furnished such a system of providing and storing food as would supply the concourse of a vast number of people. Mr. Rickman further remarked that the Temple of Abury is completely of the form of a Roman amphitheatre, which would accommodate about 48,000 spectators, or half the number contained in the Coliseum, at Rome. Again, the stones of Stonehenge have exhibited, when their tenons and mortices were first exposed, the workings of a well-directed steel point, beyond the workmanship of barbarous nations. It is not mentioned by Cæsar or Ptolemy, and its historical notices commence in the fifth century. On the whole, Mr. Rickman is induced to conclude that the era of Abury is the third century, and that of Stonehenge the fourth, or before the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that both are examples of the general practice of the Roman conquerors to tolerate the worship of their subjugated provinces, at the same time associating them with their own superstitions and favourite public games.

The mysterious monument of antiquity, Stonehenge, or as it has been called the "Glory of Wiltshire," and the "Wonder of the West," is situated on Salisbury Plain, about two miles directly west of Amesbury, and seven north of Salisbury.

Two authors suppose it to have been built for a very different purpose; one assuming it to have been a temple dedicated to Apollo, and the other a heathen burial-place.

The soil is excellent and fertile; and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says, that Latona was born here, and therefore, Apollo is worshipped before any other deity; to him is also dedicated a remarkable temple, of a round form, &c.

The Rev. James Ingram considers it to have been destined as a heathen burial-place, and the oblong spaces adjoining, as the course on which the goods of the deceased were run for at the time of the burial; and this opinion, he thinks, is strengthened, from the circumstance of the vast number of barrows which abound in this part of the plain. Within a short distance, also, are two long level pieces of ground, surrounded by a ditch and a bank, with a long mound of earth crossing one end, bearing a great resemblance to the ancient Roman courses for horse-

acing. In the year 1797, three of the stones which formed part of the oval in the centre fell to the earth; and this appears to have been the only instance on record of any alteration having taken place in these remains of antiquity.

For whatever purpose it was erected, or whoever may have been the architects, the immense labour necessarily employed in bringing together the materials, and the amazing mechanical power that must have been used to raise the stones, some of which weigh upwards of 70 tons, to their proper situations, show that it could have been only constructed for some great national purpose, connected either with religion or the government of the State.

The author whose description we have quoted concludes his remarks in this manner:—"Such, indeed, is the general fascination imposed on all those who view Stonehenge, that no one can quit its precincts without feeling strong sensations of surprise and admiration. The ignorant rustic will, with a vacant stare, attribute it to some imaginary race of giants: and the antiquary, equally uninformed as to its origin, will regret that its history is veiled in perpetual obscurity; the artist, on viewing these enormous masses, will wonder that art could thus rival nature in magnificence and picturesque effect. Even the most indifferent passenger over the plain must be attracted by the solitary and magnificent appearance of these ruins; and all with one accord will exclaim, 'How grand! How wonderful! How incomprehensible!'"

The belief now appears tolerably settled that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids. It differs, however, from all other Druidical remains, in the circumstance that greater mechanical art was employed in its construction, especially in the superincumbent stones of the outer circle and of the trilithons, from which it is supposed to derive its name: *stan* being the Saxon for a stone, and *beng* to hang or support. From this circumstance it is maintained that Stonehenge is of the very latest ages of Druidism; and that the Druids that wholly belonged to the antehistoric period followed the example of those who observed the command of the law: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." (Exodus, chap. xx.) Regarding Stonehenge as a work of masonry and architectural proportions, Inigo Jones came to the conclusion that it was a Roman temple of the Tuscan order. This was an architect's dream. Antiquaries, with less of taste and fancy than Inigo Jones, have had their dreams also about Stonehenge, almost as wild as the legend of Merlin flying away with the stones from the Curragh of Kildare. Some attribute its erection to the Britons after

the invasion of the Romans. Some bring it down to as recent a period as that of the usurping Danes. Others again carry it back to the early days of the Phœnicians. The first notice of Stonehenge is found in the writings of Nennius, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era. He says that at the spot where Stonehenge stands a conference was held between Hengist and Vortigern, at which Hengist treacherously murdered four hundred and sixty British nobles, and that their mourning survivors erected the temple to commemorate the fatal event. Mr. Davies, a modern writer upon Celtic antiquities, holds that Stonehenge was the place of this conference between the British and Saxon princes, on account of its venerable antiquity and peculiar sanctity. There is a passage in Diodorus Siculus, quoted from Hecataeus, which describes a round temple in Britain dedicated to Apollo; and this Mr. Davies concludes to have been Stonehenge. By another writer, Dr. Smith, Stonehenge is maintained to have been "the grand orrery of the Druids," representing, by combinations of its stones, the ancient solar year, the lunar month, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the seven planets. Lastly, Stonehenge has been pronounced to be a temple of Buddha, the Druids being held to be a race of emigrated Indian philosophers.

After noticing that a chief Druid, whose office is for life, presides over the rest, Cæsar mentions a remarkable circumstance which seems to account for the selection of such a spot as Sarum Plain for the erection of a great national monument, a temple, and a seat of justice:—"These Druids hold a meeting at a certain time of the year in a consecrated spot in the country of the Carnutes (people in the neighbourhood of Chartres), which country is considered to be in the centre of all Gaul. Hither assemble all, from every part, who have a litigation, and submit themselves to their determination and sentence." At Stonehenge, then, we may place the seat of such an assize. There were roads leading direct over the plain to the great British towns of Winchester and Silchester. Across the plain, at a distance not exceeding twenty miles, was the great temple and Druidical settlement of Avebury. The town and hill-fort of Sarum was close at hand. Over the dry chalky downs, intersected by a few streams easily forded, might pilgrims resort from all the surrounding country. The seat of justice, which was also the seat of the highest religious solemnity, would necessarily be rendered as magnificent as a rude art could accomplish. The justice executed in that judgment-seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry.

Sir William Gore Ouseley describes a Druidical circle, and a single upright stone standing alone near the circle, as seen by him at Darab, in Persia, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch and a high bank of earth; there is a central stone, and a single upright stone at some distance from the main groups, the resemblance of the circle at Darab to the general arrangement of Stonehenge, and other similar monuments of Europe, led Sir William Ouseley to the natural conclusion that a "British antiquary might be almost authorized to pronounce it Druidical, according to the general application of the word among us." At Darab there is a peculiarity which is not found at Stonehenge, at least in its existing state. Under several of the stones there are recesses, or small caverns. In this particular, and in the general rudeness of its construction, the circle of Darab resembles the Druidical circle of Jersey, although the circle there is very much smaller, and the stones of very inconsiderable dimensions,—a copy in miniature of such vast works as those of Stonehenge and Avebury. This singular monument, which was found buried under the earth, was removed by General Conway to his seat near Henley, the stones being placed in his garden according to the original plan.

At Abury are two openings through the bank and ditch, at which two lines of upright stones branched off, each extending for more than a mile. That running to the south, and south-east, from the great temple, terminated in an elliptical range of upright stones. It consisted, according to Stukeley, of two hundred stones. The oval thus terminating this avenue was placed on a hill called the Hakpen, or Overton Hill. Crossing this is an old British track-way: barrows scattered all around. The western avenue, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted also of about two hundred stones, terminating in a single stone. It has been held that these avenues, running in curved lines, are emblematic of the serpent-worship, one of the most primitive and widely extended superstitions of the human race. Conjoined with this worship was the worship of the sun, according to those who hold that the whole construction of Abury was emblematic of the idolatry of primitive Druidism. On the high ground to the south of Abury within the avenues is a most remarkable monument of the British period, Silbury Hill; of which Sir R. Hoare says, "There can be no doubt it was one of the component parts of the grand temple at Abury;" others think it a sepulchral mound raised over the bones and ashes of a king or arch-druid, as does the author of these lines:—

"Grave of Cunedda, were it vain to call,
For one wild lay of all that buried lie

Beneath thy giant mound? From Tara's hall
 Faint warblings yet are heard, faint echoes die
 Among the Hebrides: the ghost that sung
 In Ossian's ear, yet wails in feeble cry
 On Morvern; but the harmonies that rung
 Around the grove and cromlech, never more
 Shall visit earth: for ages have unstrung
 The Druid's harp, and shrouded all his lore,
 Where under the world's ruin sleep in gloom
 The secrets of the flood,—the letter'd stone,
 Which Seth's memorial pillars from the doom
 Preserved not, when the sleep was Nature's doom."

Silbury Hill is the largest mound of the kind in England; the next in size is Marlborough Mount, in the garden of an inn at Marlborough. No history gives us any account of Silbury; the tradition only is, that King Sil, or Zel, as the country-folk pronounce it, was buried here on horseback, and that the hill was raised while a posset of milk was seething. Its name, however, seems to have signified *the great bill*. The diameter of Silbury at the top is 105 feet, at bottom it is somewhat more than 500 feet; it stands upon as much ground as Stonehenge, and is carried up to the perpendicular height of 170 feet, its solid contents amounting to 13,558,809 cubic feet. It covers a surface equal to five acres and thirty-four perches. It is impossible, at this remote period, to ascertain by whom, or for what precise purpose, this enormous mound of earth was raised; but from its proximity to the celebrated Druidical temple of Abury, it is supposed to have had some reference to the idolatrous worship of the Druids, and perhaps to contain the bones of some personage.

It requires no antiquarian knowledge to satisfy the observer of the great remains of Stonehenge and Abury, that they are works of art, in the strict sense of the word—originating in design, having proportion of parts, adapted to the institutions of the period to which they belonged, calculated to affect with awe and wonder the imagination of the people that assembled around them. But Druidical circles are not confined to England or Scotland. On the opposite shores of Brittany the great remains of Carnac exhibit a structure of far greater extent even than Abury. "Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stonehenge, but of ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of eleven rows of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up on end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile,

on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows; this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining." (Mrs. Stothard's *Tour in Normandy and Brittany*.) It is easy to understand how the same religion prevailing in neighbouring countries might produce monuments of a similar character; but we find the same in the far east, in lands separated from ours by pathless deserts and wide seas.

Dorney Court, and Sir William Garrard.

Within a walk of Windsor, and situated on the opposite bank of the Thames, is the humble village of Dorney. It has little attraction for the casual passer-by, beyond that of being a perfect sample of an English village. There is its broad verdant *blowzy* common, with the surrounding farms and white cottages; and its ancient ancestral church, embosomed in a grove of trees, whose green branches sweep above the tower, with the patriarchal rooks cawing above it, and flying in and out the windows of its old belfry. There is also its old Manor-house, or Court, adjoining the church; together with its one inn, bearing the arms of "the family" for a sign. And Dorney Court is not a modern building, but a perfect old English home, probably first erected when the grapes clustered round the now ruinous walls of the adjacent Abbey of Burnham, of whose last Abbot the jolly rubicund visage still hangs in the lofty hall, in company with many other portraits of family interest; and then each subsequent possessor built a room in one place, and pulled down a wall in another, until it would be difficult to tell what the proper aspect of the house was originally intended to be.

In a small chapel attached to the northern end of the church, is an old monument to the memory of Sir William Garrard, his lady, and their twenty-four children. Martha, one of his daughters, married Sir James Palmer, "Knight of the Bed-chamber to King James I., gentleman of the Privy-chamber to Charles I., and Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter." This lady died, leaving Sir Philip Palmer, of Dorney, who carried on the line of descent to the present family; and then Sir James married Lady Vaughan, by whom he had Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, and husband of the celebrated Barbara Villiers, subsequently the proud, beautiful, and revengeful Duchess of Cleveland.

The monument is of marble, and was formerly painted and gilded in the false taste of the time; but now the decorations are fast decaying. Only the effigies of sixteen of the children remain, which are in relief; and the armour of Sir William was once hung on brackets round the tomb. The helmet is still there, and appears to have been handsomely inlaid, but it is rusty with age and damp; the other pieces have disappeared by degrees, probably through other means than the gradual thefts of time. A visit to this relic of other days during Spring, suggested the homely verses that follow:—

- “ A ray of noontide’s sunshine bright
 Is through the narrow casement streaming,
 In one long chequered line of light,
 On the old marble mildly gleaming.
 And ’neath the window’s ivied height,
 Glad birds are pouring forth their lay,
 Uprising joyous in the morn,
 To welcome back fair smiling May.
 O’er hill and upland, mead and fell,
 And common wide, and lonely dell,
 A spirit gay is bounding:
 Blossom and leaf and each fair thing,
 The emblems of the gentle Spring,
 In one glad vest surrounding.
 And insects, poised on golden wings,
 With thousand gentle murmurings,
 Their notes of joy are sounding.
 But here, beneath the pavement old,
 Lie lady bright and warrior bold,
 Long number’d with the dead;
 Unconscious they of aught around,
 The rustic hymn, the church bell’s sound,
 Or stranger’s echoing tread.
 Upon their tomb the sculptor’s art,
 Their tale to tell, hath played its part,
 And graven pair by pair;
 Yet not devoid of simple grace,
 The parents, and their goodly race,
 All bending low in prayer.
 ’Twould be a pleasant task, and yet
 Solemn, if we consider it,
 To picture them once more on earth,
 Once more to hear their joyous mirth,
 When happy, gladsome, laughing elves,
 They thought all mortal but themselves.
- “ The eldest boy in armour bright,
 Say, was he squire, or belted knight?
 Did he our old romaunts e’er sing,
 Or in the tourney pierce the ring?
 Or had he fought in Palestine,
 And bled before his Saviour’s shrine;
 Or did he in some dungeon pine,
 Till life’s last torrent ebbed away,
 And left its tenement for aye?—

The scholar next to him is seen,
'Lean as a rake' was he I ween,
As Chaucer sang of old ;
And all day long he pondered o'er
Huge musty tomes of antique lore,
To the world's pleasures cold.
And the illuminated page,
With picture deck'd, and distich sage,
For him had greater charms,
And far more did his mind engage,
Than lady's love, or arms.
To that fair girl, in former times,
Perchance gallants sang lovelorn rhymes,
Upon their wild guitars ;
Perchance they wore her scarf or glove
As emblems of devoted love,
When, in their mimic wars,
They twined it gaily in their casque,
A pleasing and romantic task,
And one that well became an age,
Of spear and bridle, serf and page,
When a 'fayre ladye's' beaming eyes,
Did more in battle enterprise,
Than clarion, pennon, lance, or shield,
Glitt'ring upon the bloody field ;
The infant train, in gambols wil',
As best becomes the guileless child,
Formed a bright laughing little band,
That frolicked gaily hand in hand,
Adown the forest glade ;
Where the old green ancestral trees,
Succumbing gently to the breeze,
A pleasant shelter made.

"And picture now the worthy sire,
When winter storms raged high,
And tempest shook the old church spire,
That creak'd and trembled 'neath its ire,
He gathered round the hall's bright fire
His goodly family ;
And watched them with a father's pride,
'Grow up in beauty, side by side :'
While gladly flew the hours along
In legend old and ancient song ;
Ill dreaming of the time to come,
When strangers should inspect their tomb,
As work of times gone by.
Yet so it is—each fair thing must
Alike with them but come to dust ;
The ruby lip, the rounded arm,
The heaving bosom, young and warm,
Must all be still and cold ;
And ages hence our tomb may be
To lover of antiquity,
As curious and as old."

Albert Smith.

Cumnor Hall.—See Page 205.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of Cumnor Hall, which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of *Kenilworth*. Sir Walter intended to have named his romance *Cumnor Hall*, but was persuaded by Mr. Constable, his publisher, to adopt the title of *Kenilworth*; certainly a more attractive name. The plot told by Mickle is interesting, and the versification easy and musical. Mickle assisted in Evans's Collection of Old Ballads, in which "Cumnor Hall" and other pieces of his first appeared; and though in this style of composition he did not copy the direct simplicity and unsophisticated ardour of the real old ballads, he had much of their tenderness and pathos. We subjoin the ballad:—

CUMNOR HALL.

- " The dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.
- " Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
 (The sounds of busy life were still),
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.
- " ' Leicester,' she cried, ' is this thy love
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privacy.
- " ' No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
 Thy once beloved bride to see;
 But be she alive, or be she dead,
 I fear stern Earl's the same to thee.
- " ' Not so the usage I received
 When happy in my father's hall;
 No faithless husband then me grieved,
 No chilling fears did me appal.
- " ' I rose up with the cheerful morn,
 No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
 And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
 So merrily sung the livelong day.
- " ' If that my beauty is but small,
 Among Court ladies all despised,
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
 Where, scornful Earl, it was well prized?
- " ' And when you first to me made suit,
 How fair I was, you oft would say;
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
 Then left the blossom to decay.

- " ' Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- " ' For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay ;
What floweret can endure the storm ?
- " ' At Court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- " ' Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?
- " ' 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.
- " ' But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- " ' Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine),—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?
- " ' Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thine arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?
- " ' The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.
- " ' The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.
- " ' How far less blest am I than them !
Daily to pine and waste with care !
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.
- " ' Nor, cruel Earl can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.
- " ' Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear ;
They wink'd aside, and seemed to say,
"Countess, prepare, thy end is near!"

- " ' And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.
- " ' My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
And many a boding seems to say,
" Countess, prepare, thy end is near ! "'
- " Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.
- " And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.
- " The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,—
An ærial voice was heard to call,—
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.
- " The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green ;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen !
- " And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.
- " The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.
- " Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall."
-

The Monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury.—
Assassination of Thomas à Becket.—Page 279.

Contrary to the received notion, Becket was not killed in front of the altar of Canterbury Cathedral ; he was slain in the choir confronting his pursuers, when they succeeded in arresting his flight upwards to the sacrosanct chapel of St. Blaise, in the roof of the Cathedral. The assassins had challenged him, on the part of Henry, in the course of the afternoon, and a long-continued angry altercation had passed between them in the presence of the monks, who surrounded their Archbishop, in his private chamber. When the murderers left to get

their arms, the monks hurried Becket by the cloisters into the church, in the vain hope of sanctuary. When Tracy, one of the assassins, attacked Becket, the latter grappled with and flung him on the floor of the choir. Fitzurse then struck at the Archbishop with his sword, but only wounded him slightly in the head; breaking, however, the arm of Grim, a German monk, which was raised to ward off the blow. Another sword-cut prostrated Becket, and then, as he lay, Tracy smote him with such force that he cut off the crown of his head, cleaving through brain and bone, and breaking his sword on the stone pavement. So ended the career of the Archbishop.

The Dean of Chichester (Dr. Hook) gives this picturesque description of the terrific scene, founded on a close study of authorities:—

“His friends had more fear for Becket than Becket for himself. The gates were closed and barred, but presently sounds were heard of those without, striving to break in. The lawless Robert de Broc was hewing at the door with an axe. All around Becket was the confusion of terror: he only was calm. Again spoke John of Salisbury with his cold prudence—‘Thou wilt never take counsel: they seek thy life.’—‘I am prepared to die.’—‘We who are sinners are not so weary of life.’—‘God’s will be done.’ The sounds without grew wilder. All around him entreated Becket to seek sanctuary in the church. He refused, whether from religious reluctance that the holy place should be stained with his blood, or from the nobler motive of sparing his assassins this deep aggravation of their crime. They urged that the bell was already tolling for vespers. He seemed to give a reluctant consent; but he would not move without the dignity of his crosier carried before him. With gentle compulsion they half drew, half carried him through a private chamber, they in all the hasty agony of terror, he striving to maintain his solemn state, into the church. The din of the armed men was ringing in the cloister. The affrighted monks broke off the service; some hastened to close the doors; Becket commanded them to desist—‘No one should be debarred from entering the house of God.’ John of Salisbury and the rest fled and hid themselves behind the altars and in other dark places. The Archbishop might have escaped into the dark and intricate crypt, or into a chapel in the roof. There remained only the Canon Robert (of Merton), Fitz-Stephen, and the faithful Edward Grim. Becket stood between the altar of St. Benedict and that of the Virgin. It was thought that Becket contemplated taking his seat on his archiepiscopal throne near the high altar.

"Through the open door of the cloister came rushing in the four, fully armed, some with axes in their hands, with two or three wild followers, through the dim and bewildering twilight. The knights shouted aloud, 'Where is the traitor?' No answer came back. 'Where is the Archbishop?'—'Behold me, no traitor, but a priest of God!' Another fierce and rapid altercation followed: they demanded the absolution of the bishops, his own surrender to the King's justice. They strove to seize him and to drag him forth from the church (even they had awe of the holy place), either to kill him without, or carry him in bonds to the King. He clung to the pillar. In the struggle he grappled with De Tracy, and with desperate strength dashed him on the pavement. His passion rose; he called Fitzurse by a foul name—a pander. These were almost his last words. (How unlike those of Stephen and the greater than Stephen!) He taunted Fitzurse with his fealty sworn to himself. 'I owe no fealty but to my King!' returned the maddened soldier, and struck the first blow. Edward Grim interposed his arm, which was almost severed off. The sword struck Becket, but slightly, on the head. Becket received it in an attitude of prayer—'Lord, receive my spirit,' with an ejaculation to the saints of the church. Blow followed blow (Tracy seems to have dealt the first mortal wound), till all, unless perhaps De Morville, had wreaked their vengeance. The last, that of Richard de Brito, smote off a piece of his skull. Hugh of Horsea, their follower, a renegade priest surnamed Maucwerk, set his heel upon his neck, and crushed out the blood and brains. 'Away!' said the brutal ruffian, 'it is time that we were gone.' They rushed out to plunder the archiepiscopal palace.

"The mangled body was left on the pavement; and when his affrighted followers ventured to approach to perform the last offices, an incident occurred which, however incongruous, is too characteristic to be suppressed. Amid their adoring awe at his courage and constancy, their profound sorrow for his loss, they broke out into a rapture of wonder and delight on discovering not merely that his whole body was swathed in the coarsest sackcloth, but that his lower garments were swarming with vermin. From that moment miracles began. Even the populace had before been divided; voices had been heard among the crowd denying him to be a martyr; he was but the victim of his own obstinacy. The Archbishop of York even after this dared to preach that it was a judgment of God against Becket—that 'he perished, like Pharaoh, in his pride.' But the torrent swept away at once all this resistance. The Government inhibited the miracles, but faith in miracles scorns obedience to human laws. 'The Passion of the Martyr

Thomas was saddened and glorified every day with new incidents of its atrocity, of his holy firmness, of wonders wrought by his remains."—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.*

The well-known legend has it that evil befel the murderers by sea and land, and that no one of them ever after throve or prospered, and such was, indeed, the popular belief for nearly seven centuries. But the facts are totally different. Moreville, who kept back the crowd at the door of the choir, while the associate assassins were doing the King's will on Becket, lived and died Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent—that is to say, one of the principal judges of England. Tracy was created Grand Justiciary of Normandy, by Henry, within four years of the assassination. Fitzurse went to Ireland and founded the Celto-Norman sept, known as the Macmahons of the county of Wexford; and Bret, the fourth murderer, died in his bed in due course, after spending a long life in the enjoyment of his estates, in Devonshire, thus negating the historical justice.

The views of the character of Thomas à Becket have changed with the times. From the period of his death to the Reformation, his shrine in Canterbury Cathedral continued to be visited by crowds of pilgrims, whose offerings proved a valuable source of revenue. At the Reformation, the shrine was dismantled and plundered, and the name of the saint himself excluded from the calendar in the reformed liturgy. An entire revulsion of feeling now took place regarding him, and from the rank of a holy man and a martyr he descended, in general estimation, to the level of a presumptuous priest, and audacious rebel. This view of his character prevailed generally up to the present day, when a second revolution in public opinion took place; and à Becket has found several able eulogists, not only as an ecclesiastic, but in reference to principles of a different nature: motives of patriotism and resistance to feudal tyranny. These last mentioned views are advocated by M. Thierry and Mr. Froude, the former of whom regards à Becket in the same aspect that he does Robin Hood, as the vindicator of Saxon rights and liberties against Norman oppression; the latter sees in him a bulwark to the people against monarchical and baronial outrages, such as the power of the church often was in mediæval times. M. Thierry's view seems to be entirely fanciful; and neither in this light, nor in the view taken by Mr. Froude, is it possible to attribute to à Becket the character of a hero or a martyr; though as the former he must ever appear to parties who consider it impossible to exalt too highly the power of the church.

Archbishop Manning has declared that "St. Thomas died in defence of the law of England. As an Englishman he stood up for the law of

the land against the most atrocious, corrupt, and oppressive exercise of royal prerogative by one whom no English historian would venture to defend. The first article of Magna Charta is 'The Church shall enjoy its liberty.' That embodies and expresses the very cause for which St. Thomas laid down his life. That St. Thomas resisted the excess or royal power, interfering with the freedom of religion and conscience. Take one great example : the King claimed that no one should be put out of the church, by spiritual authority, without his leave. Another point was that in the election of bishops the persons should be chosen by his recommendation. The truth is that we have come to a time when the people of England and of Scotland have literally vindicated for themselves the very principle of spiritual liberty for which St. Thomas suffered."

In Canterbury Cathedral, which is considered the most monumental edifice of English history, are these memorials of the assassination of Becket. There is the Transept of the Martyrdom. There is the actual door by which Becket and the knights entered the church; next, the wall in front of which the Archbishop fell; and lastly, there is reason to believe that the pavement immediately in front of the wall is that existing at the time of the murder. It is a hard Caen stone, and from the centre of one of the flags a small square piece has been cut out, possibly as a relic. In front of the wall, and a portion of the pavement, was erected a wooden altar to the Virgin, called "*Altare ad punctum ensis*," where a portion of the brains was shown under a piece of rock crystal, and where were exhibited and kissed by the pilgrims the fragments of Le Bret's sword, which had been broken on the floor. The steps up which the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas climbed on their knees, and the indentations on the stones, yet tell of the long train of worshippers by which they have been mounted age after age.

In 1643, stately Canterbury lost much of the great window of the north transept, the gift of Edward II. and his Queen. In the centre of the window was Becket himself at full length, robed and mitred. This part was demolished in 1692 by Richard Culmer, called "Blue Dick," the great Iconoclast of Canterbury, who "rattled down proud Becket's glassy bones," with a pike; and who, while thus engaged, narrowly escaped martyrdom himself at the hands of a malignant fellow-townsmen, who "threw a stone with so good a will that, if St. Richard Culmer had not ducked, he might have laid his own bones among the rubbish."

There is in existence a beautiful Grace Cup, believed to have once belonged to à Becket, and the legends and initials upon it vouch for the tradition. Round the lid is the motto, "*Sobrii Estote*," with the letters

T. B. supporting a mitre. Upon the body the cup is chased "*Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio.*" Round the neck of the top is the name "God Ferare," probably the name of the goldsmith. The Ivory Cup itself is very probably a relic of the great Archbishop himself; but the mountings are certainly of not earlier date than the latter part of the fifteenth century, if so early. The cup was presented by the valiant Admiral Sir Edward Howard to Catheriné of Aragon. At the Queen's death it reverted to the Earl of Arundel, and can be traced in the family ever since.



Arundel Castle.—Page 303.

The romance of Sir Bevis and his horse Arundel is so truly Oriental, that it is pity we cannot, for very conscience, place it among the legendary lore of Sussex. But there were other Sir Bevises to account for the name of Arundel Tower; whilst, whether with Sir W. Burrell we derive the town itself from the dell of the Arun, or with others from the *arundines* on its banks, or with others from "*hirondelle*," which forms part of the municipal coat-of-arms, there is no connexion between it and the war-horse.

No place in England deserves more notice than the Castle of Arundel—a grand pile of building, modern for the most part and not capable of supporting criticism; but the ivy-grown keep, at least as old as the days of Henry I., may challenge comparison with any of the same date in this country. The Castle has not withstood sieges as others have; it is but too well known for its surrender to Sir William Waller, who took from it seventeen colours of foot, two of horse, and a thousand prisoners: nor is it associated with any decisive battles or events; but no residence presents us with such a picture of feudal times; no other baronial home has sent forth thirteen dukes and thirty-five earls. What house has been so connected with our political and religious annals as that of Howard? The premiers in the roll-call of our nobility have been also among the most persecuted and ill-fated. Not to dwell on the high-spirited Isabelle, Countess Dowager of Arundel, and widow of Hugh, last Earl of the Albini family, who upbraided Henry III. to his face with "vexing the Church, oppressing the barons, and denying all his true-born subjects their rights;" or Richard, Earl of Arundel, who was executed for conspiring to seize Richard II.—we must think with indignation of the sufferings inflicted by Elizabeth on Philip, Earl of Arundel, son of the "great" Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by Elizabeth in 1572 for his dealings with Mary Queen of Scots. In

the biography of Earl Philip, which, with that of Ann Dacres his wife, has been well edited by the late lamented Duke, we find that he was caressed by Elizabeth in early life, and steeped in the pleasures and vices of her court by her encouragement, to the neglect of his constant young wife, whose virtues, as soon as they reclaimed him to his duty to her, rendered him hated and suspected by the Queen, so that she made him the subject of vindictive and incessant persecution, till death released him at the age of 38. To another Howard, Thomas, son of Earl Philip, the country is indebted for those treasures in the East, the Arundel Marbles; though Lord Clarendon describes him somewhat ill-naturedly, denying him all claims to learning, or even to gravity of character.

The sight of those embattled towers conjures up before us many historic personages, whom in fancy we can see emerging from their venerable gateways, in all the pride of youth and ancestry, whose mouldered ashes now repose under those grey walls. And there too now lies, alas! added to the number, the late kind-hearted and amiable Duke, snatched away, like so many of his forefathers, in the very prime of manhood.

The chapel of the "College of the Holy Trinity," forming the choir and east end of the parish church, but separated from it by a wall, and strangely belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, a Roman Catholic peer, contains a fine series of Fitzalan monuments, which recal passages of no small importance in the history of our country.—*From a paper full of graphic vigour in the Quarterly Review, No. 223.*

The Adventures of Sir Gawen.

The union of the King Arthur romance and the local fairy traditions, is strikingly illustrated in a very beautiful and curious fragment republished by Mr. Halliwell,—*The Adventures of Sir Gawen*. Though the language has been modernized, the form of the legend, which can be traced back at least as far as the fifteenth century, has undergone little alteration. Arriving towards the close of a summer evening, at the entrance to a forest, Sir Gawen, one of the heroes of the Round Table, alights, and tying his horse to a tree, threads his way through the dense vegetation to an old and ruinous castle. Here he incautiously enters, and the ghostly adventures which then ensue are narrated with great dramatic effect. As he groped his way through the dark vaults underneath, a sudden and agonizing shriek burst forth above him, and "something rudely brushing down grasped him with

tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that, straining every muscle, he sprang from the deadly grasp." Seeing a faint blue light in an upper chamber, he went towards it, and beheld, from a distance, the form of a human corse simmering above the fire. He looked on with a horrible fascination, until, "as the last pale portion of the light died away, the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom." Whilst he was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, "a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, swift, and hollow tread, convinced Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and, struck with bewildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps, and fell forward on the ground." When he returned to consciousness, the images of death and the rites of witchcraft had vanished, and he awoke among the soft, sweet, and tranquil scenery of a summer moonlight night. He had been guided to Fairyland during his trance, and the vision of the Fairy camp, pitched in the centre of a circular lawn, "whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet," is charming. Not many minutes elapsed "ere he discovered, on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in ether. Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and, shortly, had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who, having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew round him, and then, shaking their wings, which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song." Then from the wood emerged fairy damsels clad in white, and warlike knights in mail of tempered steel, and in the centre arose a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, whereon sat a form of exquisite beauty; "a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of

white satin hung negligent in ample folds." The gold-crowned Queen of Faery courteously addresses Sir Gawen, but, just as the knight is about to reply, she fades into the moonlight, the spirits disappear, and in the white light of the summer dawn, he finds himself beside his charger, who is cropping the grass by the side of a public thoroughfare. The story, of which I have selected a few prominent points, is striking, and admirably told, and deserves to be more generally known, as one of the most graphic and pictorial of our legendary superstitions.—Halliwell's *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology*, p. 77.

The Piskies of Devon and Cornwall.

The eminence of Sheepstor is the favourite haunt of the Devonshire fairies, the Piskies, where a cavity in a granite rock is called the Piskies' House. Mrs. Bray, who is a very charming authority upon pixies' lore, tells us that the peasantry who venture to visit this mystic place, still drop a pin as an offering to the pixies; and to this day it is considered a critical place for children to enter after sunset. The pixies are described as a race "invisibly small;" yet in the vulgar belief they may be heard on dark nights riding the horses of the neighbouring farmers, and "pounding their cider within his cavern." Polwhele states that the Piskies' house was selected as a hiding-place by one of the Elford family, who here successfully concealed himself from Cromwell's troopers, and employed his leisure time in painting on the walls.

Mr. Couch records that in Cornwall the belief in the little folks is far from dead.

"The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves"

are all now confounded under the generic name of *pisky*. They are little beings standing midway between the purely spiritual and the material, suffering a few at least of the ills incident to humanity. They have the power of making themselves seen, heard, and felt. They interest themselves in man's affairs—now doing him a good turn, and anon taking offence at a trifle, and leading him into all manner of mischief. The rude gratification of the husbandman is construed into an insult, and the capricious sprites mislead him on the first opportunity, and laugh heartily at his misadventures. They are great enemies of sluttishness, and great encouragers of good husbandry. When not singing and dancing, their chief nightly amusement is in riding the colts and plaiting their manes, or tangling them with the seed-vessels of the

burdock of a particular field in the neighbourhood ; it is reported that the farmer never puts his horses in it but he finds them in the morning in a great deal of terror, panting and covered with foam. Their form of government is monarchical, as frequent mention is made of the king of the piskies. We have stories of pisky changelings, the only proof of whose parentage was that "they didn't goodey" (thrive). It would seem that fairy children of some growth are occasionally trusted to human care for a time, and recalled ; and that mortals are now and then kidnapped, and carried off to fairyland ; such, according to the nursery rhyme, was the end of Margery Daw :—

" See-saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw ;
She sold her straw, and lay upon hay,
Piskies came and carri'd her away."

"A disposition to laughter is a striking trait in their character. I have been able to gather little about the personalities of these creatures. My old friend before-mentioned, used to describe them as about the height of a span, clad in green, and having straw hats or little red caps on their heads. Two only are known by name, and I have heard them addressed in the following rhyme :—

" Jack o' the lantern ! Joan the wad !
Who tickled the maid, and made her mad,
Light me home, the weather's bad."

"I leave the stories of the *piskies-led*, of which this neighbourhood can furnish several *authentic* instances, for the following ancient legends, all careful copies of oral traditions :—

"*Colman Grey*.—A farmer, who formerly lived on an estate in our vicinity, was returning one evening from a distant part of the farm, when in crossing a field he saw to his surprise, sitting on a stone in the middle of a pit, a miserable-looking little creature, human in appearance though diminutive in size, and apparently starving with cold and hunger. Pitying its condition, and perhaps aware that it was of elfish origin, and that good luck would amply repay him for his kind treatment of it, he took it home, placed it by the warm hearth on a stool, and fed it with nice milk. The poor bantling soon recovered from the lumpish and only half sensible state in which it was found, and though it never spoke became very lively and playful. From the amusement which its strange tricks excited, it became a general favourite in the family, and the good folk really felt very sorry when the strange guest quitted them, which he did in a very unceremonious manner. After the lapse of three or four days, as the little fellow was gambolling about the little farm kitchen,

a shrill voice from the *town-place*, or farm-yard, was heard to call three times 'Colman Grey!' at which he sprang up, and, gaining voice, cried, 'Ho! ho! ho! my daddy is come!' flew through the key-hole, and was never afterwards heard of."

"*A Voyage with the Piskies.*—About a mile to the eastward of us is a pretty bay, on the shores of which may be seen the picturesque church of Talland, the hamlet of Portallow, with its scattered farmhouses, and the green on which the children assemble at their sports. In old time, a farm lad was sent to our village to procure some household goods from the shop. Dark night had set in by the time he had reached Sand-hill; on his way home, when halfway down the steep road, the boy heard some one say, 'I'm for Portallow-green.' As you are going my way, thought he, I may as well have your company; and he waited for a repetition of the voice, intending to hail it. 'I'm for Portallow-green,' was repeated after a short interval. 'I'm for Portallow-green,' shouted the boy. Quick as thought he found himself on the Green, surrounded by a throng of little laughing piskies. They were, however, scarcely settled before the cry was heard from several tiny voices, 'I'm for Seaton-beach,'—a fine expanse of sand on the coast between this place and Plymouth, at the distance of seven miles. Whether he was charmed by this brief taste of pisky society, or taken with their pleasant mode of travelling, is not stated; but, instead of turning his pockets inside out, as many would have done, he immediately rejoined, 'I'm for Seaton-beach.' Off he whisked, and in a moment found himself on Seaton-beach. After they had for awhile 'danced their ringlets to the whistling winds,' the cry was changed to 'I'm for the King of France's cellar,' and strange to say, he offered no objection to so long a journey. 'I'm for the King of France's cellar!' shouted the adventurous youth, as he dropped his parcel on the beach, not far from the edge of the tide. Immediately he found himself in a spacious cellar, engaged with his mysterious companions in tasting the richest of wines. They then passed through grand rooms, fitted up with such splendour as dazzled the lad. In one apartment the tables were covered with fine plate and rich viands, as if in expectation of a feast. Though in the main an honest lad, he could not resist the temptation to take with him some memorial of his travels, and he pocketed one of the rich silver goblets which stood on the table. After a very short stay, the cry was raised, 'I'm for Seaton-beach,' which being repeated by the boy, he was taken back as quickly as he went, and luckily reached the beach in time to save his parcel from the flowing tide.

"The next destination was Portallow-green, where the piskies left our wandering traveller, who reached home, delivered his parcel of groceries, and received a compliment from the good wife for his dispatch. 'You'd say so, if you only know'd where I've been,' said he; 'I've been wi' the piskies to Scaton-beach; and I've been to the King of France's house; and all in five minutes!' The farmer stared, and expressed an opinion that the boy was *mazd*. 'I thought you'd say I was mazed, so I breart (brought) away the mug to show vor et,' he replied, producing the goblet. The farmer and his family examined it, wondered at it, and finished by giving a full belief to the boy's strange story. The goblet is unfortunately not now to be produced for the satisfaction of those who may still doubt; but we are assured that it remained the property of the lad's family for generations after." —*Notes and Queries*, No. 291.

Mrs. Bray (who writes the word "pixy") relates that near a Pixy field at Tavistock, there lived an old woman who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The pixies, it is traditionally averred, so delighted in this spot, that they used to carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often, at the dead hour of the night, a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of melodious music floated in the air, and seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these delicate flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the pixies returned to the neighbouring field, and there commenced dancing, making those rings on the green which showed, even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night.

At the first dawn of light, the watchful pixies once more sought the tulips, and, though still invisible, they could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured by a race of genii, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers in the garden, which, though contrary to their nature, as the pixies breathed over them, they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem.

At length she died; and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley-bed,—a circumstance that so disappointed and offended the pixies, that they caused it to wither away: indeed, for many years nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting

an injury, were, like most warm spirits, equally capable of returning a benefit; and if they destroyed the product of the good old woman's garden when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude, for they were heard lamenting and singing sweet dirges around her grave; nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night before the moon was at the full; for then their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman who had nurtured the tulip-bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it; the turf was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing or planting, and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to dust.

Alnwick Castle.—See vol. i. pp. 201—207.

In October, 1869, there appeared in the *Times* journal a very interesting description of the writer's visit to Alnwick Castle, from which we select the following points:—

“An English castle on the Scottish border, inhabited by the descendants of the old Northumbrian earls, is, indeed, the right thing in the right place. It would be positively painful to find a Percy in a mansion of modern style, however tastefully decorated, at a place so full of famous historical and poetical associations connected with his name as Alnwick. It was from Alnwick that Hotspur sallied forth to encounter the marauding force which, under Douglas, had laid waste with fire and sword the north of England to the gates of York; and almost within sight of Alnwick, to the south, is the field of Otterburn, renowned in song, where Douglas fell by Hotspur's own hand, though the English lost the day, and Hotspur himself was taken prisoner. About the same distance from Alnwick, to the north, is Humbleton Hill, where the capricious fortune of war changed sides, as she was always ready to do with the utmost impartiality, and the Scots had to fly from the shower of ‘England's deadly arrow-hail,’ leaving a crowd of nobles on the ground, and their leader Douglas, with five wounds but only one eye, a prisoner in the hands of the Percies. It was from the battlements of Alnwick Castle that the Countess, according to the poetic legend, watched ‘the stout Earl of Northumberland’ set forth

‘His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take,’

—a pleasure-trip from which he was never to return. Indeed, the history of this neighbourhood was once nothing more than an eternal see-saw of victories and reverses, both sides being always as ready for a 'pretty quarrel' as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and as loth to spoil it by too minutely scrutinizing its occasion. If the English went too long without killing some stray Scot, the Scotch made up for the omission by killing an Englishman, and, as it was a point of honour on both sides not to apologize for accidents of this kind—at least, not till after the fight—the materials for a quarrel were thus always handy; and the whole neighbourhood is so rife with the traditions and trophies of these border battles that the traveller who loves peace and owns a portmanteau is constantly reminded to bless the immortal Act of Union, and congratulate himself that the worst his Scotch cousins can nowadays do is to overcharge him, and that he may go to bed without risk of having to choose between being burnt in it or poniarded out of it by a mosstrooper.

"If Alnwick Castle, with its dungeon, postern-gate, barbican, and loop-holed battlements towering within bowshot of the railway, is an anachronism, it has the merit of being a pleasantly suggestive as well as a highly becoming one to faint-spirited people who think that there are more agreeable occupations in life than perpetual fighting. Its warlike trophies show that it played a highly important part in the military history of the country long before even the days of the Percies, though they have held it continuously, barring occasional attainders and forfeiture for open rebellion or suspected treason, for nearly six hundred years, through either the male or female line. Near its forest gate a monument marks the spot upon which William the Lion of Scotland, was, in 1174, taken prisoner while besieging the Castle; and at Malcolm's Cross, which stands about a mile from Alnwick, Malcolm III. met his death while similarly engaged. An odd tradition traces the name of Percy to the manner in which he was killed, averring that an English knight, under pretence of surrendering the keys of the Castle at the end of his spear, treacherously drove it into the King's eye, and hence got the name of 'Pierce-eye.' This quaint libel upon the Northumberland house is sufficiently met by the fact that the Percies were a well-known and powerful family before Malcolm's death, and the whole story is probably a fiction. The Castle passed into their hands in 1309, but the present structure, or rather the more ancient portions of it, were built by one of the De Vesci family about a century and a half before that date. Still further back in history it must have been a strongly fortified place, since it withstood a siege by the Scottish King; and by

some its earliest origin as a fortification is traced to Saxon and even Roman times. Antiquaries still detect in its curtain walls evidences of the De Vesci period ; but, as it now stands, it is, I believe, almost entirely the work of the Percies, and is divisible, roughly, into two portions—that built soon after they came into possession, and that built only a few years ago by Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland. However, as no pains or expense was spared to make the new-part harmonize with the old so far as it was possible to combine ancient architecture with modern requirements, the structure as a whole presents the most magnificent specimen in Great Britain—perhaps in the world—of the feudal Castle of mediæval days. Indeed, it was in consequence of a former failure to produce this result that the recent restorations were made. In the middle of the last century the interior of the Castle was rebuilt at great expense ; but the secret of architectural restoration was not understood then as it is now, and huge windows of modern fashion and inappropriate ornament made the new patch, by no means handsome in itself, look positively ugly from its want of harmony with the old garment. So, in 1854, the fourth Duke, who fortunately had taste as well as money, began the work of restoration all over again, sparing neither time, trouble, nor expense. I am afraid to tell you how many hundreds of thousands he is reported here to have spent on the task ; but, as it took as long as the siege of Troy, and he had during that time to keep a whole army of artists and craftsmen of all kinds, foreign and native, employed on it, superintended by the most eminent masters of their profession, the reader may suppose that the bill was a tolerably long one. However, like the siege of Troy, the work resulted in the restoration of a veritable Helen for stateliness and grace, and love's labour was not lost.

“ Nevertheless, the ancient parts, built when sieges of a rougher kind were the fashion, are naturally the more interesting. Of these the first in order, and perhaps in importance, is the barbican, or principal entrance from the town, a huge tower of enormous thickness and strength, once protected by no less than three massive iron-studded gates, the places for which are still to be seen in its walls. Its battlements are quaintly ornamented by stone figures of armed men represented in the act of hurling down weapons upon the heads of imaginary invaders. This ornamentation is used largely in other parts of the Castle, and on the whole with good effect, being both suggestive and animated, though the illusion is spoiled by the unreal posing and dressing of the figures. Among the more remarkable of the ancient portions of the Castle are the Abbot's Tower, built by the first Percy ;

the Octagonal Towers, built by the second, and adorned with a succession of carved heraldic shields describing the marriage alliances of his family; the Constable's Tower, considered an unusually fine specimen of mediæval military architecture, with loopholed walls of immense thickness; and the Sallyport, or Postern Tower. Two curious relics of the olden time are a garret, called 'Hotspur's Chair,' and a place with the suggestive title of the "Bloody Gap," where tradition declares that a party of Scots contrived to find their way into the Castle, but were given no chance of ever again finding the way out. The top of the old draw-well is still preserved as a curiosity in its original place; and the prison and dungeon are also, I believe, in position and construction now what they always were, and 'dead men' probably are still to be found occasionally in the former, as it adjoins the cellar. The dungeon is a horrible hole under ground, dark as night, and with no ventilation but through an iron trap-door. The humane Englishman instinctively hopes, as he peers down its gloomy jaws, that none but Scots were ever locked up in such a chamber of horrors.

"It would take far more space than you would give me to go through each and every part of the Castle, for as yet I have not even mentioned the principal part—the Prudhoe Tower. It contains, I believe, all the chief apartments used by the family, and in point of architectural symmetry and graceful variety of outline is the most striking, as it is the largest, of all the towers. It is quite modern, having been entirely rebuilt by the fourth Duke; but still, as I have before said, in this, as in the other additions to the building, elaborate care has been taken to produce a general harmony between the new and the old, and from a little distance at certain points of view the spectator can easily persuade himself that he is looking at a genuine specimen of mediæval military architecture, and that the warlike group he sees before him of battlemented towers, iron-clasped gates, lofty pinnacles, and massive loopholed walls, outflanking and protecting each other, in picturesque contrast to the peaceful fertility of the rich landscape around, is really a feudal Castle, with the strength as well as the stateliness and grandeur of olden days. Indeed, I suppose that, actually and without the help of imagination, Alnwick Castle, as it now stands—give it time for a little preparation to strengthen a weak point here and there—might be credited with full capacity most vigorously to withstand a siege if the enemy would only be chivalrous enough to forego the 'villanous saltpetre' which even in Hotspur's day had, according to the dandy of the period, made fighting unfit for gentlemen.

"I ought not, however, to omit all mention of the splendid kitchen,

which, with its lofty roof of intersecting arches and deep mullioned windows, is worthy to be the temple of the great Soyer himself, with a huge fireplace for altarpiece, at which busy priestesses, under the direction of a high priest, are perpetually offering sacrifice. Adjoining are the little chapels, or outer courts, in which the offerings are kept fresh and cool. In this mighty temple, I am told, dinner enough has been cooked for over 600 Northumbrian stomachs; and in the crypt below, where the steam-generating boilers and hydraulic engines are placed, are stowed away every season, it is said, 300 tons of coal. Lest I lose myself utterly in these vast and enticing regions, let me hasten to conclude my letter. I should have liked to have said something about Alnwick itself, which is full of interest, but it is completely overshadowed and eclipsed by its mighty Castle, which, by the courtesy of the Duke, is thrown open to visitors when the family are away. Even when they are at home admission to the pleasure-grounds and outer parts of the Castle can easily be obtained, but the interior is closed, for the very simple reason that it is lived in by the family and is in constant use."

Canons, near Edgware, and "the Great Duke of Chandos."

The following interesting account of the celebrated property of Canons Park, and its noble owner, was written by the late Mr. Till, the well-known Medallist, who, in his visit to the locality, took much pains to insure the accuracy of his narrative. The paper was written in the year 1840:—

"James, the ninth Baron of Chandos, was, in 1714, created Viscount Wilton and Earl of Caernarvon; in April, 1719, Marquis of Caernarvon and Duke of Chandos: he died in 1744, and was succeeded by his second son, Henry (the eldest having died before him). The first nobleman, styled, in his time, 'the Great Duke,' was celebrated for the regal style of splendour and magnificence in which he lived; and for being the object of the ungrateful and cutting sarcasms which Pope thought fit to publish in his *Moral Essays*.

"'The Great Duke' erected, in the domains of Canons Park, near Edgware, a superb palace, and with it connected every attribute that could charm the senses, or afford gratification to his numerous visitors: he there assembled men of every country as well as his own, who were celebrated for literary attainments, amongst whom was Pope, who had repeatedly partaken of the Duke's hospitality, and who, in return, sati-

rized his host and friend. The poet, however, lived to repent his ingratitude, for he openly denied the identity of the person intended; but it was too palpable: his contemporaries blamed, and posterity condemns alike, his satire and his subterfuge. The site of the ground, to this day, bears out the accuracy of his offensive description.

"The palatial home built by 'the Great Duke,' with the improvements in the park, is stated to have cost from 200,000*l.* to 300,000*l.* The mansion was in the form of a square, and of stone; the four sides being very similar, surmounted with statues of heathen deities, as Jupiter, Apollo, &c.; and at their sides were vases in imitation of the antique: each front had two rows of eleven windows, over each of which was a sculptured head, and above these were eleven smaller windows, each with a sculptured ornament. In the centre of the principal front were six fluted marble columns, with an ascent of steps. The cornice of this front was highly decorated with trophies, musical instruments, groups of fruit, the ducal coat-of-arms and coronet, with the initials of his Grace, &c. The walls at the base were twelve feet thick; above, nine feet.

"The house was built in the year 1712, when three of the most celebrated architects of the day were employed in the design—viz., Gibbs, James, and Sheppard. It was erected at the end of a long and spacious avenue of trees, and being placed diagonally it gave, at a distance, a front and appearance of prodigious extent. The hall was richly decorated with marble statues, busts, &c.; the ceiling of the staircase was painted by Sir James Thornhill; the grand apartments were finely adorned with sculpture, paintings, &c.; the staircase was of marble, each step being one entire block, exceeding twenty-two feet in length; the locks and hinges of the doors were said to be of solid silver, if not of 'gold,' as some writers have affirmed. The demesne at this time contained 400 acres.

"The Duke had accumulated vast wealth as paymaster of the army, in the reign of Queen Anne. His fortune, however, suffered three successive shocks by his concerns in the African Company, the Mississippi, and the South Sea speculations, in 1718, 1719, and 1720; notwithstanding which he continued to reside at Canons, though with diminished splendour, until his death in 1744. As no purchaser of the entire property could then be found, in 1747 the mansion was taken down, and the materials produced, when disposed of in separate lots, the sum of 11,000*l.* Among the most costly items were, an equestrian statue of George I., which was placed in Leicester-square; a superb marble staircase, now in Chesterfield House, May Fair; and

the fine marble columns of the front, which were employed in building Wanstead House, which mansion was taken down in 1822. The site of Canons House, with part of the materials, were purchased by Mr. Hallett, a cabinet-maker, who erected the present elegant little villa; which, in 1786, came by purchase into the possession of Colonel O'Kelly, the owner of the celebrated horse *Eclipse*. The Colonel died, and was interred at Whitchurch, in 1788; and his favourite steed was buried in the paddock fronting the house.

"Pope was not only ungrateful, but unjust in his satire, when speaking of a fine ornamental piece of water, and of the lawn; the former he assimilates to an ocean, the latter to a down: with more justice, however, he condemns the then prevailing formal fashion of

'Trees cut to statues—statues thick as trees.'

Although Dr. Blackwell, author of a *Treatise on Agriculture*, was employed in laying out the pleasure-grounds; still, a formality, doubtless, was substituted for simple nature, and was much to be censured. In his allusion to the musical service performed at Whitchurch, Pope says:

'Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.'

These light quirks of music were not only composed, but performed, by the immortal Handel, who was here employed as '*maestro di cappella*' to his Grace; and, as the author of the *Reminiscences of Handel** states, the cathedral service was performed by a choir of voices; accompanied by instruments, superior at that time in number and excellence to those of any sovereign prince in Europe. Here that celebrated composer produced his *Gbandos Anthems*; and the chief part of his hautboy concertos, sonatas, lessons, and organ fugues.

"On the organ, at Whitchurch, a plate† states that 'Handel was organist at this church, from the year 1718 to 1721, and composed his Oratorio of *Esther* on this organ.'

"On entering Canons Park, the visitor must be struck with the fulfilment of Pope's prophetic lines:

'Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope,—and nod on the parterre.'

"This is, indeed, figuratively the case; for the enclosure, which was once so beautiful and boasted of every plant that the most distant clime

* Richard Clarke, Esq., one of the gentlemen of Her Majesty's choir.

† The plate was fixed by Julius Plumer, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Plumer.

could produce, assisted by the highest art of the day, is now little better than a common field, though stocked with noble timber. It is partly let to the farmer and grazier.

"One spot, one little spot, however, remains entire to convey to posterity an idea of the princely grandeur of 'the Great Duke of Chandos.' A beautiful little church, rendered more interesting by the absence of that high cultivation with which it was formerly surrounded, attests the taste and liberality of this munificent nobleman.

"Whitchurch, formerly called *Stanmore Parva* or the less, from the neighbouring parish of *Stanmore Magna*, formerly having contained more inhabitants, though one hundred acres less of land, than at present. The church is a plain brick edifice, rebuilt in 1715, by the Duke of Chandos; except the tower, which is part of the original structure, and was dedicated to St. Lawrence. It is situated within half a mile of the mansion of Canons, and contiguous to the village of Edgware.* The exterior is singularly unattractive; but on entering it you are struck with the beauty and splendour of the little edifice; its walls and ceiling are decorated with paintings by Laguerre, the subjects being taken from the miracles performed by our Saviour; as well as the figures of St. Matthew, Mark, and other of the Evangelists, and of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are on each side of the chapel. In the seat used by Lady Plumer, is a splendid painting of the Transfiguration, in which the portrait of the Redeemer is pre-eminently beautiful. In a recess, supported by columns elaborately carved by Gibbons, is the organ, rendered sacred by its association with Handel, for whose choir beneath was erected a large orchestra, which still remains, and is used as a pew for a neighbouring school. On each side of the altar are paintings by Bellucci, on canvas, of Moses receiving the Tablets of the Commandments; of the Nativity, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Crucifixion; all which are finely executed. The church consists of a chancel and nave, to which you ascend by a step. In the nave are the tombs of M. Mosely, Esq., Lady Frankland, and others. Opposite the organ, on the west side, is a superb pew, formerly appropriated to the Duke and his family; and on each side there is one for his domestics. Adjoining the body of the church, on the north side, is what is termed the Monument-room, paved with black and white marble, in which are monuments of the family of the Brydges, Dukes of Chandos; one of which, in white marble, represents 'the

* This church, at that period styled the Duke of Chandos's, was opened for service, the first time, on Monday, 29th of August, 1720.

Great Duke,' in the costume of a Roman, with long, flowing hair. Beside him are his two wives, Mary and Cassandra, in a kneeling posture; these figures, at first sight, appear mythological; but as an inscription beneath records their names, it is but fair to appropriate them to these ladies: some *iconoclast* has mutilated the fingers of the statues. A florid inscription enumerates the virtues of his Grace, who, it appears from its tenor, forbad the act thus consummated — that of praise. Beneath these figures is a tomb, in which are the remains of Duke Henry, and James, the last Duke, and their Duchesses,* Anne excepted, the consort of the former, who lies in the vault beneath. On the same side of the apartment is the monument of a daughter of Lord Bruce, and consort of Henry, Marquis and afterwards Duke of Chandos, and others: one especially deserves attention from the heart-rending circumstance which dictated its erection: it is to the memory of a child of the house of Chandos; who, the clerk states, died as it was about to be christened, and in the arms of its nurse; King George III. and Queen Charlotte being sponsors. Still, the ceremony was performed, and the body, enclosed in a silver coffin, reposes within the sarcophagus here erected. The domestics of the family stated the infant's death to have been caused by the weight of gold and gems pressing on its breast at the time of baptism. It is said that the Duke, its father, never recovered the blow, and that the Duchess retired into seclusion. There is no inscription to this child's memory, nor is any record of its birth to be found in the English peerage.

"From the Monument-room you are led, by a flight of steps, to the ante-chamber, in which are monuments to the memory of the Marquis of Caernarvon, 1727; also of Frances, and the Rev. Henry Brydges. Here you observe the escutcheon of Chandos, with the coronet, and tattered banner of this all but regal nobleman, 'the Great Duke,' falling piecemeal to the earth, without a friendly hand to arrest its rapid decay. A few years hence and its office will be accomplished, and not a vestige of it will remain.

"On descending, you are shown the vault of the Brydges; wherein are heaped the remains of this once powerful and illustrious family. Here, likewise, the descendants of the Plantagenets and Tudors lie in melancholy confusion. Much faith cannot, however, be placed on the

* A curious anecdote is extant of James, Duke of Chandos, having purchased his last wife of her husband, an ostler at an inn. However incredible this story may appear, the fact is indubitable; the clever author of the *Reminiscences of Handel* (in his account of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' over whose remains he, in conjunction with another gentleman, has erected a memento in Whitechurch churchyard), gives part of the particulars, from an authentic source.

appropriation of the names on the coffins; as a miscreant broke into this vault some time since, and wrenched the plates from off them, presuming they were silver; but on finding himself mistaken, many were left behind and replaced. In connexion with this sacrilege a story is told which partakes of the marvellous and tragic, but which, as it came from a 'high authority' still in the parish, may be here related. A person was set to watch, after this robbery, in the expectation that the thieves would return on the following evening: by some accident a sow, in her midnight perambulations, strayed into the church, the door of which had been left open, and making her road up the steps leading to the Monument-room, mistook her way and fell headlong to the bottom. The fall caused her death almost immediately, but not before the young man who was there placed, but who had fallen asleep, was awakened by the noise and caught a glimpse of her. That glimpse was, however, enough: to his eyes she appeared of monstrous dimensions; and the place and circumstances together conspired so to shock his mind, that the sight of the dead sow did not satisfy him, and the poor fellow took to his bed, and died in three days!

"Some of the coffins are very fresh, and from the purity of the country air admitted into the tomb, the materials of which it is composed are nearly as fresh as when first erected.

"*'The Great Duke of Chandos'* appears to have been peculiarly unfortunate in his offspring, as from the parish register we find, in six years he lost five children, four sons and a daughter, whose coffins are here seen; as are also those of the Duchess Anne, who died in 1759, before noticed, and the Marchioness of Caernarvon, with many of the younger branches of the family, as well as collateral relatives of the first Duke. In this vault, likewise, is seen a coffin of colossal dimensions, being four feet eight inches across, containing the body of a mother and daughter of the name of Inwood.

"Many of the family of the Lakes, who possessed the mansion from 1604 until the marriage of Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lake, with James the first Duke, lie interred in this church. A capacious parish vault likewise contains a great number of gentry, formerly residents of the adjoining village. The late proprietor of Canons, Mr. Hallett, with his family, lie under the orchestra.

"To this church it was the custom of *'the Grand Duke,'* to repair attended, if not by a superb, at least an interesting retinue: eight old sergeants of the army, who had fought in the battles of their country, were selected and dressed in the Chandos livery; these formed his escort on the Sunday, and at night were guardians of his property, each

of them having appropriated to his use a neat and comfortable residence, which was erected at the termination of the principal avenue of trees.

"This ostentation may, perhaps, be spared censure when it is considered that it gave employment to the aged, and an extension of those comforts they would otherwise have in vain sought for. Pope himself, in his satire, confessed that from this harmless vanity were derived health and blessings to the poor, and food for the hungry.

"In the present mansion, which is built nearly on the site of the former one, is a beautiful chimney-piece originally in the Duke's palace: it is most exquisitely sculptured in white marble, and is, I believe, the only part which can be recognised as belonging to that once princely edifice. In the park are two sphinxes, evidently from the old palace; they are stationed on what is termed the boat-house.

"On September 25, 1790, a grand miscellaneous concert of sacred music was performed at Whitechurch: the pieces were selections from the compositions of Handel; and the profits were appropriated to the benefit of the Sunday-schools in the neighbourhood.

"Reverting once more to the family of the Brydges, genealogists inform us that they are descended from the Montgomeries, Earls of Arundel, and lords of the castle of Brugge, in Shropshire, from whence their name; and from Sir Simon de Brugge, who lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.; as well as from Robert de Chandos, a powerful warrior, who came over with the Conqueror. James, the last Duke of Chandos, until the restoration of the title in the person of the Duke of Buckingham, died in 1789, without male issue, leaving an only daughter and heiress, the Lady Anna Eliza Brydges, who married Earl Temple; he was in 1822 created Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, since dead; and was succeeded by his son, Richard Plantagenet, Marquis of Chandos, subsequently Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

"The illustrious house of Chandos derives its descent from the royal houses of Plantagenet and Tudor; and the above Duke from that of Bruce, in Scotland; his maternal ancestress being the Lady Mary Tudor, the favourite sister of Henry VIII., and the youthful widow of Louis XII. of France, afterwards married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose daughter, the Lady Eleanor, married with the Clifford family; from whom, and from the royal house of Scotland, before-named, the late Duchess sprang.

"Whitechurch, although only eight miles from the metropolis, appears almost unknown to Londoners; but it will be found well worth their attention."

Stories of the Star Chamber.

Every person at all acquainted with the localities of the late Houses of Parliament must recollect in New Palace-yard the last line of buildings on the river side, which, to those who were familiar with the historical associations of the spot, told afflicting tales of other times. Indeed, it was scarcely possible for any one to pass this dilapidated pile without some inquiry as to its appropriation—its history, and its aspect of neglect and decay.

These buildings stood on the eastern side of New Palace-yard, near the bank of the Thames: adjoining them, northward, was an arched gateway, apparently of Henry the Third's time, which communicated with a boarded passage and stairs leading to the water. At different times, since 1807, the whole of this range of building was pulled down; the last remaining part, included the offices where the *trials of the Pyx* took place, and the printing of Exchequer bills was carried on. There was also an apartment in the same edifice, in which that despotic tribunal, the STAR CHAMBER, held its sittings during the most obnoxious period of its career—namely, from the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign until the final abolition of the Court by Parliament, in 1641. This, however, could not have been the "*Chambre des Estoilles*," or "*Camera Stellata*," in which the Court originally sat; for, the building itself was evidently of the Elizabethan age, and the date 1602, with the initials E. R. separated by an open rose on a star, was carved over one of the doorways. But it may be inferred from various records, that the original Star Chamber occupied the same site, or nearly so, as the late buildings.

Having thus premised a general outline of the buildings, we propose glancing at the origin of the infamous Court which was held in one of the principal apartments; an inquiry which bespeaks the attention of the reader from the prominent mention of the Star Chamber in the history of our country. In this task, advantage has been taken of two letters from John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., to Thomas Amyot, Esq., F.S.A., and Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries; both which are printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv. pt. 2, 1834. pp. 342, 393.

It seems agreed that all superior courts of justice originated in the ancient Royal Court held in the King's Palace, before the King himself, and the members of his "*Consilium ordinarium*," commonly called "*the Council*." The Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, arose from time to time out of the King's Court, and

assumed independent jurisdiction over particular descriptions of causes. Hence a considerable portion of the business of the King's Court was diverted into other channels; but the court itself subsisted, and exercised a judicial discretion, which it is difficult to define.

In the exercise of their judicial authority, the Council held their sittings in a chamber of the Palace at Westminster, known as "the Council Chamber near the Exchequer," and the "Chambre des Estoyers," or "Estoilles," near the Receipt of the Exchequer. This chamber is said to have been situated in the outermost quadrangle of the Palace, next the bank of the river, and was consequently easily accessible to the suitors. The occupation of the "Chambre des Estoilles," or Star Chamber, by the Council, can be traced to the reign of Edward III.; but no specific mention of the Star Chamber, *as a Court of Justice*, can be found, Mr. Bruce believes, earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star Chamber," and "the Council in the Star Chamber," seem to have merged in this one distinguishing appellation.*

The origin of the name "Star Chamber," has been a subject of dispute which has given occasion to several ingenious guesses. The most satisfactory explanation appears to be that supported by Mr. Caley, in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 404; that the ceiling of the chamber was anciently ornamented with gilded stars.

The course of the proceedings before the Council was twofold; one, *ore tenus*, or by mouth; the other by bill and answer. The proceeding *ore tenus* was that which was usually adopted in political cases, and consequently, was the most abused. It originated either in "soden reporte," which Mr. Bruce thinks means private, and probably secret information given to the Council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or, if the cunning of his examiners drew from him, or his own simplicity let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted *ex ore suo* (out of his own mouth), and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more terrible judicature. Dragged from home in the custody of a pursuivant, ignorant of the charge or suspicion entertained against

* The Judges before and subsequent to this alteration were the same—viz., the members of the King's ordinary council,—"the Lords of the Council," as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service, although many of them have generally been under the degree of a Baron.

him, without friend or counsellor, the foredoomed victim was subjected to a searching examination before the members of a tribunal which was bound by no law, and which itself created and defined the offences it punished. His judges were, in point of fact, his prosecutors, and every mixture of these two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice.

Besides the mode of proceeding *ore tenus*, the Council might be applied to in another manner, in all cases of libel, conspiracy, and matters arising out of force or fraud. Crimes of the greatest magnitude, even treason and murder, were treated of in this Court, but solely punished as trespasses, the Council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death. Causes of a capital nature could originate only in the King, who by prosecuting in this Court for any treasonable or felonious offence, showed his desire to remit the sentence against the life which would have been awarded in the Courts of Law. In these cases, a Bill of Complaint was filed with the Clerk of the Council, who then granted a warrant, and subpoenas were issued to the defendant. Strictly, no subpoena could be issued until a bill was filed; but it seems that this practice was at one time relaxed; and the consequence was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the furthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpoenas to vex their neighbours; who rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, although there were no colour of complaint against them."

The process of the Star Chamber might anciently be served in any place. In Catholic times, the market, or the church, seems to have been the usual place for service. We find a corroboration of this practice in the mention of a case which occurred in the second year of Henry VIII., in which one Cheesman was committed to prison for contempt of Court, in drawing his sword upon a messenger who served process upon him in the church of Esterford, in Essex. The practice of wearing swords during divine service is ancient; and, in Poland, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was the custom for gentlemen to draw their swords at church, during the repetition of the Creed, by way of testifying their zeal for the faith.*

In the time of Henry VII., the person summoned appeared personally before the Chancellor, or President, of the Council. In the reign of James I., the defendant appeared before the Clerk of the Council, who took from him a bond not to depart without licence of

* Howel's *Letters*, p. 268, ed. 1737.

the Court; by which bond he was anciently conditioned to appear from day to day, or confess the offence. In the time of Edward III., we find a petitioner summoned to appear on a certain day, when his opponent not being present, he was ordered to follow the Court from day to day until the complainant should appear, and thus he was kept, "as in a prison," upwards of a year. If the defendant refused to answer upon oath, the plaintiff's bill, he was imprisoned for a certain time; when, if he still refused, either the bill was taken as his confession, or he was retained in custody and kept upon bread and water until he answered. When he had put in his answer, the plaintiff examined him upon written interrogatories, when if he refused to answer them, he was committed until he consented to do so; and some persons who persisted in refusing, were continued in confinement during their lives. The examination was secret, and the defendant was neither allowed advice nor notice; but, having passed his examination, he was allowed to depart, upon securities being given for his reappearance. The witnesses were then similarly examined; but the defendant was not allowed to cross-examine them. When the cause was ready, it was entered in a list, and the defendant was summoned to hear the judgment of the Court.

The Court sat for the hearing of causes, during term time, twice and sometimes thrice in a week. After the sitting, the Lords, with the Clerk of the Council, dined in the Inner Star Chamber, at the public expense. The cost of these dinners rose to an extravagant sum: from 1509 to 1590, the charge for each dinner varying from 2*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* to 17*l.* or 18*l.*, though the number of persons dining considerably decreased during that time.

The number of the Council who attended the Court, is said in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., to have been nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates: in the reign of Elizabeth the number was nearly thirty; but it subsequently declined.

The Chancellor proceeded to the sittings of the Court in great state; his mace and seal being carried before him. He was the supreme Judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered; and was attended by his own servants in the Court. Upon important occasions, persons who wished "to get convenient places and standing," went there by three o'clock in the morning. The privileges of the Chancellor were much abused: he appointed his own kinsmen and favourites to be Counsel to the suit, and he made orders upon private petitions, which were a source of profit to his attendants: he could sit when he chose, and command the attendance of the other Judges.

Upon the trial of causes, the parties were heard by their Counsel, who were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the Court proceeded in silence to deliver their opinions. They spoke in order from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop always preceding the Chancellor. In the case of equality of voices, that of the Chancellor was decisive. He alone had the power of assessing damages and awarding costs, and he alone could discharge persons sentenced to imprisonment during pleasure.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Court. If the complaint were founded upon a precise statute (which was very seldom the case), the Court awarded the punishment inflicted by the statute; but if the offence was against the statute, but the bill not grounded upon the statute, they usually imposed a heavier punishment than the statute. The following is an instance of this practice:—"The statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14, punisheth the forging of false deeds with double damages to the partie grieved; imprisonment during life, pillory, cutting off both ears, slitting nostrils, and forfeiture of all his goods and profits of all his lands during his life; and the publisher of such deedes (knowing the same to be forged), with like double damages, pillory, cutting off one ear, and imprisonment for a year. The Starre Chamber will adde, upon the forger, a fine to the value of all his estates, whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, letters to be seared in his face with hote irons; and to the publisher likewise a great fine and longer imprisonment, not to be released until hee find sureties for good behaviour, and the like."

This catalogue of judicial terrors comprehends, at one view, all the ordinary punishments of the Star Chamber. In John Lilburne's case gagging was had recourse to, in order to stop his outcries in the pillory. In other cases, a savage and cold-blooded ingenuity was exercised in the discovery of novel inflictions. Thus, one Traske, a poor fanatic who taught the unlawfulness of eating swine's flesh, was sentenced to be imprisoned and fed upon pork.

Mr. Bruce thinks it might be shown that most of these infamous punishments were introduced during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and grew into common practice under Elizabeth. Whipping seems to have been introduced by Lord Keeper Pickering, in the later reign. In the early instances, there was a moderation in fines; but latterly, they were excessive, not according to the estate of the delinquent, but in proportion to the supposed character of the

offence, "the ransom of a beggar and a gentleman being all one;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "the Lord Chancellor useth to say often, that the King hath committted his justice to them, and that he hath reserved h s mercy to himself; wherefore that they ought to look only upon the offence, and not upon the person, but leave him to his Majesty for mercy, if there be cause." In the reigns of Henrys VII. and VIII. it was not so. The clergy were then in the habit of attending the Court, and their "song was of mercy."

We have explained that the Chamber, as it appeared shortly before its demolition, was not the original one in which the Court sat. The ceiling was of oak, ornamented with roses, pomegranates, portcullises, and fleurs-de-lis; but of Tudor-Gothic design, which raised a dispute as to its identity. This was, however, set at rest on its being taken down, by finding some of the enriched Gothic panelling of the old Chamber behind the Elizabethan panelling. There were also four *arched* doorways of the Tudor style, within the modern *square beaded* door-frames. These discoveries prove that the ancient building was not destroyed, but was merely new-fronted and fitted up according to the style prevailing in the time of Elizabeth. Under the principal staircase was a wood-hole with a stone Gothic entrance, having spandrels ornamented with roses, which confirmed the originality of the building.

Mr. Bruce commences his Second Letter by observing, that the causes determined by the Council during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III., although important and interesting in themselves, are not of such a character as can well be brought within the limits of a rapid sketch like the present; the object of which is not to enumerate all, or even many, of the cases determined in the Star Chamber, but to give a general notion of the practices which prevailed there, and the spirit which pervaded its decisions, during the several periods of its existence.

The reign of Henry VII. is an epoch in the history of the Star Chamber. That monarch appears to have had a fondness for sitting in person with his Council upon judicial occasions; and, during the first and second years of his reign, held "twelve several stately sessions" in the Star Chamber: but Mr. Bruce has not found any instances of his Majesty's judicial wisdom, though he had collected around him a learned council.

During the reign of Henry VII., our attention is not so much drawn to the particular cases determined in the Star Chamber, as to the general system which prevailed there. This Court was the instrument by which the politic rapacity of the Sovereign, and the subtlety of his

favourite "promoters of suits" accomplished their nefarious purposes. If a man were descended from a stock that had favoured the White Rose; if he were suspected of sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Earl of Warwick; if his behaviour indicated a lofty spirit; or even if he were merely thought to be moderately rich; neither a dignified station in society, nor purity of life, nor cautiousness of conduct, could afford him any protection. Some obsolete law was put in force against him by the King's receivers of forfeitures. If his purse were found to be empty, the prejudged culprit was committed to prison, until a pardon was purchased by the compassion of his friends; if full, just enough was left for a second plunder. The King's agents, or as Hall calls them, "ravenynge wolves," in these transactions, were Empson and Dudley, who filled the royal coffers and enriched themselves. "At this unreasonable and extort doynge," says Hall, "noble men grudged, meane men kycked, poore men lamented, preachers openlie at Paules crosse and other places exclaimed, rebuked, and detested, but they would never amend."

Mr. Bruce next refers to two papers among the MSS. in the British Museum, and selects from one an account of sums received for cases in which persons, who had been prosecuted for breaches of the law, either real or pretended, had compounded with the King, and paid fines, through Dudley, to be discharged. Among the persons named in this paper, are many of the chief nobility of the time:—The unhappy Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, stands at the head of the list for 500 marks. At a little distance follow "Sir William Capel, alderman of London, and Giles Capel, his son, for their pardons, 1000*l.*; besides 261*5**l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for other troubles. Sir William was again sued, for "things done by him in the time of his mayoraltie;" when either his purse or his patience was exhausted, and he refused all composition, "and after prysonment in the Countour, and sheriff's house, was by the King's counsell commanded to the Tower, where he remayned until the King died, and shortly after was delivered with many other." It seems to have been scarcely possible to fill any of the civil offices without giving occasion of advantage to these watchful informers. Escheators, customers, controllers, sheriffs, are to be found in the MSS. referred to, and the King seems to have taken double advantage of these officers, by first selling them their appointments, and afterwards scrutinizing their conduct by the most vigilant severity. Amongst the items quoted from this account are:—

"For the pardon of murder of Sir John Fines, Kt., 25 lib." (pounds).

"From the Earl of Derby, for his pardon, 6000 lib."

"For the pardon of the Earl of Northumberland, 10,000 lib."

From these and many other similar items, it would seem that the King assumed the power of withdrawing causes from the jurisdiction of all the courts, upon the accused party making a pecuniary arrangement with his receivers; or, as the phrase ran in the Star Chamber, the "King took the matter into his own hands," and the prisoner was discharged upon his Majesty certifying that fact to the Court.

Bacon has made us acquainted with the traditional story of the King's conduct to the Earl of Oxford, whose retainers, dressed in liveries, came around him upon occasion of a visit from his Majesty. Henry expressed his thanks for the good cheer he received, but added, "I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight—my attorney must speak with you;" which words were the prelude to a fine of 15,000 marks. Tradition has probably exaggerated the amount of the fine; but the anecdote is perfectly in character with the practices evidenced in the MSS. referred to.

The accession of Henry VIII. produced an extraordinary change in the Star Chamber. The Council no longer listened approvingly to the accusations of the late King's Commissioners of Forfeitures, but immediately proceeded to sit in judgment upon the accusers. They were committed to the Tower the very day after the new King was proclaimed. All offences, except murder, felony, and treason, were pardoned; and it was added, that if any man had wrongfully sustained injury or loss of goods, through Empson and Dudley, that he would receive satisfaction upon petition to the King. A crowd of applicants immediately besieged the Council, and due restitution was made; but fraudulent claims being afterwards put forth, the Council soon desisted.

The Promoters,* "notwithstanding the general pardon, were sentenced by the Council, some of them to pay fines, and others to ride about the City on horseback, with their faces towards the horses' tails, and afterwards to stand in the pillory in Cornhill, and wear papers indicative of their offences. Such a punishment was, in truth, an invitation to the people to revenge themselves upon their persecutors, and the opportunity it afforded was not lost. Three of the ringleaders, upon whom this sentence was carried into effect on June 6, 1509, died in Newgate, within a few days afterwards; 'for very shame,' say some

* These informers were so called, because they "promoted many honest men's vexations."

of the authorities, but more probably, as assigned by others, from ill-usage in the pillory."

The fate of Empson and Dudley is well known. To satisfy public clamour, they were convicted, and sentenced to death, but probably without any intention of carrying the sentence into execution. It happened, however, that Henry set out at that time upon his first progress; finding himself annoyed, wherever he went, by outcries for vengeance against the unpopular ministers, he at once despatched a warrant for their execution, and they were accordingly sent to the block, to add to the enjoyment of a royal progress. Empson's forfeited mansion, with its orchard and twelve gardens, situate in St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and occupying the ground now known as Salisbury-square and Dorset-street, were granted to Wolsey on the 30th of January, 1510.

For the honour of Wolsey let it be noticed that, during his administration, there prevailed in the Star Chamber, neither the pecuniary meanness which was its prominent vice under his immediate predecessors, nor the cruelty which distinguished it at a later period. The Council frequently investigated alleged offences, and occasionally committed to the Tower; but there are no traces of the long imprisonments, the degrading and barbarous punishments, or the oppressive fines, which it inflicted at other periods. Perhaps this circumstance may be explained by the sanguinary disposition of the monarch, and the obsequiousness of juries. Offences which were formerly thought fit subjects for the Star Chamber, were now punished with death; the boundaries of treason were enlarged so as to enclose words, and even wishes, as well as acts; but treason was a crime not cognizable before the Council, and death a punishment which they never dared to inflict. To carry these new laws into effect, it was therefore necessary to resort to the ordinary tribunals.

Wolsey, always delighted with magnificence, made a great show of it in the Star Chamber. In his time, "the presence that sat with him was always great;" and Cavendish has detailed the pompous "order of his going to Westminster Hall, surrounded by noblemen, and preceded by cross-bearers and pillar-bearers."

Wolsey's administration of justice in private causes has often been praised. In the Star Chamber, "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." In political cases, the object of the Cardinal's Star Chamber prosecutions does not seem to have been the punishment of offenders so much as the procuring a general submission to the authority of the King. Those who

submitted were usually pardoned, whilst the obstinate were, in most cases, turned over to the common law.

After the time of Wolsey, there occurred during the remainder of the reign of Henry VIII., but few public cases of sufficient interest to be noticed in a sketch like the present. Wolsey stamped his individual character upon the Court; he made it subservient to the furtherance of political and personal purposes; and, when he fell, the Court seems, for a time, to have lost the use to which he applied it. His successors, who were fully, and probably, more usefully occupied in private causes, brought before it but little business; so that, with the exception of occasional interference in religious matters, and matters of police, we seldom hear of the Star Chamber.

Charles I. in Carisbrook Castle.—See pp. 549—557.

Some sixty years since there was met with at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, a book containing the history of a family named Douglas, for some years resident in that town, written by the last representative, Eliza Douglas. There is in it an account of the writer's great-great-grandfather, who "traded abroad, and was took into Turkey as a slave," and there gained the affections of his master's daughter, after the most approved old-ballad fashion; though, alas! it was not to her love that he owed his liberty, but (dreadful bathos!) to his "skill in cooking fowls, &c., in the English taste," which, on a certain occasion, when some English merchants came to dine with his master, "so pleased the company, that they offered to redeem him, which was accepted; and when freed, he came home to England, and lived in London to an advanced age; so old that they fed him with a spoon."

After his death his wife married again, and it was during this second marriage, that Douglas had an interview with King Charles, which she thus describes: "My mother's great-grandmother, when a-breeding with her daughter, Mary Craige, which was at the time *King Charles* being a prisoner in *Carisbrook Castle*, she longed to kiss the King's *band*; and when he was brought to Newport to be carried off, she being acquainted with the gentleman's housekeeper, where the King was coming to stay, till orders for him to leave the island, she went to the housekeeper, told her what she wanted, and they contrived for her to come the morning he was to go away. So up she got, and dressed herself, and set off to call her midwife, and going along, the first and second guard stopped her and asked her where she was going; she told them 'to call her mid-

wife,' which she did. They went to this lady, and she went and acquainted his Majesty with the affair; he desired she might come up to him, and she said, when she came into the room, his Majesty seemed to appear as if he had been at *prayers*. He rose up, and came to her, who fell on her knees before him; he took her up by the arm himself, and put his *cheek* to her, and she said she gave him a good hearty smack on his cheek. His Majesty then said, 'May God bless you, and that you go withal.' She then went downstairs to wait and see the King take coach; she got so close, that she saw a gentleman in it; and when the King stepped into the coach, he said, 'Pray, sir what is your name?' he replied, 'I am Colonel Pride.' 'Not miscalled,' says the King. Then Pride says, 'Drive on, coachman.'"

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